THE
ENGLISH
REVIEW

VOLUME X

DECEMBER 1911 TO MARCH 1912

LONDON:
17-21, TAVISTOCK STREET, COVENT GARDEN

THE
ENGLISH REVIEW
December, 1911

Among the Roman Gravemounds

By Thomas Hardy

By Rome's dim relics there walks a man,
Eyes bent; he carries a basket and spade;
I guess what impels him to scrape and scan—
His dreams of that Empire long decayed.

"Vast was Rome," he must muse, "in the world's regard;
Vast it looms there still; vast it ever will be";
And he stoops as to dig and unmine some shard
Left by those who are held in such memory.

But, no; in his basket, see, he has brought
A little white furred thing, stiff of limb,
Whose life never won from the world a thought;
It is this, and not Rome, that is moving him.

And to make it a grave he has come to the spot,
And he delves in the ancient dead's long home;
Their fames, their achievements, the man knows not;
The furred thing is all to him, nothing Rome.

"Here say you that Cæsar's warriors lie?—
But my little white cat was my only friend!
Could she but live, might the record die
Of Cæsar, his legions, his aims, his end!" . . .

Well, Rome's long rule here is oft and again
A theme for the sages of history,
And the small furred life was worth no one's pen,
Yet its mourner's view is the view for me.

The Machine

By Wilfrid Wilson Gibson

Since Thursday, he'd been working overtime,
With only three short hours for food and sleep,
When no sleep came because of the dull beat
Of his fagged brain, and he could scarcely eat:
And now on Saturday, when he was free,
And all his fellows hurried home for tea,
He was so dazed that he could hardly keep
His hands from going through the pantomime
Of keeping-even sheets in his machine—
The sleek machine that, day and night,
Fed with paper virgin-white
Through those glaring, flaring hours
In the incandescent light,
Printed children's picture-books—
Red and yellow, blue and green,
With sunny fields and running brooks,
Ships at sea and golden sands,
Strange white towns in Eastern lands,
Tossing palms on coral strands—
Until at times the clank and whirr and click
And shimmer of white paper turned him sick:
And though at first the colours made him glad,
They soon were dancing in his brain like mad,
And kept on flaring through his burning head:
Now, in a flash, the workshop flaming red,
Now blazing green, now glowing blue,
And then the yellow glare too well he knew:
Until the sleek machine with roar and glare
Began to take him in a dazzling snare,
When, fascinated, with a senseless stare,
It drew him slowly towards it, till his hair
Was caught betwixt the rollers . . . but his hand,
Almost before his brain could understand,
Had clutched the lever; and the wheels were stopt
Just in the nick of time, though now he dropt

Half-senseless on the littered workshop floor :
And he'd lain dazed a minute there or more,
When his machine-girl helped him to a seat.
But soon again he was upon his feet,
And tending that unsatisfied machine ;
And printing pictures, red and blue and green,
Until again the green and blue and red
Went jigging in a riot through his head :
And wildest of that raging rout,
The blinding, screeching, racking yellow—
The crazy devil of a fellow—
O'er all the others seemed to shout :
For hands must not be idle when the year
Is getting through, and Christmas drawing near,
With piles on piles of picture-books to print
For people who spend money without stint ;
And, while they're paying down their liberal gold,
Guess little what is bought and what is sold.

But he, at last, was free till Monday, free
To sleep, to eat, to dream, to sulk, to walk,
To laugh, to sing, to whistle, and to talk . . .
If only, through his brain, unceasingly
The wheels would not keep whirring, while the smell,
The oily smell, of thick and sticky glaze
Clung to his nostrils till 'twas hard to tell
If he were really out in the fresh air ;
And still, before his eyes, the blind white glare,
And then the colours dancing in his head,
A maddening maze of yellow, blue and red.
So on he wandered in a kind of daze,
Too racked with sleeplessness to think of bed,
Save as a hell where you must toss and toss,
With colours flashing in insane criss-cross
Before wide, prickling, gritty, sleepless eyes.

But as he walked along the darkening street,
Too tired to rest and far too spent to eat,
The swish and patter of the passing feet,
The living human murmur and shrill cries,
The deep cool shadows of the coming night
Breaking in starry foam of kindling light,

And the fresh breathing of the rain-cooled air
Brought something of sweet healing to his mind ;
And though he trailed along as if half-blind,
Yet often on the pavement he would stop
To gaze at goods displayed within a shop,
And wonder, in a dull and lifeless way,
What they had cost, and who'd the price to pay.
But those two kinds of shop, which, when a boy,
Had been to him a never-ending joy—
The bookshop and the fruitshop—he passed by
As if their colours seared his wincing eye :
For still he feared the yellow, blue and red
Would start that devil's dancing in his head.
And soon, through throngs of people, almost gay
To be let loose from work, he took his way ;
And echoes of their careless laughter stole
Like a cool stream of waters through his soul :
While sometimes he would lift his aching eyes
And see a child's face, flushed with proud surprise,
As, gripping both its parents' hands quite tight,
It found itself in fairy-lands of light
Walking with grown-up people through the night :
Then, turning with a shudder he would see
Poor painted faces leering frightfully ;
And so drop back from heaven again to hell.

And then, somehow, though how he scarce could tell,
He found that he was walking through the throng,
Quite happy, with a young girl at his side—
A young girl, apple-cheeked and eager-eyed :
And her frank, friendly chatter seemed a song
To him, who ne'er till now had heard life sing :
And hope and courage in his heart grew strong,
As he drank in that careless chattering.
And now she told to him how she had come
From some far northern isle to earn her bread ;
And in a stuffy office all day long,
In shiny ledgers, with a splitting head,
She added dazzling figures till they danced,
And tied themselves in knots, and jigged and pranced,
And scrambled helter skelter o'er the page :
And though it seemed already quite an age
Since she had left her home, from end to end

Of this big town she had not any friend . . .
At times she almost dreaded she'd go dumb,
With not a soul to speak to ; for at home
In their own island she knew everyone . . .
No strangers there ! save when the tinkers came,
With pots and pans a-glinting in the sun—
You saw the tin far off, like sheeted flame
As all about the island they would roam.
Then, of themselves at home, there were six brothers,
Five sisters with herself—besides the others,
Two homeless babes that, having lost their mothers,
Her mother'd taken in among her own :
And she in all her life had hardly known
Her mother with no baby at her breast . . .
She'd always sing to hush them all to sleep ;
And sang, too, for the dancing, sang to keep
The feet in time and tune ; and still sang best,
Clean best of all the singers of the isle.
And as she talked of home he saw her smile,
With happy, far-off gaze : and then as though
In wonder how she'd come to chatter so
To this pale, grave-eyed boy, she paused, half-shy :
And then she laughed, with laughter clear and true ;
And looked into his eyes ; and he laughed too,
And they were happy, hardly knowing why.

And now he told her of his life, and how
He too had been nigh friendless, until now.
And soon he talked to her about his work ;
But when he spoke of it, as with a jerk
The light dropped from his eyes. He seemed to slip
Once more in the machine's relentless grip ;
And hear again the clank and whirr and click ;
And see the dancing colours and the glare ;
Until his dizzy brain again turned sick :
And seeing him look round with vacant air
Fierce pity cut her to the very quick ;
And, as with keen distress her eyes were filled,
She touched his hand : and soon her kind touch stilled
The agony ; and so, to bring him ease,
She told more of that isle in northern seas,
Where she was born, and of the folks at home :
And how all night you heard the wash of foam . . .

Sometimes, on stormy nights, against the pane,
The flying spray would rattle just like rain ;
And oft the high tides swept the threshold clean . . .
And, as she talked, he saw the sealight glint
In her dark eyes : and then the sleek machine
Lost hold on him at last ; and ceased to print.
And, in his eyes, there sprang a kindred light,
As hand in hand they wandered through the night.

Three Rhymes

By Walter de la Mare

WITCHCRAFT

O, I have heard a lady this night,
  Lissome and couth and slim,
Calling me over the gorse and heather,
  'Neath the beech-boughs dusk and dim.

O, I have followed a lady this night,
  Followed her, far and lone,
Fox and adder and weasel know
  The ways that we have gone.

I sit at my supper 'mid honest faces,
  And crumble my crust and say
Nought in the long-drawn drawl of the voices
  Talking the hours away.

I'll go to my chamber under the gable,
  And the moon will lift her light
Into my window from over the moorland,
  Broad and still and bright.

And I know she'll shine on a lady of witchcraft—
  Gladness and grief to see—
That's taken my heart with her nimble fingers,
  Calls in my dreams to me;

That's led me a dance by dell and dingle
  My human soul to win,
And made me a changeling to my own, own mother,
  A stranger to my kin.

EVER ?

Will he ever be weary of wandering—
 The flaming sun ?
And ever weary of waning in lovelight—
 The white still moon ?
Will ever a Shepherd come
 With a crook of simple gold,
And lead all the little stars
 Like lambs to the fold ?

Will ever the Wanderer sail
 From over the sea ?
Up the river of water
 To the stones to me ?
Will he take us all into his ship,
 Dreaming, and waft us far,
To where in the clouds of the West
 The Islands are ?

THREE RHYMES

DREAMS

Sunlight, moonlight,
Twilight, starlight,
And gloaming at the close of day,
And an owl calling,
Cool dews falling
In the evening still and grey.

Lantern-light, taper-light,
Torchlight, no light,
And darkness at the shut of day,
And lions roaring,
Their wrath pouring
In wild waste places far away. . . .

The Princess slumbers
In changeless beauty,
Her hair a stream of gold,
In silence falling;
Her pale cheek lovely
In the moonbeams clear and cold.

And a still thin music
From enchanted thickets
Whispers in the darkness on the stair;
The wings sighing,
Of moments flying,
Through the cold and shadowy air. . . .

Elflight, bat-light,
Touchwood-light and toad-light,
And the sea a shimmering gloom of grey,
And a small face smiling
In a dream's beguiling,
In a world of wonders far away.

Among my Books*

By Frederic Harrison

PART I

ANCIENT POETRY

SAID a French philosopher in his old age, "*Je ne lis plus, je relis*." I, too, have reached that tranquil time of life; and no time and no practice can be more welcome to any reading man. I am now, by the passing of years, a man of leisure, for I have no pressing task to complete, at least none that the busy world would care to notice. So I rest in my library and take from its shelf now this, now that well-worn volume, dip into its pages, and turn to many an unforgotten verse or passage—and, ah me!—too often do I light upon a glorious burst of poetry, a fragrant saying, a humorous thought, which had long slipped out of memory, even indeed if it had ever reached my mind at all.

I had, in truth, never been a great reader, for I have always had too many things to do and too varied interests to follow to allow much time for serious reading. I often notice that hard workers and even versatile writers may be said to *refer* to books, to use books, rather than to read them from cover to cover. Nor have I a large library, for I never bought a book because others bought it, much less because it was "rare," or costly, or famous. The few thousand books I keep on my shelves have been invariably chosen because I wanted to have them at hand, and many of them have been presented to me by the authors, and bear their inscription. And I may add, without boasting, that at one time or other I have read them, or as much as I needed to read. And now, as a hermit in the Weald, I turn to them again and again.

How I pity the restless people who want the last book out, and worry till they can get sight of some ephemeral tale that they will forget the very name of to-morrow. These Danaids are for ever doomed to fill their little pitchers with a stream of printer's ink which runs out at the bottom, and a dull and unwholesome fluid it is. What pure draughts, fresh from the Pierian

---

* Copyright in the United Kingdom and U.SA., 1911.

spring, are all the while at hand, if they would but open the poor old standard books, as they call them, of which they know nothing but the name. These prodigals are fain to fill themselves with husks that the swine eat, when they should arise and go home to sup off the fatted calf.

Of late it has amused me to catalogue the working part of my library; and a catalogue makes books to stand cheek by jowl in alphabetic order, and in any modest book store they must stand in order of size rather than of subject. My library, moderate as it seems, is decidedly miscellaneous. It excludes nothing, from Lagrange on *Analytic Functions* to *Pickwick*. There is no particular study in which I pretend to be "an expert"; and, indeed, I am a sworn foe to "specialism" of any sort. My favourite "period" in history is that which extends from B.C. 50,000 to A.D. 1911, and I feel the thrill of supreme art in a chorus of Æschylus as in *Tom Jones*. Since my reading is thus miscellaneous, and my tastes in literature, to say the least, somewhat promiscuous, the books on my shelves have to put up with strange bedfellows. I trust that none of them are what the French call *mauvais coucheurs*, or there would be shrewd knocks, for the exigences of space force one to place incongruous tomes on the same shelf. My quarto *Rabelais* is near my quarto *Imitation* (1658) in old Corneille's verse. Hobbes' *Leviathan* jostles Lord Lovelace's privately printed *Astarte*. The *Pilgrim's Progress* (facsimile of 1678) stands between Cardinal Newman's *Apologia* and Haeckel's *History of Creation*. And Mr. Arthur J. Balfour's *Creed* has for supporters the Suras of the *Koran* and the "*Sayings*" of Confucius. The books are a somewhat mixed company, and I often take them down from their shelves in a desultory way.

What joys, what memories, and yet what searchings of heart, rise up as one turns from book to book. Here are the school classics wherein, some 65 years ago, I first hammered out my *Iliad* or my *Agamemnon*, with the hard words translated by pencil in the margin. Has there ever been a hero like Achilles or a tragedy queen like Clytæmnestra? Where are the schoolfellows, the teachers, the friends of the "'forties." And yet how eternal, how ever-present, how familiar are the speeches of the *podas okus dios Achilles*, how intensely visible and real is the inexorable queen!

This book was given me by a dead friend, years ago, when we both looked forward to tell mankind what was in us. This book reached me at a time when I was too hard pressed to read it. It has stood there, year after year, with continual resolves to master it. Good heaven, it is still uncut, or but cut in parts, though full of what I want to know. I seize my paper-knife. I will read it now!

Let me implore any reader who has a fairly large library of his own, and is honestly anxious to know what his books contain, to devote some period of leisure to go through these volumes, shelf by shelf, as they stand; to learn which of them he can remember well, which are half-read or unread. What pleasure and profit he would find in recalling the poetry he once so enjoyed, or in turning to such essays as he had hitherto overlooked. He would find, I am sure, that the very things he long wanted to know, the poetry that had almost faded from his memory, the bursts of eloquence and prophecy that had stirred his youth, now grown dim in his mind as "an ancient tale although the words were strong"—all this had stood silent and unnoticed on his walls for years and years, whilst he had been stuffing himself with the last short story, the lives of the royal laundry women; or it may be an article in a Magazine—like this. Just like old Bunyan's man with a muck-rake, he had been searching for jewels in the litter, whilst an angel above offered him a crown of gold, which he would not see as he grovelled in the dirt.

The seventy years which have rolled over me since I first spelt out my *menin aeide thea* have not dulled the rapture of listening to the ringing clarion of Homer. As he was the first to give me that thrill, communicable only in a foreign tongue, indeed only in Greek, so he remains to the last my supreme joy. And even to this day I love to take him up in my dirty school text, scandalously devoid of critical scholarship and of modern research. When I was a boy a dear old widow lady presented me with the books of her husband who had taken his degree at Christ Church about 1820 A.D. Now the classics current in the first twenty years of the nineteenth century would be thought to-day quite puerile and obsolete. But, as a schoolboy from 1840 to 1850, I used them, a Delphin *Horace*, Clarke's *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, with Latin versions below the text, Porson's *Euripides* (and even Barnes' of the eighteenth century), a *Tacitus* in four volumes of 1790, and Pliny's *Letters* of 1805.

Barbarous and corrupt as these texts would now be pronounced to be by scholars, I used them at school and college. I keep them still. I love to take them up in a spare hour, though I now have the thick, profound, critical editions printed in Leipsic or Berlin on that horrid blotting-paper; and of course I have the editions of our own scholars, my Jebb, and Jowett, Munro, Robinson Ellis, Conington, Verrall, and Murray. But for sentimental reasons I often prefer to take up an old school book. Scholarship and commentators go hang!—I say. I see the sense of the Greek well enough, and I can hear the shout of Ajax in the fighting line, and the wail of the women at the funeral of Hector, without any German professor's droning about the Digamma, or insisting on spurious lines which he marks to be obelised.

These cursed editors are the death of Greek poetry. Who can really take to heart his *Iliad* whilst he is worried with disquisitions as to whether Δ belongs to the original poem, and if Ζ were not a later interpolation? Poetry is the very last thing these sages of the MSS., these sticklers for grammatical purism, ever think of or care for. I have never truly enjoyed my Homer until years after I had ceased to read him in those voluminous notes, and did not care one brass drachma whether the *Zoster panaielos* of Menelaus meant a *supple* belt or a *shining* belt (of course a *brilliant* belt makes a better picture)—No! nor whether that aorist was rightly spelled in the Aeolic form. Does your "scholar" really feel the sublimity of the immortal epic, or does he merely dress up the words as the binder puts the pages into russia, calf, or vellum? Let me tell these pundits, if they want to understand the *Iliad*, to do what I have done: take a 12mo plain Bekker text, as easy to hold as a child's hymn book, and lie on the deck of a ship as it sails off the plain of Troas in sight of Ida and Olympus; or take an *Odyssey* bare of notes, and read the story of *leukolenos* Nausicaa in Corcyra, or the picture of the awakening of Ulysses from the grotto in Ithaca, on the very spot where the myth was first imagined. Homer, gentlemen, was a mighty poet. He was not a meticulous grammarian, nor a garrulous scholiast.

So, too, with my Æschylus. I enjoy him best in my old Dindorf text, exactly sixty years old, which at Wadham I heavily and stupidly margined. I used to insist that the *Agamemnon* was absolutely supreme and incomparable in the whole range of tragic poetry—not even "bar one." That chorus about the lion's whelp, those wails of Casandra, and the tremendous audacity with which the bloody queen bursts forth, always seemed to me the highest note of pure tragedy. But I now see that I must modify this judgment. It is the entire *Trilogy*, not the initial *Agamemnon* which is the true tragedy. Having seen the *Trilogy* played through by Benson, even in a sadly mutilated form, I now admit that the *Agamemnon* must not be detached, any more than the *Libation-bearers*, or the *Furies*. The *Trilogy* is one tragedy—a single, indivisible, incomparable, perfect drama—of which no single line can be added or abstracted, or forgotten.

Time was when I read my Æschylus with Blomfield, or Peile, or Paley, or Verrall and the rest; but it seems more natural, more "convincing," as critics say, to read him in the old school and college texts, dirty and dusty and scrawled over as they are. And I never so heartily entered into the illusion of the Attic stage as when I listened to it in the Bradfield open hemicycle, following the words in the ragged book which I had used as a boy of 15 or so. Fifteen or twenty may be the right age to unravel what the chorus in Aristophanes' *Frogs* calls "the charging of plume-waving words," the "high-prancing phrases," the "Titanic snortings" of Æschylus, son of Euphorion; but seventy or eighty is the proper age for enjoying his dramas, and for knowing how mighty a poet he was.

I am quite open to the exquisite music of Sophocles, and the statuesque symmetry of his dramatic instinct. I am even steadily working through my seven volumes of Jebb, commentaries, notes, metrical analyses and all. As a very poor scholar myself I bless him for his invaluable prose version on the opposite page, as I bless B. B. Rogers for his marvellous verse rendering of Aristophanes. I bless G. G. Murray, too, for opening to us Euripides, and I have seen some of the plays on the stage. By the way, Murray's rhymed version of *King Œdipus* I cannot away with. It is forced, it is tiresome, it is undramatic. It is neither English nor Greek. But I linger over Murray's *Euripides*, and having read him I go back to my Porson, and then I wonder how the Regius Professor at Oxford, who is not only one of the finest scholars whom England ever knew, and not only a scholar but a poet, and a historian, and indeed a philosopher, can find it in his heart to say so much for Euripides.

To me Euripides is much what he was to Aristophanes, and to Æschylus himself in the *Frogs*. I know all they say, in this age of Ibsenomania and of Tolstoic *schwärmerei*, about the "subtle psychology," the "modernity," the "up-to-date humanitarianism," of the Attic apostle of Free Art! But all this makes me even less in love with Euripides. However great he may be in melodrama, in analytic psychology, as a romantist, as a revolutionist, I cannot allow that he is truly great in pure tragedy. Again, exquisite as is the art of Sophocles, he is to me always the consummate artist, not the soul-stirring tragic poet. Sophocles may be the Raphael of Greek drama, with Raphael's ethereal grace and harmony and tone, his mastery of composition, his unerring self-restraint, his Attic genius for form and symmetry. But Raphael is not Michael Angelo, and Sophocles is not Æschylus. When Aristotle declared Euripides to be the most " tragical " of poets he must have meant in melodrama, " sensation," not in tragedy proper in our sense. When a young graduate wanted me to draw up a class list with " marks " of the Attic dramatists, I gave Æschylus 100, or " the highest possible," Sophocles 75, with a *proxime accessit*—and Euripides a fair 50, mainly for the remarkable pathos and the versatility of his work.

The heroic attempts of great scholars and of some real poets to reproduce in English verse the Greek dramatists interest me hugely, and if we admit that all fail for one reason or other, even when they succeed in others, they are all well worth reading. I take up all—from time to time—Dean Milman's, Fitzgerald's, Browning's *Agamemnon*—Morshead, Campbell, Warr, Swanwick, Blackie, Murray, and others who have tried their hand at Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides. Curiously enough, Æschylus, the most untranslatable of all, is the poet who chiefly fascinates the translators. To my mind Milman's *Agamemnon* is of all the most like a poem. Fitzgerald's attempt to recast or even parody the great drama is almost unforgivable, and I do not feel sure that he ever meant it to be made public. And Browning's *Agamemnon* is really absurd. On the whole, I think Morshead's *House of Atreus* gives the English layman the best idea of *Oresteia*. But for anyone who has retained enough Greek to follow the text with a literal version beside him, I urge him to read his Greek poets with such admirable prose translations as those of Jebb, Verrall, Paley, Murray, Butcher, Lang, and others. No poetry whatever can be turned into poetry in another language. But it can be enjoyed in its own language with the help of really adequate prose versions.

But of all modern translations of Greek drama the most wonderful is that of Aristophanes by B. B. Rogers. This illustrious scholar has been engaged on his favourite task now for upwards of sixty years—for in 1851, when we were both undergraduates at Wadham, he would recite to us portions of his version. His heavy practice at the Bar naturally interrupted a work so laborious as that of a verse translation of the eleven plays, with commentary and textual readings. He is now, in his 84th year, steadily working on revision of the whole, which will be one of the masterpieces of English scholarship. One who will study this astonishing *tour de force*, with enough Greek left in him to follow the text, will have insight into the inexhaustible fountain of wit, poetry, satire, portraiture, and torrential eloquence left us by the inimitable comedian of Athens, who is at once the most Attic of Athenians and the most modern of the ancients.

When it comes to Greek lyrics I draw the line, and drink, if at all, in occasional sips. I used to enjoy Bergk's *Lyrics* sixty years ago at Wadham; though, as we did not "take up" lyrics, it was sheer waste of time for purposes of "exam." Hesiod was always too dull for me, and Pindar too stodgy. At school and college I used a fine old massive octavo *Pindar* of 1814 (from the library of my Christ Church friend) with the Benedictine Latin version below the page, Heyne's *annotationes*, and Damm's *Lexicon Pindaricum*. Oh! how we sweated over those Olympic odes! But now I give it up, even with the excellent translations of my old college friends, Ernest Myers and Thomas Charles Baring. It is hopeless for a busy man to take up Pindar.

Pindarum quisquis studet æmulari, says Horace, will have a fall. And we may say the same of anyone who would read him —not being a fresh and professed Greek scholar.

The lighter Greek lyrics are quite another thing. Even at Wadham I vowed that "the world has never produced the equal of Sappho." And now I use a very pretty little duodecimo Sappho by H. Thornton Wharton, with memoir and *Life*, all the fragments, and all known translations collected, with a new quaint fount of Greek typography—and the head of Sappho by L. Alma Tadema—altogether a dainty book to be taken up any spare ten minutes. Then I am so old-fashioned as to enjoy the spurious *Anacreontica*, which used to tickle my palate as a schoolboy. I daresay it would shock a serious scholar, but there is a Tommy Moore rattle about the sad dog who used Anacreon's name which runs in one's head. And now some kind friends have given me an *edition de luxe* by A. H. Bullen, with fascinating pictures by J. R. Weguelin (quarto, 1893), with a grand Greek type, verse translation opposite, and the genuine fragments of Anacreon from Bergk (1882). The book has ten somewhat luscious studies by Weguelin as befits the old amourist. Altogether a pretty book. My copy is numbered 25.

As to Theocritus we are particularly fortunate. In the first place Christopher Wordsworth's text and notes form one of the boasts of British scholarship. The Greek typography splendid; and, in spite of the Doric dialect and queer words, no one need be stopped who uses the really consummate prose translation of Andrew Lang and the masterly verse translation of C. S. Calverley. It is not too much to say that Mr. Lang's prose Theocritus, like his Homer, may really enable one who does not read Greek to have some idea of what Greek poems are.

The translations also of another Oxford scholar carry this even further. There is no book in my library which I take down and taste and taste again with the gusto of an epicure more often than Mackail's *Greek Anthology* (new edition of 1906). The marvellous versatility and continuity of Greek epigrams, ranging over some twelve or even fifteen centuries—from Solon to Constantine Porphyrogenitus in the middle of the tenth century—is one of the marvels in the history of literature. No other language has ever retained its vocabulary and its form over so vast a period, and to this day it is but slightly modified. What a range of topic, mood, and thought in these Epigrams, or Epitaphs, or monumental Thoughts, for they are all of these. Take Mr. Mackail's classification of the short poems under twelve heads. These are :—

Love—Prayers and Dedications—Epitaphs—Literature and Art—Religion—Nature—The Family—Beauty—Fate and Change—The Human Comedy—Death—Life.

Everyone knows that noble epitaph on the dead Spartans of Thermopylæ—

> Friend, report to the men of Lacedæmon that here we lie, obeying their ordinances.

This is perhaps the earliest and the best authenticated epitaph of Greece. How tender is Meleager's "Parting at Dawn"—

> Farewell, Morning Star, Herald of Dawn, and quickly come as Evening Star, bringing again unseen her whom thou takest away.

This play of words upon the Planet Venus was a favourite idea with the Greeks, and gave rise to the celebrated epigram attributed to the philosopher Plato, which Mackail calls "the most perfect epigram ever written in any language." It was on the death of Aster, a beautiful boy (Aster being Greek for Star) :—

> Aster, thou who didst once shine amongst the living as our Morning Star, now in death thou shinest as the Evening Star to those below.

I don't call it more than a pretty conceit.

It is in their monumental epitaphs that the Greeks show all the pathos of reserve. I love that "sweet myrtle-berry of Callimachus, ever full of acid honey," as Meleager calls it. How exquisite in its marble simplicity is this :—

> The child of twelve years Philip his father laid here, his great hope—Nicoteles.

Or take this, on another dead boy :—

> As you look on this monument, pity him who was so beautiful and died.

But Meleager was a lover too :—

> The cup is sweet and joyous, and it says that it sips the bubbling lips of Love's darling, Zenophile. Blessed would it be if she would put up her lips to my lips and, without drawing breath, drink up the soul in me.

Not but what some of these verses are "epigrams" in our sense :—

> One, who having married once, seeks a second wife is a sailor, who, after shipwreck, sets forth towards a perilous channel."

This, as Mackail reminds us, was Dr. Johnson's "triumph of Hope over Experience."

But for sheer bitterness, neither Voltaire nor Heine ever beat this :—

> A cobra, a toad, a viper—keep clear of—and of the Laodiceans ; avoid also a mad dog, and again, I say—the Laodiceans too !

Yet Holy Writ gives us a very different picture of the people of Laodicea. St. Paul speaks of his yearning towards them (Coloss. ii. 1), and he salutes "the brethren which are in Laodicea," and desires his epistle to be "read also in the Church of the Laodiceans." And in Revelation iii. 14 we find there was an "angel of the Church of the Laodiceans." And yet, perhaps about the same time, the Greek poet calls the Laodiceans worse than a toad or a mad dog.

I suspect that the "angel of the Church of the Laodiceans" was a venerable Jew of whom the Greek satirist had borrowed money. And this reminds me of a point by which I have often been struck, but have never seen noticed. Meleager, who collected these epigrams in his famous *Garland*, and himself wrote 134 of them, was a man of Gadara, the very place so infested with devils, whom Christ cast out into the 2,000 swine (Mark v. ; Luke viii.). Meleager might easily have known Joseph, the husband of Mary. Not only was Meleager a Gadarene, but Menippus, his contemporary, was also. Again, Philodemus, a distinguished Epicurean philosopher, was also a Gadarene ; and he is mentioned by Cicero as profligate, but of consummate wit and elegance. He is also mentioned by name by Horace in that appalling satire "*ambubaiarum collegia, pharmacopolæ*," where he quotes apparently a very nasty epigram of Philodemus. All three poets wrote what they called "witty maxims," and amatory pieces of the freest sort. All three men were Gadarenes, and about the age of Joseph and Simeon.

In his own epitaph, Meleager boasts of his origin at Gadara, which he calls a "sacred land," and he says, "Stranger at this grave, if thou art a Syrian, say 'Salam'"; and in another poem he calls the "Syrian Gadara his Attic Fatherland." Yet in the very district where the Gospel was first preached, and nearly about the age of the older apostles, lived three famous Greek poets who devoted their lives to satire, amatory, and lyric effusions. Could any of the devils who went into the swine have come out of them?

This, however, is the least of the paradox. We owe the immense collection of the Greek *Anthology* with all its profusion of erotic, satiric, and polytheist poetry to Planudes, a Byzantine monk, a contemporary of Dante, a theologian and eminent ambassador in Europe. We know also that Heliodorus (in the fourth century), author of the earliest amatory romance, was a Christian bishop, and a native of Syria. Indeed the entire antique literature, including Aristophanes, Lucian, Athenæus, Anacreon, and all the rest, has been preserved for us by Christian ecclesiastics of one kind or other. No doubt at Byzantium, for eleven centuries, from Constantine I. to Constantine XII., in the midst of a Christian and indeed grossly superstitious society, there always existed a keen zest for pagan poetry, and even for Greek *facetiæ*, just as in Italy in the *Cinque Cento*, or in France in the age of Voltaire. Of this the *Anthology* is the most signal proof, for it was largely produced, and entirely preserved in Christian ages, and even by professed Churchmen and ecclesiastics.

Not only was some of the lightest and most human of Greek literature produced in the very country and the very age in which the Gospel was to appear, but those two great concurrent forces which have made the modern world—I mean Roman Law and the New Testament—were produced within the space of a few generations by Hellenised and Romanised Syrians, and within a moderate distance of that coast we now call the Levant—say between Gaza and Tarsus, a distance of about 400 miles from north to south, and a district not more than fifty miles from the sea-coast.

If we were to follow out this thought we should have to recount the schools of philosophy, law, poetry, and religion in the cities, or by natives of Tyre, Sidon, Berytus, Jerusalem, Cæsarea, Ptolemais, Gadara, Emesa, Damascus, Samosata, Tripoli, Laodicea, Antioch, Tarsus—to which we might add Palmyra and Alexandria. What a splendid world of thought, imagination, enthusiasm, and devotion flourished within that small corner of our planet for some five centuries, from a century or two before the birth of Christ and for two or three centuries after it.

And what is that region now? What has it been for ten or twelve centuries since the Hegira? It is an awful sight—which almost makes a man of peace forgive the French Conquest of Algeria, and the Italian Conquest of Tripoli and Cyrene—to witness the vast and continuous remains of Greek and Roman civilisation, industry, arts, and letters in those North African regions which are now lifeless deserts roamed over by wild barbarians. What prodigies of intellect, of genius, of poetry, of beauty were produced in the compass of Asia Minor, of Syria, and of the North African littoral in the ten centuries between Thales and Augustine! And now for twelve centuries how blank is the record of these very regions! Does civilisation sway, like a pendulum, backwards and forwards from one quarter of our planet to another. Will the New Zealand student of 2911, as he sits on the ruins of St. Paul's, really bring with him a pocket Shakespeare—or will he care only for telesemes from Mars?

I have not forgotten my Latin Classics, but somehow the Greek seem to meet my humour more readily and often. With all his pathos, music, and thought, Virgil is not a cheerful companion. One needs to be in a serious mood to enjoy his *lacrymæ rerum*, and it is natural to think of him as a sensitive invalid rather than a happy man. But take him at the right hour at his best—and his best no doubt are his episodes—what fascination in the familiar lines which we all know, and yet none can exactly reproduce in English. I cannot see that any poet has succeeded in turning Latin poetry into English verse. I try them all, from Dryden and Gifford to Conington, Robinson Ellis, Theodore Martin, Henry King, and Bowen. Perhaps one reason is that Latin is the highest type of a monumental language—one which reduces its words to the fewest and avoids the subsidiary vocables which are the peculiarity of English. Take the famous line—

Parcere subjectis et debellare superbos.

Here are but five words, two being verbs and two practically substantives. Now put it in English. It runs (Remember, O Roman)—

To be merciful with those who submit, and to war down those who defy you.

But that makes fifteen words—not five. And though it might be put barely thus in ten words—

To spare the subject and to crush the haughty rebels, the full meaning is not there. Indeed there is a subtlety in Virgil which is incommunicable by words. It is the melody of phrase which enchants us and haunts the memory like the *Adelaida* of Beethoven.

I suppose most persons remember Horace better than almost any other poet, Latin or Greek. The reason is, no doubt, that he clothes a sententious commonplace with such perfect clarity and light-hearted wisdom that, once heard, the phrases stick in the memory like a proverb of our childhood.

What can be more clear-cut, more tenderly humorous, and yet more slily pathetic than the famous :—

Linquenda tellus et domus et placens
uxor, neque harum quas colis arborum
te praeter invisas cupressos
ulla brevem dominum sequetur.

Here is poetry wrung out of the commonest of truisms—grace obtained by the perfect simplicity and directness of the wording—and a sort of melancholy charm irresistibly playing about the most natural statement of obvious facts—all achieved by nothing but felicity of language.

The nearest analogue of Horace that we have is Pope. Nothing, in our rather loosely-jointed tongue, has ever surpassed his neat, sententious apophthegms, such as :—

Know then thyself, presume not God to scan ;
The proper study of mankind is Man—

or—

A mighty maze, but not without a plan.

And Pope can condense into four short lines the entire history of the evolution of religion :—

Father of All ! in every age,
In every Clime ador'd
By Saint, by Savage, and by Sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord !

But how far below Horace is Pope even at his best. He can imitate Horace, but he cannot translate him. And when we get to the *Ars Poetica*, with its tags that every educated man knows by heart, and the maxims which come into a thousand essays and speeches—

Difficile est proprie communia dicere—
parturiunt montes, nascetur ridiculus mus,

we have that concentrated essence of good sense and simplicity, in a memorable phrase, which has never been equalled unless in a Greek epigram. I can take up my Horace at any time, even if I have but a spare ten minutes before an appointment, or the dinner-bell.

I don't much trouble my Orellius (two fat vols. of 1,700 pp., Zurich, 1850), unless I get puzzled. But the edition I love is that of H. A. J. Munro with C. W. King's illustrations from antique gems (8vo, Bell and Co., 1869)—a work admirably printed, exquisitely engraved, and edited as to text and illustrations by two consummately accomplished scholars. This book is to me the very perfection of a student's manual. When I was a boy, before Mr. King's gems were engraved, I used Dean Milman's beautiful edition with illustrations (Murray, 1849), but I now prefer Munro's text. How delicious are those antique gems. If I had been ever able to collect anything, my hobby would have been antique gems which seem to me to possess the very aroma of the old world.

I do a passage from Lucretius now and then with my Munro, using the translation very freely; and also Catullus with my Robinson Ellis, and Persius with my John Conington and Nettleship. But, oh! in the name of all the thousand and one kisses of *mea Lesbia*—why bury the *lepidum novum libellum* of the airiest of poets under two ponderous octavos of nearly one thousand closely printed pages? Perhaps in the year 2911 Anno Domini, or Anno Diaboli, the University of the Planet Mars will issue the Songs of Robert Burns in four folio volumes of learned commentary and a big glossary.

When in the mood for study I do sometimes take up a Lucretius, a Catullus, or a Persius; but they are all rather stiff for a busy man. And for my part I prefer a handy Anthology with selections—such as that dainty little duodecimo *Latin Anthology* (Macmillan, 1909) in the "Golden Treasury" series, curiously anonymous as yet. This invaluable book has passages selected from Latin poetry extending over six centuries from Ennius to Boëthius, beautifully printed and with adequate notes and an exquisite portrait of Augustus from the Blacas Cameo in our Museum. In 180 pages, which will go in a jacket pocket, this handy book contains gems of Latin verse. I keep it beside me on my writing-table, and in my travelling bag when I leave home.

I am all for the old tag for boys—*aut disce, aut discede, manet sors altera caedi.* It is right that the young should be pounded through three huge commentaries of many volumes on a single poem; but busy men and old men want handy books—what the Greeks called *encheiridia.* When I went on a cruise the other day I took a dozen of the "Everyman" standard reprints. I will not say, with Kaliph Rosebery and Grand Vizier Gosse, burn old books and only keep the last new thing. No! I say to the busy men, and to aged men—Read your old books again, those you have forgotten, those you never cut—but read them in some pleasant and portable form.

The Life-Illusion

By Richard Curle

THE Chief Officer leant across the table and said to him, " Come up on the bridge after dinner and I'll show you something." He nodded in reply.

The saloon was full of the sounds of laughter, of eating, of animated talk, and infinitely withdrawn from it all, he sat there silent, idly stirring a cup of coffee. He thought wonderingly, " Do none of these people feel it ? "

Someone near at hand was droning, " It's the heat that bowls me over. Steward, what's happened to that fan ? As I say, I can't stand the heat. Of course up in the hills—! To leave that jolly English winter, oh ! it was a wrench. When I get my pension——" Was that fool going on like that for ever ?

The girl opposite him caught his eye and simpered. He looked at her stonily.

" A penny for your thoughts," she said.

" Not interesting enough," he replied, with a shake of his head.

He noticed her pink nails, her red lips, the glossiness of her hair, and he got up and bowed to her.

" You'd keep us from it if you could," he murmured to himself.

Once on deck, he marched rapidly past all the groups of people who were padding aimlessly up and down, smoking and talking scandal, and made straight for the bridge ladder.

" May I come up ? " he called out.

" Ah ! there you are," answered a voice from above ; " come along." And he ascended the steps.

The night was crowded with stars. Their reflections shone in the calm black sea, rose and sank on the slow ocean-swell, were broken into innumerable sparkles by the prow of the ship which parted the water with ripples of phosphorescent glitter.

" Look over there," said the Chief Officer.

He saw on the port beam, apparently about two miles distant, a shadowy mass of land.

"That's Hayti," said the voice behind him.

"Hayti," he repeated falteringly. It lay unlighted and sombre beneath the multitude of stars. "Hayti—is it really ?"

From the deck below a voice was heard asking, "Have you finished blindfolding your man ?" It was followed by peals of laughter.

"Just think of the contrast," said the Chief Officer. He was a little man of about fifty, with a scarlet complexion and watery eyes. "Think of it. Here we are only a few miles from about the darkest spot on earth. What do you suppose any one knows about it ? I'll tell you—rumours. Take any other of those islands. You know what's there, sugar estates, houses, railways—something tangible. There's light, that's what it is. But this place! You can't see any light over there. It's symbolic. A land of darkness!"

The words sounded in his ears like a monotonous chant. He faced round to the speaker.

"Do you mean to say that's Hayti ?" he said.

"Yes it is," returned the other, "it's Hayti."

They gazed at it in silence.

"I thought it would interest you," said the Chief Officer.

"Interest me," he answered, "it gives me a feeling I couldn't explain. It's like—it's like——"

Their eyes met. The Chief Officer was observing him curiously. He turned away in confusion.

"What's the good of trying," he said, "you know—words, they don't convey much."

And as he went down the steps, he heard the cry "All's well" resounding over the vessel, like the voice of safety, of an ordered civilisation, of the regular advance of the legions of men upon the gloom and terror of primeval things. He walked to the side and peered out at it from beneath the awning. It seemed to be already falling astern. But he was not thinking of what the little man had told him—hardly at all. He was thinking of something quite different, something indescribable and vague. He stood there for a long time. Finally he went below. In the stillness that had fallen upon everything the engines of the ship throbbed like the heart of an immense animal. He reached his cabin and sat down dressed on his bunk. He could hear the water washing against the side and could feel the slight movement of the boat. The air was stifling. Through the porthole he saw the receding shadow of Hayti, unattainable and mysterious as desire. And high above the sea there glowed the great army of stars. "To-morrow," he said to himself, "it will be true."

That night he dreamed. He thought he saw a girl standing in a porch with her finger to her lips—the phantom of the immeasurable longings of youth. She seemed to be smiling at him, faintly, mockingly, enigmatically. He went up to her and said, "Don't glare at me like that, let me pass!" A voice was whispering in his ear, "Behind all this, it's there, oh! it's waiting for you."

"Let me pass," he called out. She stood there barring the road. "I know you," he said, "you can't hold me, I am too strong for you." But without speaking, she looked at him with her enchantment. He began to tremble all over. "Oh! why have you come here?" he said. "Don't you understand, it's not you I want, it's something that won't fade."

He woke with a start. Light was streaming into the cabin. Dressing rapidly he went up on deck. At the bow of the ship a small group was assembled. They were all staring eagerly seaward. He walked forward and mingled with them.

"It's quite plain," said someone.

"Out of the Customs by three," remarked a man who was wiping his forehead with a gaudy red handkerchief. "Miss the afternoon train, of course; it's always the same."

He saw on the edge of the sky-line a broken, purple haze. It appeared to hover about the sea. It gave an impression of great distance.

"When do you think we'll get there?" he asked.

"About midday," answered someone, "you know we have to round it; don't suppose we'll land before two."

They began to be joined by fresh arrivals. Some girls dressed in the tropical costumes provided by the imagination of shop-keepers, seemed to realise that they were charming. A pallid young man took the opportunity of getting up a sweepstake about the probable initial of the pilot's first Christian name.

"There doesn't happen to be a pilot here," said the man with the red handkerchief.

"Oh, doesn't there," retorted the youth. He had suddenly become very unobtrusive. Several people giggled. There was a general exchange of witticisms. Presently a bugle announced breakfast to be ready. They all streamed below into the saloon that smelt of bread, fresh linen, and herrings. Half-way through the meal the girl with the pink nails came in. She was dressed in apple green. It made her hair appear the colour of light bronze. He tried not to watch her. He heard her remarking, "I slept beautifully, thanks, I always do. I don't know what it is to have a bad night." She glanced across at him and nodded carelessly.

"How have you slept?" she asked.

"I've been dreaming," he replied.

"Yes," she ventured, "and what about?"

"I don't know," he answered, "different things."

"What a snake you are," he muttered below his breath. She was contemplating him out of her half-closed eyes. They seemed to be burning. "I can't remember dreams," he added.

"I can," she said steadily. And turning away she began to talk to her neighbour.

He went out of the saloon alone. "I mistrust that woman," he was thinking, "myself, everything. I must escape from this." He had the deck to himself for a few minutes. Far off he saw the deepening outline of the promised land. "Once I get there it'll be easy enough," he thought; "these are obsessions, they can be broken." And he stared across the dazzling sea to the island that lay filmy and faint upon its western brim. Some people were coming up behind him. It was like the snapping of a spell.

"I'm going down to finish my packing," said a voice.

"All right, my dear," came the smooth answer, "you know what's best. I shall *carry* my camera."

"What damned fools they are," he thought with sudden fury, "always this sort of thing. Where are the real people?" He joined a small group of men, who were clustered round an old gentleman who was sitting on a deck-chair with a rug wrapped round his knees. He was saying in a measured, unmoved tone:

"My dear sir, there are only three varieties of the humming-bird in Jamaica. Your friend has misled you. The male and female are sometimes very different." "Has misled you," he mumbled to himself and closed his eyes. He was a very old man. They all behaved as if he had just uttered words of the most profound importance, and began to retire discreetly. One of them said in a hushed whisper: "The great authority. Gould hardly counts now. A progressive science, you know; whatever *he* says——"

"Quite so, quite so," answered a little man with his hands crossed upon his grossly protuberant stomach. "Did you say he was so *very* distinguished? Only three! Well, well, who would have believed it?"

The frail old man was leaning back in his chair. His lower jaw trembled. He was asleep.

Strolling to the edge of the upper deck, he looked forward. Some men were busily engaged with the tackle of the donkey-engine, just below him stewards were piling up passengers' luggage. A few other men were sitting right up in the bows, bare almost to the waist and smoking. They were stokers who had just come off duty. Swinging round he saw across the deck straggling masses of people, carrying chairs, labels, sun-umbrellas, all the paraphernalia of a landing. He saw them suddenly as people utterly trivial and futile, who had no desires, no passions, no goal, only a flaccid wish to enjoy themselves or make their lives bearable, to undergo again their suburban pleasures in a different atmosphere. Why did they come out here? They were without any romance. They were all blind. There was nothing there, nothing but emptiness. They walked about and fussed to and fro—as if it mattered. He heard himself saying aloud, "What a ghastly failure!" No one was near enough to hear him, but he started nevertheless. Out of the mediocrity of all these people, something hidden and recondite quickly seemed to emerge and as quickly to melt away. "What's beneath all this?" he thought. "They have no romance. What have they? What was that?" He cast his eyes round him and murmuring, "No, no, go away," to an idea that flashed clearly from the recesses of his brain, went below to finish his preparations. He packed slowly. Above his head he could hear the trampling of feet, people were hurrying up and down the alley-way. "Not one of them understands," he thought. He began to track this fancy to its lair. Was he really the only one? Did he understand? Was there anything to understand? Anything! It was remote and yet real. The only reality; that was it. The only thing worth having. He saw his reflection glowering at him out of the mirror. It was as if it were about to utter a cry. But no sound issued forth. Greater than life, greater than love; the one thing that lasts for ever, that never grows old, that never dies. His lips moved as if he were shaping the images of a vision. The bugle had already summoned the passengers to an early lunch, but he had not marked it. All his boxes were packed. He stood spell-bound in the stuffy cabin dwelling upon his elusive and enslaving idea. All at once he said audibly, "Grasp it—yes, now!"

He ran up on deck. There before him lay the island. A faintness, an exultation seized on him, and he had to hold tightly to the rail. Its green sides were shelving into the white foam of the rollers and running into little headlands that pierced the shining sea. Out of the water there sprang up surprisingly other tinier islands, some that showed merely a sandy ridge, others with waving palms, others like polished emeralds. Away on the port side, water broke over the hidden sand-banks on which the pelicans wander at low tide. Sea-birds wheeled round him screeching. On shore he could see long strips of cocoa-nut and banana plantations, and little houses dotting the hillsides and clustering near the bays. The tropics! He felt as if he had just drunk a lot of wine. He glanced round him stealthily. No one was on deck but himself. Up on the bridge there was a small group of officers. They had not seen him. He stepped back cautiously out of their view. And upon all the land the sun beat out of a cloudless sky, beat upon the bright colours of the shoaling sea, upon the menacing gloom of forests, upon the blue haze of distant mountains. An unwinking sunshine. They were steaming leisurely along the coast. Over everything there lay the radiant and classical serenity of something incomparably old and calm. It seemed to be beckoning to him. Presently they rounded the point, and he saw a bay curving into the land, and far on its further side a town lying all along the margin. He could just make it out.

The engine-room bell clanged, flags were hoisted on the masthead, and a boat put off from the near shore. People were beginning to swarm up from below. There was great animation.

"That'll be the doctor," remarked someone.

"Oh, I shall never have time to say good-bye to everyone," wailed a young lady, who was attired as if she were about to start for an Alpine excursion.

"My dear, we are all going to meet up at Mountain Edge, nearly everyone is to be there," said her mother. "We'll all have tea together, I'm sure. Won't we?" she added, beaming at him.

"Very likely," he replied.

She saw him make a slight waving sign without looking at her. It struck her as rather disrespectful.

"What an odd young man," she said to herself.

Meanwhile they had got through the usual port visits and were pounding up the bay. It expanded before them. A town, flat as the sea, hidden amongst palms which from a distance gave it the appearance of a succession of sacred groves, skirted the edge of the water. Jetties stuck out into the bay and several ships were riding at anchor near at hand. Behind it there swept an open country that sloped gradually into wooded hills, which seemed to cut the air sharply in that brilliant atmosphere.

Upon one of the jetties a crowd was assembled. It was a motley crowd. He could see men dressed in duck with wide hats, and a mixture of rich colours and dark faces. Suddenly a number of almost naked blacks leapt into the tide and swam frantically towards them with shrill cries. They flung their arms above their heads, their brown bodies glistened beneath the clear water.

"You throw sixpence, massa, me get 'em velly well," one shouted.

Someone threw in a penny. A dozen men dived deeply after it and came up panting. One carried it in his mouth. All the passengers had assembled on the two decks fronting the quay. Shouts of greeting were exchanged. He beheld a sea of upturned faces scanning the people on board. A negro clothed in the black costume of a cleric struck him as incongruous. Three turkey buzzards floated in spiral sweeps above the grime of the wharve. Just opposite a collier was being unloaded, and an endless stream of negroes shuffled down its side with large baskets on their heads. He felt the ship grind against the woodwork of the quay, some orders were given in a loud voice, and she stopped dead. Men rushed on deck. All round him passengers were making promises to meet again, exchanging cards which they would soon throw away, and saying their stock jokes for the last time. Several came up to him, told him, either that they were going to their estates, or were to catch a boat to South America, or hoped to meet him later at the hotel. He replied suitably, but without enthusiasm. He wanted to be alone.

He was almost the last to leave. Just as he walked on to the gangway, someone stooped across the rail, and said to him, "It's not here." He was staring with blank amazement into the eyes of the Chief Officer. Did he mean—but impossible—how could he know?

"What—what?" he said breathlessly. The Chief Officer answered, "You can't; don't attempt it." It was a strange remark.

"You've guessed?" he stammered.

The other studied him closely.

"I've been through it," he exclaimed, "you'll find out."

He smiled at him with suppressed fury. "Curse that fellow," he thought, "am I to lose it for him? They're all the same, these people. I'm not going to be like that. Once I get it I shall never leave go of it."

"You talk like an enigma," he said aloud. "What am I expecting?"

"Wait," responded the Chief Officer, and turned away.

He walked down the quay into the Customs shed. But he had an uneasy feeling. They always lost it; why was it? They always did. He wouldn't. He must find it, and then. . . .

The place was nearly deserted. He was the last to enter. He got his boxes chalked, and, giving them into the charge of the hotel porter, wandered out into the blinding glare of the streets. The town seemed to be built on a species of grey loam, and everywhere there was a faint, sweet, aromatic smell. White houses with green blinds drawn over the windows lined the road. An electric car driven by a uniformed darkie rumbled past with its bell jangling, and a staid young man wearing gold spectacles gaped at him without interest from one of its cane seats. Two dogs were snarling in a narrow passage, where sat, huddled up in a corner, a very old woman, cowering in senile lethargy over a tiny packet of striped sweetmeats.

He hailed a passing buggy, and told the coachman to take him out to Mountain Edge. They began to drive towards the country. They passed the market-place, where a crowd of negroes squatted and kept up a deafening sound of conversation and laughter. They drove by big stores with crude advertisements pasted up outside, by churches, by villas with flowering gardens. The same sweet and pungent smell penetrated everything. On the kerb-stones sat women with coloured turbans on their heads, fanning themselves with huge leaves and guarding open baskets of bananas, mangoes, all manner of small grains. Some vended salt fish, others little cakes, others coloured drinks. The desultory life of a tropical afternoon went on without heeding him. Fat men stood at the doors of shops, mopping their faces or smoking long cigars. An incredible person was arranging boots in a glass case. He observed him with a kind of awe. Arranging boots in the tropics, when all round him, ready to his hand, was the one thing worth having. What an extravagant idea! He burst into a loud laugh, to the great surprise of the driver. They passed the outskirts of the town and trotted along a road that led like a thin trail through an entangled maze of low forest. Now and then a few wooden huts broke the solitude. By their doors brown children played in the dust and fled from before the wheels with many hens and mongrel dogs. And as they climbed upwards he could see the plains stretching away on either side, and far behind him the deep blue of the unruffled sea. At times the carriage jolted over the beds of dried-up rivers, and he had glimpses of ravines that wound, solitary and untrodden, into the fastnesses of the woods.

He judged the drive to be one of about five miles. During the last mile and a half they went parallel with an electric car line which joined that modern hotel to the town. And here the woods disappeared, and instead there were rows of fields in which men worked, digging sweet potatoes and yams. Ahead of him the foot-hills soared into the sky, covered densely with vegetation to their very tops. And, at last, round a bend of the road, there was Mountain Edge.

He dismissed the driver and walked up through its grounds. Large balconies decorated with rocking-chairs and empty glasses presented the typical appearance of an hotel. Through the open door he saw a roomy hall, across which glided a succession of black waiters dressed all in white, attending noiselessly to groups of people who were sitting round little tables having afternoon tea. He paused on the threshold. Well-known voices, raised in amicable familiarity, sounded through the place. Half the passengers of the boat were busily discussing the merits of the tropics.

"Not that I presume to know anything," said someone.

He shuddered slightly. "Nothing will ever alter them," he groaned.

On entering, he was hailed by several people at the same moment.

"Come here," said the girl with the pink nails. He sat down stiffly. She poured him out some tea.

"You are very late," she remarked.

"Yes, very late," he echoed her.

She gave him such a quick scrutiny that he didn't notice it.

"Very late," he said again, "so I am." Splashes of sunlight fell into the hall and seemed to divide it into a gargantuan chessboard of shadow and light. They were in shadow. The buzz of talk went on uninterruptedly. "When shall I escape from this woman?" he was thinking. The only other people at the table were two old ladies, who were grumbling about the quality of the tea. The girl continued to talk to him as if they were alone.

"My aunt's gone to lie down," she explained. "She's got a headache. I think it's the sun. These things don't affect me."

"Have you never been ill?" he questioned.

"Not for an instant," she answered. "I feel as if I might live for ever; I don't want to grow old."

"Why do you say that?" he asked.

"I want my life," she said slowly.

Neither of them spoke for a minute. People were going out in every direction. The two old ladies bustled off to complain to the manager. He got up abruptly; she rose also.

He turned to her and said, "If you don't mind, I shall go for a walk."

"And I—may I come?" she replied in a singular voice.

He did not dare to look at her. He knew she was standing before him, casting all her power over him. "It will fade," he said to himself, "don't I know!" He wanted to shout out, "Let me alone!" Instead of that he said shortly, "Excuse me, a private matter," and he quitted the hall, while she remained standing by the deserted table. She regarded him fixedly.

All over the landscape a great change had taken place. The fierceness of the sun had gone. The wide afternoon lay with its rosy glow upon the fields, upon the rivers, upon the forests. The mountains, bathed in soft tinges of mauve, appeared pensive and watchful, as though they listened intently, and like a regiment, guarded and dumb, tarried still for the cataclysmic signal. He had the impression of something extraordinarily expectant and familiar, as men occasionally have at the very moment of falling asleep. A reedy marsh bordered the wild garden of the hotel, and from it there issued a sound, universal and obscure—the croaking of myriads of frogs. It poured upwards from the invisible hosts below, it filled the air as the deafening and exultant shouts of crowds fill a room raised high above the turmoil of the street. This noise of the ancient forests conjured before his mind the figures of savages dancing to barbaric chants in the clearings of woods and on shores flooded with moonlight. Hunters cut their way into jungles and plunged through treacherous morasses, where slimy things crept before them, where oily bubbles burst on the surface of the ooze, where miasmic vapours rose at evening with decaying smells and deadly fevers. He opened his eyes. In front of him the failing light folded the silent hills in deeper purple and threw upon the tainted water of the marsh the sinister reflection of their dark outline. The short twilight dwindled swiftly. All round him another life was stirring, the life tireless and vast, that wakes at night and fills the tropics with its secret emotion.

Two little darkies had stolen up behind him and were considering him from a reasonable distance. On his turning round they both bowed to him. "Cap'n," said the elder, "you like dis place?"

"Very much," he replied.

"O cap'n, me velly hungry—dis, my brudder—velly poor, velly poor."

"Go away, you little scamps," he said.

"Cap'n, me velly, velly——"

"You velly sore soon," he laughed, copying them. They darted off across the fields. This encounter brought him back to reality. He retraced his steps to the hotel. In the hall a clean-shaven person was holding forth to a miscellaneous audience. He was saying, "There ain't no such thing as coloured people: there's white men and there's niggers. If a man's got a drop of black blood in him, he's a nigger." Having delivered himself of this, he spat generously on the floor and smiled round for approval. A man with a spacious fancy waistcoat who appeared to be chewing something, remarked, "Sir, you've hit it," but otherwise there was an uneasy silence. A suspiciously fair woman had an attack of coughing. He heard someone whisper to his neighbour, "He's a Yank—comes from Cincinnati—a sort of hell."

He went over to the office and inquired about his room. It was at the top of the house. He ran lightly upstairs. A balcony, overlooking the great sweep of country between him and the hills, led out of the window. In the gathering dusk, sounds, multitudinous and indistinct, came up from below. A swish of great wings passed over his head. It was a vulture going to roost on a tree near by. He washed his hands, and went downstairs and out of the building. It was getting quite dark. The beady eyes of lizards winked at him from every large stone. Above the shrilling of the cicalas he heard the deeper sound of the frogs croaking in the marsh. A peculiar green shade filled the air, and a few stars twinkled vaguely through the liquid night. Far above him someone threw up a window and leant out. A figure was silhouetted dimly. He couldn't see who it was. He thought to himself, "I suppose they're all dressing now." A large grey moth brushed past his face and fluttered like a drunken ghost down the avenue. He traced its course. Tiny lights threaded amongst the trees and swung in the branches like a string of magic lanterns. Behind him two ladies dressed in blue walked to the open door and scanned the scene.

"Say, Mabel, were there lightning bugs at Swampscott?" said one.

He strode rapidly off.

He found himself standing by the tram-line, and when the car for the town rattled up, he got in. He sat all by himself at the back. The cars they passed were full of negroes returning from work, and on the road there were long batches of them, singing their way homeward through the warm, southern night. He envied them. Always to live here, where dwelt the one thing worth having! They tramped along the road with great strides, the woods re-echoed to their voices. In the middle of the town he dismounted. All the lamps were lit. In the gleaming streets boys were selling papers and the shops were being closed. "Just behind all this," he thought, "are the things that never change." He pictured the forests and the mountains lying formidable and awake at the very entrance to this minute zone of light. Above the flaming jets he looked out upon the gigantic silence of the land, and upon the sea, which is as implacable and devouring as death.

A shabbily dressed clerk gave him a passing stare and went on his way, whistling out of tune. Obviously an Englishman. How did he get there? What sort of life did he lead? Had he found it or was he blind also? Oh! blind, what a terrible thought. So many were. Half-consciously he realised that he was following him. The man went for about a hundred yards down the big street and then twisted sharp to the left. He noticed him draw his cap over his eyes and put up the collar of his coat. He kept close to the wall. From this street he moved into a still narrower one, and so from one road to another till he had gained the houses near the eastern border of the town. He stopped opposite a small bungalow over-shadowed by a brick-red bougainvillaea, and seemed to hesitate. By the light of a feeble oil lamp which illuminated that straggling row, he saw his unhealthy and commonplace features uplifted towards the shuttered windows with a wonderful transfiguration. He heard him say in a subdued, distinct voice, "Ruby, I'm here."

The chain of the door clanked slightly, and a girl came out and stood by the gateway.

"Jack, mother's awake," she said hurriedly. "What do I care, I'm thinking of you! How she hates you!"

"Give me your hand," he said.

It was thrust through the railings. He put it to his lips. They were both trembling.

"O Ruby, I love you," he breathed, almost to himself.

"I must go in," she whispered. "Come to-morrow; she'll be in bed." She gave him one parting look and went swiftly into the house. The man remained with his hand clutched upon the gate, biting his lips.

He turned from this sight with a sinking at his heart.

"One of the blind," he muttered. "My God! Ah, what shall I do ?" The impartial night looked at him strangely. "This illusion," he thought, "it's strong, I feel it frightfully."

The vision of a girl with bronze hair and pink nails rose up before him. He scowled at it. The breeze fanned him with a delicious mildness. It brought with it the smell of the tepid ocean. He proceeded in the direction whence it blew. A beach of white glimmered before him, and beyond it there flowed the sea, black and fatal, like an enormous pall covering the bodies of drowned men. And it heaved faintly upon the shore as though it sighed. The tiny ripples took on the glint of the stars, which hung in a tremendous throng above the shrouded planet. He walked down to the edge of the water and put his hand into it. It was warm to the touch. It felt like the blood of mariners. In the wastes behind him the noise of frogs made an incessant chorus above the washing of the languid tide. He consulted his watch. "It's time to be going home," he said. He returned over the fields and through the desolate streets.

In the square, the last car for the country was about to start and he jumped in. From the footpath people hailed it, and it would draw up with sparks flying from the wheels. There was an incessant string of persons passing in and out. Scattered amongst the jabbering negroes were a few weary whites, who got down furtively one by one and dived into their homes as though escaping from a false position. And at last they reached the outlying quarters. Saloon bars flared on either side. He saw a man lolling over a counter with rows and rows of bottles piled up behind him, and a crowd of men and women round the doorway like bees at the entrance of a hive. The smell of gin issued forth like a foul disease. A tipsy song, mingled with curses and cries for liquor, sounded hollow in the embracing gloom, lost itself altogether in the night, melancholy and thoughtful, which seemed ready to close upon the place with its colossal oblivion. And further still, there were houses lying right back from the road. Down the avenues people ran with lanterns, yelling messages. Faces appeared near the track, with bulging eyes, straining up at them. The grey reflection of the lamps flickered with them along the road and threw into fantastic relief the branches of trees and the borders of the plain. Gradually the car emptied. The conductor went forward to talk to the driver, and he was left alone. In the teeming darkness, a life, incomputable and profound, boomed above the engulfing stillness of sleep. It beat in his ears.

The car drew up with a wrench. They had reached the hotel. The door was opened to him by the night-porter—a negro who carried a baton and a dark lantern. A great quietness reigned throughout the house. He did not speak to the porter, but nodded his thanks. Not a thing was stirring. He gazed all around him. The vacant face of the negro followed him unquestioningly, seemed ready to watch with composure the most unexpected development.

"What's he thinking of?" he reasoned. "These are the inscrutable people—you could never find out."

To his quick glance there was presented a countenance of patient unconcern. It was almost impressive in its indifference.

He mounted slowly to the top of the house. On the final landing he stopped and listened. A deep breathing was audible. Everyone was asleep. Far beneath him in the hall the glowing lantern of the porter gleamed mistily like a great slumbrous eye. He saw the reflection of the negro. He was stooping over something. A sensation like a vivid dream began to envelop him. He went into his room and, shutting the door carefully behind him, switched on the light. It dazzled him. Walking rapidly across the floor, he flung wide the shutters and stepped out on to the balcony. And at his back the darkness swirled into the room, filling it with shadows, with murmurs, with the dusk of the unconquerable night.

On the horizon the mountains stood like funereal plumes against the velvet sky, and some very large stars shone brightly above their crests.

"Upon all the islands of these seas," he thought, "upon South America, upon Cuba, upon Hayti." It was a thrilling idea. From below the blended voice of the triumphant earth floated up to him like a trail of incense. He stood high up in the darkness without moving. A few lights dotted over the country, the lights of woodmen's fires and of private houses, intensified the prevalent gloom. The immense night, inarticulate and sombre, surrounded him with its silence, with its fragrant and stifling breath, with its deep repose. The mysterious night of all tropical places.

"Is this—is this it?" he said in a low voice. He breathed painfully. His hands had suddenly become quite moist.

He did not hear a door being opened at the other end of the passage, did not see the figure of a muffled woman who came out cautiously on to the landing. She felt her way along the corridor with noiseless footsteps. Opposite his room she stopped, and without attempting to decipher the number felt for it with her hand—7—4. She shivered imperceptibly. "I must think," she murmured: "what am I doing?"

The tranquil obscurity filled her with apprehension. Eyes everywhere, ears that listened to thoughts! What were hers? She looked fearfully behind her. How was she to know? Only fools pretended to understand thoughts—only fools who didn't realise what life was. That mattered—nothing else. It passes so soon—old age, death, corruption—always passing. You had to seize it—now, now, now! Compressing her mouth tightly, she turned the handle of the door, and glided in without the least sound. She closed it behind her. She was pale as marble, but her lips were red. She saw him standing on the balcony. He was quite unaware of anything. For a second she hesitated, for there was yet time to draw back. But life, which is ever awaiting a crisis, stirred in her veins. With a slight frown she gently crossed the room.

She must have made some noise, because all at once he spun round and saw her motionless by the window. Not a word was uttered. Her finger was raised to her lips in the attitude of warning.

"My dream," he gasped. He viewed her with a mingling of desire and loathing. Without lifting her eyes from him she took a step forward. He retreated to the very edge of the balcony.

"You traitress," he thought, "I'm lost."

She came nearer. In the darkness her eyes glittered like a victor's. He glanced round despairingly at the night, as though, at the eleventh hour, it might save him from this thing that was bound to fade. It gave him a pondering and enigmatic stare. She was close enough to touch him.

"Am I to abandon it for you?" he thought violently. Oh, for the wisdom that could unravel doubts! On every hand there was a terrible disintegration. No foundations. He was sinking down, down—he would never reach land. But wait a minute! That idea of his—what was it? Was it not the one thing. . . .

In a flash of disillusionment he saw all the chimeras of the world melting from the grasp of desire.

"Then there *is* nothing real," he thought, "nothing to hold on to. Well, it's a solution."

He suddenly felt as cold as ice. A resolve, anarchic and complete, seemed so natural that it hardly surprised him.

"I'm too strong for you," he said to himself, remembering the words of his dream. Putting his hands behind him, he touched the woodwork of the balcony. He allowed them to rest on it, like a man testing the strength of his opponent. She was astonished to catch an expression of fanatical cunning on his face. No good attempting to gauge thoughts. They are full of pitfalls, full of ruses it is impossible to follow. You must brush them aside. Beneath the intricate and subtle windings there lies the primal motive. But it needs the power of a relentless will. It was agonising. She reeled in her place. In the ebbing of strength to make the final appeal, to gather up the threads—yes, yes, oh, a moment! Throwing into her look all the magic and surrender of centuries of instinctive acting, she slowly raised her arms and held them out beseechingly. He recoiled from them with a gesture of horror.

"I must finish with this," he cried in a hoarse voice, and breaking the wood with the effort of both hands, he flung himself backwards.

In Search of Divinity*

By George Moore

I

At the time of the Boer War the respectable residences of Victoria Street were being taken over by a new company and converted into large shops; and the lease-holders who refused to be bought out had to put up with the inconveniences it would be vain to attempt to enumerate: suffice it to say that my dining-room ceiling came down one morning in response to some architectural improvements going on overhead, and that the summons I issued against the company was answered by a cross-summons; I had had a tussle with the workman charged to chip away my window-sill, and this seemed to my lawyer to complicate matters so much that he advised me to accept the hundred pounds that the company was willing to give for my lease. But my quarrel with the company was so radical that it did not seem possible for me to come to terms, and I sat looking at him overpowered by my temper.

"You'd better leave them to sweep up the litter." No answer. "Well," he said, "I like a fighting client. The assault will have to be settled in the police court, and the amount for compensation for the loss of your ceiling and sill in the superior courts."

"But these actions will bring me back to London again and again," I muttered; and on the boat that night the conclusion was arrived at gradually that I would allow the company to pay for my removal if I succeeded in finding a house that suited me in Dublin—one in which I could hang my pictures and receive my disciples: the six, seven, perhaps ten young men who would bring me dramas, poems, and novels, in Irish of course. "But we shall have to talk in English. It will be a long time before I shall be able to speak Irish fluently," I said, stopping to listen to some Welsh sailors. As soon as they had finished coiling the hawser I questioned them regarding the prospects of the Welsh language, and learnt from them that there was no need of a language movement in Wales, for every-

---

* Copyright in the United Kingdom and U.S.A., 1911.

body spoke Welsh. Even so, it did not seem to me that Wales should be without one, so great was the danger of Anglicisation.

A little further up the deck I came upon a paunchy fellow leaning over the bulwarks, who could only be an Irish parish priest, and thinking that it would be a pity to miss an opportunity of making a convert I mentioned, after some introductory remarks, that I was returning to Ireland to help Douglas Hyde to revive Gaelic. A look of fear came into his face, and he was about to move away; but on second thoughts it seemed to him wiser to wish me good-luck.

"But I'm afraid," he added, "the language movement is too far gone. In my part of the country——"

"Our hopes are centred in the priests, who have always been patriotic. Now, sir, in your parish——"

"Mine is in the County Monaghan, and Irish hasn't been spoken there, well, not for a couple of centuries."

"So you come from Monaghan? Do you know Lord Rossmore?"

"Doesn't he live in my parish? And you—do you know his Lordship?"

"Indeed I do, and well," said I, and begged him to remember me to Derry and to ask my old friend, for my sake, to use his influence to get the Irish language taught in the Schools. "Seven hundred years ago," I said, pointing to the coasts, "everybody spoke Irish on those hills"; and when we steamed into view of Howth my imagination evoked tenderly the tribes that had once wandered round the beautiful hill calling to each other in Gaelic.

I remember this priest well as I write, but cannot recall the circumstances in which I met my friends that evening. It may have been in the Rotunda, or it may have been that I met them in some private house. On second thoughts it seems to me that it must have been in a private house, for I remember gasaliers, silk cushions, ladies' necks, and myself rushing up to Hyde, both hands extended, my news upon my lips:

"Do you know, Hyde, it's all settled; I'm coming to live in Ireland."

"You don't mean it? You don't tell me that you've left London for good? You're only joking?" and he laughed that vacant little laugh of his which is so irritating.

"But tell me, are you advancing?"

"We're getting on finely. If we could only get the Intermediate——"

"The Intermediate is most important; but what I want to know is if I shall be able to help you."

"You've done a great deal already, but——"

"But what?"

"Your book, *Parnell and His Island*, will go against you with the League."

"I should have thought the League was here to accept those that are willing to help Ireland to recover her language, and not to bother about my past."

"That's the way we are over here," he said, and again I had to endure his irritating little laugh. "But I'm thinking . . . . The League might be reconciled to your book if you were to issue it with a sub-title—*Parnell and his Island; or, Ireland Without Her Language.* I was reading your book the other day, and do you know I wouldn't say that it wasn't your best book?

"It is mere gabble," I answered, "and cannot be reissued."

"You can't think that?" And dropping a hint that I might be more useful to them in England than in Ireland he turned away to tell dear Edward that he was delighted to see him. "Now have you come up from the west for the meeting? You don't tell me so? I don't believe you."

Edward reassured him. "And your friend, George Moore, has come over from London; and with you both to back the League——"

"How are you, George? I heard you had arrived."

"What, already!"

"Father Dineen saw you; I met him in Kildare Street this afternoon, and he told me to tell you that the Keating Branch were saying that you're coming over here to write them up in the English papers."

"You start your rumours very quickly in Dublin," I answered angrily, "and a stupider one I never heard. I don't write for the papers; even if I did, the Keating Branch—I know nothing about it. Hyde, I wish you would use your influence to stop——"

"I was just telling him that he should reissue *Parnell and His Island* with a sub-title 'Ireland without Her Language.' Now what do you think? We're all very anxious to hear what you think, Martyn."

"It would have been much better if he had never written that book. I told him so at the time. I have always told you, George, that I understand Ireland. I mayn't understand England——"

"But what do you mean when you say that you understand Ireland?"

Yeats joined our group, and when Edward said that I had decided to come to live in Dublin he tried a joke, but it got lost in the folds of his style, and he looked at Hyde and at Martyn disconsolate. MacNeill, the vice-president of the Gaelic League sidled through the crowd, a painfully honest fellow with a great deal of brown beard, who could not be induced to express any opinion regarding my coming or the view that the League would take of it.

"But your subscription will be received gratefully," he said, moving away to avoid further interrogation.

"Money," I answered, "is always received with gratitude; but I've come to work for the League as well as to subscribe to it, and shall be glad to hear what kind of work you propose to put me to. Would you care to send me to America to collect funds? A Gaelic League missionary? What do you think?"

MacNeill said that if I went to America and collected money the League would be glad to receive it; but he did not think that the League would send me over as its representative. It would, however, be glad to receive some journalistic help from me. One of the questions that was engaging the League's attention at the present time was how to improve *The Claideamh Soluis*, and he suggested that I should call upon the editor at my convenience. The last words, "at my convenience," seemed unnecessary, for had I not come to Dublin to serve the Gaelic League?

Next morning in great impatience I sought the offices of the Gaelic League, and after many inquiries of the passers-by discovered the number hidden away in a passage, and then the offices themselves at the top of a dusty staircase. An inscription in a strange language was assuring, and a memory of the County of Mayo in my childhood told me that the syllables that bade me enter were Gaelic and not German. A couple of rough-looking men, peasants no doubt, native Irish speakers, sat on either side of a large table with account books before them, and in answer to my question if I could see the editor, one of them told me that he was not in at present.

"But you speak Irish?" I said.

Both of them nodded, and forgetful of the business upon which I had come I began to question them as to their knowledge of the language, and I am sure that my eyes beamed when they told me that they both contributed to *The Claideamh*.

" Your Vice-President MacNeill sent me here. He would like me to write an article."

" Who are you ?"

" George Moore."

" I'll tell the editor when he comes in, and if you'll send in your article he'll consider it. The next few numbers are full up."

" This man must be a member of the Keating Branch," I said to myself; and though aware of my folly I could not restrain my words, but fell to assuring him at once that I had not come to Ireland to write the Keating Branch up in the English papers. He was sure I hadn't, but my article would have to be submitted to the editor all the same.

" I appreciate your independence, and I'll submit an article, but in England an article by me is considered a prize."

The men returned to the account books, and I left the office a little crestfallen, looking round for somebody who would neither regard my coming with suspicion nor treat it as a joke; but finding no one until I went to see AE at the end of a long day's house-hunting in Merrion Square, Fitzwilliam Square, Harcourt Street, and many a suburb. He listened with a kind smile in his eyes, though my story was a long one, and there were at the time three bank managers waiting to receive instructions from him regarding the repayment of certain loans. The anxious typist with a sheaf of letters in her hand did not distract his attention from me ; he dismissed her, but without abruptness, and came down to the door with me refusing to believe, all the while, that there were no houses to let in Dublin.

" I'll find you a house." There was a quiet conviction in his voice ; and three days after AE called at the Shelbourne Hotel to tell me he had found a house that would suit me. My stick went up and I called out " car " ; but the house he was taking me to was in the centre of Dublin, within a few minutes walk of Stephen's Green—an ideal residence, he said, for a man of letters ; one of five little eighteenth century houses shut off from the thoroughfare, and with an orchard opposite which might be mine for two or three pounds a year if I knew how to bargain with the landlord.

" AE, are you narrating a vision, a dream-tale, a story you have written or would like to write ? "

At that moment we turned a corner and came into sight of an old iron gate-way ; behind it were the five eighteenth century houses . . . and the orchard ! But to the houses first. Five modest little houses, but everyone with tall, narrow windows ; a single window above the area, no doubt the dining-room, and above it a pair of windows with balconies; behind them were the drawing-rooms, and the windows above these were the bedroom windows.

" Not a single pane of plate glass in the house, AE. The room above mine is the cook's room. If there are some back rooms ? "

AE assured me that the houses were deep and had several back rooms ; the drawing-rooms were large and lofty, and as well as he remembered the back windows in the dining and drawing-rooms overlooked the convent garden.

" I might have tramped round Dublin for a month and found nothing ; whereas in three days you have found the house that suits me. Tell me how you did it."

" Number 3 was the home of the Theosophical Society, and I thought one of the houses in the street might be vacant. I remember envying those that had the right to walk in the orchard."

" And now you can walk there whenever you please, and dine with me under that apple-tree, AE, if your Irish summers are warm enough."

" But you haven't seen the house, yet."

" I don't want to see the house until my furniture is in it, AE. I'm no judge of unfurnished houses."

But in spite of my remonstrance AE insisted on ringing the bell, and while he was making inquiries about the state of the roof and the kitchen flue I was upstairs admiring marble mantelpieces of no mean design, and cottages that the back windows overlooked.

" AE, I beseech you to leave off talking about boilers and cisterns, and all such tiresome things. Come upstairs at once and see the dear little slum ; and the two washer-women in it. I wish we could hear what they're saying."

" One does hear some bad language sometimes," the caretaker murmured, turning her head away.

" I'm sure they blaspheme splendidly. Blasphemy is the literature of catholic countries. AE, what an inveterate mystic you are, as practical as St. Teresa ; whereas I am content if the windows and mantelpieces are eighteenth century. Don't let the slum trouble you, my good woman. A man of letters never objects to a slum. He sharpens his pen there."

" The convent garden, sir, on the right——"

" Yes, I see, and a great many nightshirts out drying."

" No, sir ; the nuns' underwear."

" Better and better. Into what Eden have you led me, AE ? Who is the agent of this Paradise ? Is his name Peter ? "

" No, sir, Mr. Thomas Burton."

" And his address ? "

" He lives at the Hill, Wimbledon. The landlord lives in Wicklow."

" How extraordinary ! The landlord of an Irish property living in Ireland and the agent in London ! Shall I have to go back to England and interview this agent ? AE, I can't go back."

" You will not be quit of England until your affairs are settled."

" But I can't go back."

AE smiled so kindly that I half forgot my anger, and my impulsiveness began to amuse me.

" You're always right, AE."

" Don't say so, for there is nobody so boring——"

" As he that is always righteous. So to get away from England I shall have to return to it. But why am I coming back here ? Nobody wants me. When I told Hyde that I had disposed of the lease of my flat, he said, ' Now, is that so ? You don't tell me you've left London for good ? ' evidently looking upon my coming with suspicion. Yeats tried to treat it as an exquisite joke, and Edward is afraid to approve ; he sees in me one who may trouble somebody's religious convictions. Nobody wants me, AE. I wish you would tell me why I am coming to Dublin. Do you know ? If you do you're a cleverer man than I am. You are that in any case. All I know for certain is that I am coming despite jokes and suspicion. All I hoped for was a welcome and some enthusiasm ; no bonfires, torchlight processions, banners, bands, *cead mille failte's*, nothing of that kind, only a welcome. It may be that I did expect some appreciation of the sacrifice I was making, for you see I'm throwing everything into the flames. Isn't it strange, AE ? You understand, but the others don't. I'll tell you something that I heard Whistler say years ago. It was in the old Grosvenor Gallery ; I have forgotten what we were talking about ; one remembers the words but not what led up to them. ' Nothing,' he said, ' I suppose matters to you except your writing.' And his words went to the very bottom of my soul, frightening me ; and I have asked myself again and again if I were capable of sacrificing brother, sister, mother, fortune, friend, for a work of art. One is near madness when nothing really matters but one's work, and I tell you that Whistler's words frightened me just as Rochefoucauld's famous epigram has frightened thousands. You know it ? Something about the misfortunes of our best friends never being wholly disagreeable to us. We don't take pleasure in hearing of the misfortunes of our friends, but there is a truth in Rochefoucauld's words all the same; and it wasn't until the Boer war drove me out of England that I began to think that Whistler's words mightn't be truer than Rochefoucauld's."

AE took out his watch and said he must be getting back to his office.

"Damn that office," I answered. It seemed to me that all my life was on my lips that afternoon, and I begged him to stay; he said he couldn't and bade me good-bye quickly. "I'm crossing to-night," I cried after him, and in the steamer's saloon all I had not said to him rambled on and on in my head; and the summary of it all is that it might be better for me if Whistler's words were true, for in leaving England there could be no doubt that I was leaving a literary career behind me. England had been my inspiration, and all the while of that crossing, *A Mummer's Wife* and *Esther Waters* seemed conclusive proof that I could only write about England. Is it likely, I asked, that he who wrote the most English of all novels should be able to describe Ireland? The wandering lake and the wistful line of mountains (I had not then written *The Lake*) rose up in my mind, and I felt that if England were hateful to me Ireland was somewhat repugnant to me.

"But what is it?" I cried, starting up from my berth, "that is driving me out of England, for it is not natural to feel as determined as I feel, especially for me who am not at all self-willed. Self-willed!" I cried, "there is no will in me. I am being driven, and I am being pushed headlong into the unknown."

There was no motion on board; the steamer was being steered through windless waters, and believing that we must be by this time nearing the Welsh coast I climbed the brassy stairs and stood watching the unwrinkled tide sweeping round the great rock. Nor was there a wind among the clouds; as moveless as marble they lay under the moon. "A marmoreal sky," I said; "whereas the sea was never marmoreal."

Along the foreland the shapes of the fields were visible in the moon-haze, and while studying the beauty of the world by night a lone star reminded me of Stella, and I said:

"A man is never wholly unhappy as long as he is sure of his mistress's love."

"After all," she said, some hours later, "a month isn't a long while."

"It will pass too quickly," I answered, and to avoid reproaches and in the hope of enticing her to Ireland I told her of a garden in the midst of Dublin with apple trees and fig trees, and an avenue of lilac bushes as one comes down the steps from the wicket.

"For the garden is lower than the street, and in the ditch (I know not how else to explain it) there are hawthorns and laburnums."

"Four walks," she said, "and a grass plot."

"There's a walk down the middle."

"That can be sodded over. But why should I trouble to arrange your garden for you since I shall not see you any more?"

"But you will come to paint in Ireland. Last year you went to Wales and lived in great discomfort for the sake of your mountains. In Ireland you'll find some beautiful mountains, and you'll be able to get a house within easy distance of your subjects. You'll spend the summer in Ireland? Promise me that you will." She promised. "And now, dear one, tell me of somebody who will remove my furniture?"

A description of a furniture removal would have appealed to my æsthetic sense twenty years ago, and my style of Medan thread was strong enough to capture packers and their burdens; but the style in which this book is written is woven in fine silk; it sinks to the bottom of the soul, remaining down for many hours, and then it comes up, and within its delicate meshes are found entangled dreams, hopes, memories, aspirations, together with some sorrows and here and there a secret shame. And these are all I have to offer the reader in this book. He must be resigned, and forego without complaining the naturalistic joy of being present at the counting of chintzes in Victoria Street and the un-nailing of cases in Upper Ely Place. On his invitation card are the words "between two and three." AE opens the exhibition about that time, while an aubusson carpet is being laid down.

The reader who remembers AE in *Ave* will not be surprised to hear that the purple architecture and the bunches of roses shocked him so much that I think he was on the point of asking me to burn my beautiful carpet. It affected him so much that it was with difficulty that I persuaded him to withdraw his eyes from it and look at the pictures. I would conceal the fact if I dared, but a desire of truth compels me to record that when he first saw Manet's portrait of Madame Manet it seemed to him commonplace, and impressionist painting on the whole uncouth.

"It seems to you, AE, like the prose of painting rather than the poetry; I know it does."

"Did it never strike you in the same light?"

"Not quite. Let me draw your attention to the beautiful grey of the background in harmony with the grey of the dress. Can you not see that the paint is spilt upon the canvas like cream—not brushed hither and thither with brushes—and that the suffused colour in a tea-rose is not more beautiful?"

"Oh, Moore!"

"Dear AE," I answered, "if you will not admire the beauty of Manet's paint admire its morality. How winningly it whispers 'Be not ashamed of anything but to be ashamed'; and I chose this mauve wall-paper for upon it this grey portrait will be triumphant. The other Manet is but a sketch, and the casual critic only sees that she is cock-eyed; the whiteness of her shoulders escapes him, and the pink of her breast's blossoms. Manet's pink—almost a white! I remember a peony . . . I'll turn the picture a little more to the light. Now, AE, I beseech you to look upon it. No, it doesn't please you. Well, look at my Monet instead; a flooded meadow and willows evanescent in the mist. Compared with Monet Constable's vision is a journeyman's, and he is by no means seen at his worst in that little picture. But look again at the willows. No one ever looked at Nature so frankly. The Impressionists brought a delicacy of vision into art undreamt of before. In their pictures the world is young again. Look at this charming girl by Berthe Morisot. Tell me, was a girl ever so young before? An April girl. Hyacinth-coloured dress and daffodil hair."

AE liked better Berthe Morisot's picture of her little daughter coming to see the maid who is sewing under a dove-cot.

"She has caught the mystery of the child's wondering eyes. We call it mystery," he added, "but it is merely stupidity." The remark is quite true, but it surprised me. . . . People often say things that are not in the least like them, therefore criticism will reprove me for recording words that AE may have uttered but which are admittedly not like him. I would argue with criticism if I weren't so busy with my pictures.

"Ah, here's my Conder. You can't but like this picture of Brighton; the blue sea breaking into foam so cheerfully; a happy lady looks from her balcony at other happy ladies walking in the sunshine. The optimism of painting!" AE sighed. "You don't like it? Here is a Mark Fisher: women singing under trees. 'The Land of Wine and Song,' he calls it, and if you look through the trees you will see an estuary and a town in long perspective dying in the distance. Like my Mark Fisher, AE. Why do you hesitate?"

"I do like it, but——"

"But what?"

"It is a landscape in some small world, a third the size of our world."

"I know what is the matter with you, AE; you're longing for Watts. You try to disguise it, but you are sighing for 'Time treading on the Big Toe of Eternity.' or 'Death bridging Chaos,' or 'The Triumph of Purgatory over Heaven.'

"Admit——"

"No, AE, I'll admit nothing except that he painted a heron rather well, and then dropped into sixteenth century treacle. Impressionism is a new melodic invention invisible to you at present. One of these days you'll see it. But there's no use talking about painting. Come into the garden. I'm expecting a lady; she will join us there, and if you'll take her out among the hills she'll show you how to draw a round brush from one side of the canvas to the other without letting it turn round in the middle, leaving a delicious ridge of paint with a lot of little waggles——"

"But little waggles, my dear Moore, are not——"

"AE, we've talked enough about painting for one afternoon. Come into the garden."

AE took out his watch; it was nearly three, he must be getting back to his office; but would I tell the lady that he'd be glad to go out painting with her any Sunday morning?

It was sad to lose him, and while walking to the wicket it seemed to me clear that he was the one who could restore to me my confidence in life; and when he left me a certain mental sweetness seemed to have gone out of the air, and thinking of him I began to wonder if he were aware of his own sweetness. It is as spontaneous and instinctive in him as . . . A breath of scent from the lilac bushes seemed to finish my sentence for me, and it carried my mind into a little story I had heard from Hughes. He and AE were students together in the Art School in Dublin, and in a few weeks masters and students were alike amazed at AE's talent for drawing and composition; he sketched the naked model from sight with an ease that was unknown to them, and turning from the model he designed a great assembly of Gods about the shores of the lake renowned in Celtic tradition. "Compared with him we seemed at that time no more than miserable scratchers and soilers of paper." Hughes's very words! Yet in spite of an extraordinary fluency of expression, abundant inspiration and the belief of the whole school that a great artist was in him AE laid aside his brushes determined not to pick them up again till he had mastered the besetting temptation that art presented at that moment. He feared it as a sort of self-indulgence, which, if yielded to, would stint his life ; art with him is a means rather than an end ; it should be sought, for by its help we can live more purely, more intensely, but we must never forget that to live as fully as possible is after all our main concern ; and he had known this truth ever since he had defied God on the road to Armagh.

But his life did not take its definite direction until an Indian missionary arrived in Dublin. It seemed odd that I should have personal knowledge of this very Brahmin ; chance had thrown me in his way, I had met him in West Kensington, and had fled before him ; but AE had gone to him instinctively as to a destiny ; and a few months later the Upanishads and the Vedas were born again in verse and in prose—the metrical version better than the prose ; in the 'twenties our thoughts run into verse, and AE's flowed into rhyme and metre as easily as into line and colour. But deriving the same pleasure from the writing of verse as he did from painting he was again assailed by scruples of conscience, and to free himself from the suspicion that he might be still living in time rather than in eternity he charged his disciples to decide whether he should contribute essays or poems. It is to their wise decision that we owe the two inspired volumes *The Earth Breath* and *Homeward Songs by the Way*.

As the reader follows my tracing of AE's soul at a very difficult point in his life he must be careful to avoid any inference that AE endeavoured to escape from the sensual will because he believed it to be the business of everyone to tear it out of his life ; an intellect suckled on the lore of the East does not fall into the error of the parish priest who accepts chastity as a virtue in itself, thinking that if he foregoes Bridget he is free to devote himself to the pleasure of his belly ; and I smiled, for in my imagination I could see a Yogi raising his Oriental eyes in contempt at the strange jargon of metaphysics that a burly fellow from Connaught, out of breath from the steep ascent, pours over his bowl of rice.

My thoughts melted away and I dreamed a long while, or a moment, I know not which, on the pure wisdom of the East and our own grossness.

" But of course," I said waking up suddenly, " we have all to yield something to gain a great deal. Were it otherwise Society would come to pieces like a rotten sponge. The right of property holds good in all Society ; but in the West ethics invade the personal life in a manner unknown to the East, so much so that the Oriental stands agape at our folly, knowing well that every man brings different instincts and ideas into the world with him. The East says to the West, 'You prate incessantly about monogamy, and the fruit of all your labour is a house divided against itself, for man is polygamous if he is anything, and if our deeds go down one set of lines and our ideas go down another our lives are wasted, and in the end . . .'"

A sudden thought darting across my mind left my sentence unfinished, and I asked myself what manner of man I was. The question had often been asked before, had always remained unanswered; but that day, sitting under my apple tree, it seemed to me that I had suddenly come upon the secret lair in which the soul hides itself. An extraordinarily clear and inflexible moral sense rose up and confronted me, and looking down my past life I was astonished to see how dependent my deeds had always been upon my ideas. I had never been able to do anything that I thought wrong, and my conscience had inspired my books. *A Modern Lover* is half-forgotten, but it seems to me that even in those early days I was interested in the relation of thought and deed. *The Mummer's Wife* declines for she is without sufficient personal conscience to detach herself from the conventions in which she has been brought up. *A Drama in Muslin—Holy Muslin* would be a better title, *un peu mièvre cependant*; *Bal-blanc* would be a better one—the English equivalent is far to seek; and *Esther Waters* is the exposition of the personal conscience striving against the communal, and feeling that I had learned to know myself at last I rose from the seat and looked round thinking that in AE as in myself thought and action are at one. We are alike in essentials, though to the casual observer regions apart. . . . But everybody in Dublin thinks that he is like AE, as everybody in the world thinks he is like Hamlet.

He comes to see me every day between two and three riding his old bicycle through the gate-way; I run to the wicket to let him in, and we walk together to the great apple tree and sit there talking of Manet and the immortality of the soul.

(*To be continued.*)

My Ghost Story

By Austin Harrison

MANOR house lore is part of the stock-in-trade of Mr. Buttlicot, who is a big "swell" in the Heralds' office and a college friend of my uncle.

" I never heard the place was haunted," he said.

" No," returned my uncle. " I don't believe it was."

" And yet you say . . ."

" I say," my uncle broke in, " that when we took down my men in armour, after the sale of the old place, we found in the body of each one of them three of my father's cigars. I knew them at once by the label. You can't buy them now. Odd, isn't it ? They must have lain there twenty years at least."

" And you have never been able to account for it ? "

" Never," my uncle answered. " We never could understand how or why those cigars got in those men ; you recollect, ten of them quite forty feet off the ground. Why, it required a long ladder to reach them. Servants wouldn't hide cigars in men in armour, would they ? Not in all of them, at any rate. No. It is incomprehensible. Nor have I ever heard any plausible explanation."

Mr. Buttlicot had always humoured my uncle.

" Perhaps they were already there when you bought them," he objected. "You know, all sorts of odds and ends lie about in those antiquity shops."

" O, dear no," my uncle interposed. " Eight of those men had been in the old hall ever since the reign of Henry VII—the period of the house, you know. When we got in there I had them most carefully cleaned and valued. I put them all up again with my own hands, piece by piece. They were very fine specimens, too. The really queer thing about it is that exactly three cigars were discovered in each man—thirty cigars in all. A complete robbery ! Three in each, mark you ! It's just the kind of thing that happens in old houses and is never accounted for."

My uncle paused and blew his nose with an enormous red silk handkerchief of the type used in the 'seventies.

" Someone must have put them there, of course—deliberately—methodically—consciously. Unless . . . "

My uncle broke off and looked up at the ceiling.

"Unless," came from Mr. Buttlicot helpfully.

"Unless it was ghosts," said my uncle.

"Ah," exclaimed Mr. Buttlicot. "And you say they had been there quite twenty years."

"And more. It's a mystery to me."

"It's mysterious, certainly," observed Mr. Buttlicot.

"Sometimes," my uncle began, "sometimes, do you know, I lie awake and think of those old fellows in their armour, standing there for centuries on the walls, and then . . ."

"Well, you don't imagine they smoked your father's cigars, do you?" Mr. Buttlicot put in facetiously.

It was the kind of remark my uncle resented. He thrust his hands deep in his front-faced Victorian pockets, and stuck out his lower lip.

"I do," he pursued. "There may be ghosts, for what I know, though we never saw any in the old place. And if there are ghosts, I don't exactly see why men in armour who belong to that epoch . . ."

"Quite so," said Mr. Buttlicot.

"What?" my uncle snapped back, annoyed at the interruptions.

"Smoke," blandly returned Mr. Buttlicot.

My uncle had not expected this retort. He wanted opposition, an opportunity to break out and talk reminiscences—about the old Tudor house, about his tapestry and Spanish chests there; and now there seemed to be nothing more to be said. He dug his hands still deeper into his pockets and took a step nearer to the fire.

"Yes," he pronounced slowly, as if to provoke contradiction, "and smoke."

Mr. Buttlicot assented gravely with his head. He crossed his leg, uncrossed it before the insistent stare of my uncle, and glanced appealingly across at me. My uncle stood square before him, his body leaning away apoplectically sideways and backward from the hip, as was his habit when vexed, thin columns of smoke streaming from his mouth and nostrils.

"And smoke," he repeated.

In the protracted silence which followed, during which time my uncle's body seemed to sway further and further backward to the point of dislocation, I stood up and, letting my hand fall with a sharp bang on the table, I exclaimed dramatically, "Why not!"

* * * * * * * * *

I must go back to a period in my life when I cried fiercely an entire morning because "Nurse" insisted upon my wearing the elastic of my straw hat under my chin, whereas I held such an elastic, as the manner of wearing it under the chin, to be unsoldierly and ridiculous. That dates me, I think, at the age of nine. I recall the summer well because there were an unusual number of newts in the "frog pond" that year, as also from the unforgettable skinning of a dead rat we had found on the roof, with what alarming manifestations in the nursery, under a loose board in the floor of which I had hid the carcase, I will leave here to the imagination. And the third thing which fixes the summer for me is, well, the reason why I jumped up the other evening and astounded my uncle and Mr. Buttlicot with my dramatic "Why not."

If I disclose that my nickname was "Ball-Ball," which shows me to have been an ordinary little English boy spending his whole time playing some ball game or other, my character should be sufficiently established to exonerate me from all suspicion of being what is commonly known as "different." I wasn't different at all: I was thoroughly usual. I hated elastics. I threw stones at every animal I saw. I played with any and every ball I could get hold of and cut the billiard cloth in consequence. I was as proud of my nickname as any Sioux Chief in one of Fenimore Cooper's novels.

I insist upon my character because it seems to me important if I am to try and make clear an incident that I have never been able rightly to understand myself. I lived on Cooper's Indians then; my elder brother, who was æsthetic and dreamy, read Edgar Allen Poe, and one evening he told me the story of the Red Hand.

I now recognise that it was an event which influenced the whole course of my life.

It took me a long while to get to sleep that night, not because I was frightened—the mystical and supernatural had no meaning then—but because it seemed to me such an "awfully good" story, so full of adventure and the thrilling. My brother told me the tale with a good deal of artistic feeling, and then it was for the first time I heard the word "ghost."

I had got past the Red Riding Hood stage, but ghosts somehow were different. Nor was my brother at all clear upon the point. He was suspiciously reticent, in fact. They were gruesome things, he explained, real yet unreal, skeleton apparitions with chains and transparent lights, historical things, shadowy things, fearfully cold and terrible, and the man who came to see one in this world rarely lived to see another.

That was my introduction to ghosts.

The subject opened up a wide field of speculation. I pondered long and often upon the matter, always in the light and spirit of adventure which was the only way life then appealed to me. I got to hear of "haunted houses"; how that the darkness, big halls, the moon, creaking noises, gusts of wind, etc., favoured them, and that they exercised and terrified the old even more than they terrified young people. Yet I remained sceptical.

Why, if that were so, had none of the family seen one? There was grandfather, well over eighty, yet when I questioned him he only laughed.

"Ghosts don't come my way, my boy. I'm too matter-of-fact for them."

This reasoning struck me profoundly.

They couldn't be so very "fearsome" after all. If a man hadn't seen a ghost in eighty years, ghosts couldn't be so plentiful; or so dangerous, as my brother supposed. I invariably took the opposite view to him, because, being the younger, I felt that he knew better. It set me thinking, too, about fairies, and giants, and other tribes of queer folk, and the strange fact impressed itself gradually upon me that I had never seen one of them; nor had my brother, nor had my uncle, nor, when I climbed up on his knee and told him I didn't want a children's answer but the "real Nelson" truth of it (as he used to say), had even my snow-white grandfather.

There couldn't be much in the world so old a man hadn't seen, I thought.

In a short time I came to classify ghosts with giants, men of the same kith and kind; they were things to hear and read about, to talk to "the children" about. They were things people did not see—nightlight things, like shadows on the wall. The more intense my brother's bedroom inculcations of terror became, the more I regarded ghosts as a "jolly good lark." They became my companions by day and night. I played ghosts. I thought ghosts. I stalked ghosts.

Before the summer holidays were over all horror of ghosts had gone. It became my turn to tell my brother ghost stories and to try and frighten him. When I saw his head disappearing under the bedclothes, then I knew I had told a "pretty middling" one. At last even he grew somewhat doubtful.

We made up ghost stories together. We ambushed them in the "shrubbery," where the stag-beetles were. Robinson Crusoe came into my world at that time: I became a terrible sea-dog of a fellow. All the same the story of the Red Hand did disturb me, and often I found myself gazing at the portrait of Mary Queen of Scots, which hung in the great hall, under the men in armour. My brother and I agreed that there was something mysterious in the shape or colour of the hands, so white and transparent they looked against the black bodice and skirt, and the still deeper blackness of the background in the dark red Spanish frame, but as we were always in bed before midnight, and ghosts or suchlike people were not timed to walk the earth till after that hour, we both derived a secret satisfaction from the knowledge that we were not likely to put the matter to the test.

The evening before we left, braced by the thought that it was our last day, we had a long discussion about the entire subject of ghosts, which possibly disturbed my rest, for, awakening just upon midnight, I found the bedroom quite light, and at first I thought it was broad day. I got out of bed and looked out of the window. There was darkness nowhere. I could see, a mile away, the ponies turned out to graze in the water-meadow. I had never seen the moon so lustrous; it seemed to smile a challenge to my spirit, mocking the darkness of dread things. My uncle had gone up to London. Grandfather was, of course, in bed. Why shouldn't I? I hung on to the window-sill and peered out.

The moon shone white and round and still. Not a cloud in the sky. Absolute stillness. Light, as of silver, everywhere. Here was a chance! Every corner of the hall would be lit up by that moon. No night. No shadows even. No fear in that white light. Even the rats would scarce venture out. What ghost would dare stray from his hiding-place in such an illumination? The clock said half-past twelve. I could examine the "hands" of Mary and the men in armour after midnight safely, wander about in the "long gallery" and learn for myself what happened there in the silent nights when the mice came out to play, and it would be light as in the summer day.

I looked at my brother—he was asleep. "Better go alone," I thought to myself; "it's more adventurous."

We slept in the right wing of the old Tudor house, which was the only wing inhabited, the great hall occupying the whole of the centre wing, the left side containing what was known as the "long gallery," where my uncle's tapestries hung, and below it, ever since the fire, there was a series of lumber rooms.

I put on my things, crept downstairs, listened for a moment outside my grandfather's bedroom, crossed the inner hall, passed the drawing-room and came to the somewhat narrow passage leading to the door of the great hall. The moon streamed through the fretted Tudor windows and lit up the sallow features of the portrait of old Sir Grandison somebody who had been beheaded by Elizabeth, and, looking out, I could see the tops of the tall elms all white and shimmering, and, above them, white and shimmering too, the expanse of moonlight, still like a great white lake, so that it was without any sense of fear that I turned the handle of the door and found myself in the great hall.

I let the door close to behind me and held my breath. My generalship proved sound. The hall was exactly as I had always seen it. All round the walls the men in armour stood upon their red-tasselled pedestals, grasping the pointing spears in their steel gauntlets, the sheen of their armour glinting in the light. And the shields were there upon the walls, the javelins and darts and fierce pronged weapons arranged in circles and semicircles, as I knew them; scimitars and daggers, maces and double-handed swords, the pikes and staves and halberts, helmets, great rowelled spurs, manacles, thumb-screws, spiked collars and battle-axes, the mail shirts I loved, the horse-pistols my uncle had picked up at Gravelotte, Moorish guns, assegais, muskets, cutlasses, poignards—I knew them all reverently—not a nail, not a prong, had budged an inch. The light poured through the painted glass mullion windows, illuminating every crink and cranny of the hall. Mary Queen of Scots hung in her appointed place, close to the doorway opening on to the staircase of the "long gallery," black as usual with her strangely white transparent hands. My uncle's Spanish chests and cupboards stood as I had always seen them. The Dutch clock ticked methodically. Up in the minstrels' gallery the light revealed no trace of life. I could distinguish the colours of the queer paintings on the ceiling and of the terra-cotta windows. I ran my eyes along the broad projecting ledge of the panelled wainscot which ran half-way up right round the hall, but I could see nothing, nothing unusual—nothing that I had not often seen before.

The crimson damask curtains were crimson as ever. The black bear rug we played Crusoe with lay, as usual, in careless disarray upon the floor. Only my grandfather's enormous armchair looked a little odd and empty. Otherwise I saw at once that the hour had caused no change in the place. The lamps were out, just as they had been left upon the table, and near by there stood a tray with glasses and drinks, and the box of cigars, two of which my grandfather regularly smoked of an evening.

There was still a red light glowing in the great fire-place. I felt a trifle disappointed. The place looked sleepy, there was nothing strange about anything. I walked straight up to the fire, squatted down by the fender, and, finding a comfortable back against the scuttle of logs, I lay back . . .

I suppose I must have fallen asleep. Waiting for ghosts in the full flood of moonlight is apt to be a sorry business, even for a grown man, and so apparently I found it. The next thing I remember is finding myself with rather a sore neck, sitting up by the grate, wondering and cold. It was quite dark. I was astonished : where was the moon ? What had happened ? And beginning to feel a little uneasy I craned forward to listen.

At the same time my eyes instinctively wandered up towards the high double-tier windows.

There was still a dim light in the sky, but leaping shadows flitted across the painted glass, and I could see the weather had changed. It struck me as strange. The moon was so bright and now everything in the hall was glim and distant, so dark that I could not even distinguish the tops of the men in armour. Then, as I watched the charging clouds, a black shadow came up right across the windows, and I found myself in complete darkness.

At the same time I thought I heard a moan. It was the wind, of course, I knew. Besides I could feel a draught upon my face. I was not afraid of the dark. Yet with the darkness everything about me seemed to alter, and oddly enough to take life.

For some reason or other I was loth to stir. I shrunk back rather closer into the logs and held on tightly to the rim of the fireguard which, even at the time, I noticed was quite cold.

I don't think I was frightened. I was astonished, perturbed at the complexity of the sensations caused by the unexpected darkness and the feeling that suddenly bore in upon me that I was alone—in the great hall—at some unknown hour of the night. At first I thought of rushing back to bed, but I found I could not stir. I seemed to be losing all sense of distance and proportion. A curious sensation of growing in my head began to upset my reckoning and calculation. I began to reason, but I could not think. My feelings seemed to materialise and career before me, so vivid that they appeared like shapes floating in the air, and yet they grew more and more elusive. I found my entire holiday philosophy of life built up on seven weeks of open-air adventure crumbling before me. What I took for light turned out to be darkness; the darkness to be light. Things buzzed, hummed, sagged. There was a lump in my throat. I put my hand to my head to see if my hair was standing on end. I thought of my brother safely tucked up in bed, of the duck I had stoned that afternoon, what I should do, how I was to find the door, and then the wind began to moan and whistle fiercely.

I listened breathlessly. Something in the grate stirred. I shivered. A side-door in the minstrels' gallery snapped to with a bang.

Why that should have so frightened me I cannot say, but it seemed to reveal the existence of people about, and from that moment I began to lose whatever self-control I possessed. Hardly had I got over the banging of the door when I noticed the crimson curtain at my side slowly swelling up towards me, as if some hand were pushing it out from behind. A cold air blew from the top upon my hair. A door somewhere began to shake and rattle. Dark things sped furiously across the panes. A window, high up, blew open with a grating wrench. I could hear the wind moaning and sighing in the long gallery. Cracking, rustling, rattling noises broke out here, there, and everywhere. I clasped the fender tight. I was now thoroughly, terribly afraid.

The whole hall mysteriously was alive. Doors seemed to be continually opening and banging. Windows shook. Bolts groaned; things rattled and rolled along the wainscot ledges, and behind the panel. I could hear what seemed to be plates falling. The big door shutting off the staircase to the long gallery began suddenly to shake. I put out my hand and knocked over my mother's workbox, a thimble (I suppose it was) rolling on with what seemed to me the sound of chains, till I thought it would never stop. And when it did stop I heard what sounded like the clash of armour up on the walls, a tinkling like the ringing of bells, and then the wind came again and moaned and sighed, and black shapes rose and flew in the air, and again the curtain bulged out towards me and sank in again, and through the windows I saw the boughs of the elms bending and swaying and casting their shadows, and I could hear the sough of leaves and the wind shrieking along the old walls.

It grew lighter, or perhaps my eyes got more accustomed to the gloom. The hall seemed now to have no shape, no size, or end or beginning; to be a depth, a thing of patches, now glim, now black, moving and alive. At one moment I could discern the men in armour on the walls, and then they disappeared and, in their place, I saw the lamps of the billiard table, the curve of a scimitar, the stock of a musket, an arquebus, the prong of a halbert, and then as suddenly all would be dark, and once more something glimmered and a window grew light, and another, and for a flash a whole row of windows whitened so that I could see the leaves fluttering and beating against them with a noise like the splashing of spray.

The old oak rafters in the roof began to crack. I had heard they did that, but I had no idea they could make such a noise. First one, then the other, and sometimes they all cracked together, like the reports of pistol shots, and the cracking began in the long gallery, and the cracks brought out the echoes, and the echoes called up deep rumblings and repercussions in the lumber rooms until it sounded like a battle, and the air resounded and boomed and reverberated like guns. Every beam burst into life. At times the cracks were terrific. I thought the roof must fall in. The old timber could never stand such straining and tearing. Far away in the lumber rooms the wood seemed to have gone mad. I could hear the wind there whistling through the long empty wing, shrieking and hissing, knocking down logs, blowing shavings and sawdust about against the iron doors with a rattle like hail-stones. All the oak in the edifice seemed to be roused into fury. The wind got behind the tapestries, behind the panel, and there began a rout of scudding, stricken things, moans, whispers, a tapping, a thumping, and the rats scampered squealing here and there, biting, rending, and some of the shields began to swing and clang to and fro against the wall, and chains rattled; and then crack again, high above the din, the boom of some old rafter crashed and shivered like thunder, and was re-echoed mockingly from the cellars.

The noise of the storm grew louder and louder until I thought my head would break. Another window flew open. Below the floor something was swinging to and fro, each time striking against some iron material, and I thought of gibbets and men hanging by the neck. The whole hall burst into noise, and yet I could distinguish every separate sound: the shiver and rattle of the panels, the screech and howling of the wind searching the crannies and corners of the old building, sweeping round the hall like a wave, retiring and ever retiring, the squeal of rats and falling plaster behind the wainscoting, where the wind beat now—what whisper, murmur, sigh and wail came from this or that black void, what fresh noise started up high among the armour, every sound distinctive and yet chaotic, just as I could discern every change of darkness, each hue of light, each shadow looming out of the chests and cupboards, every mutation of form and space, every detail of what seemed to be utter madness and tumult!

I could hear tunes, drums, the plangent shrieks of violins, blasts of horn and trumpet, harps, melodies, and then from the galleries and basements wild outbursts of applause. And again tunes, throbs, cracks, slashing and cracking of wood, yells, sighs, laughter, symphonies and choruses of multitudes, bells, echoes and the whispering of echoes, and round and round the hall the tramp of men in armour, slowly, gravely marching along, and from the minstrels' gallery the chant of deep bass voices carolling threnodies as from the dead, and in the air a music soft and incommunicable, and always the raps and rustle on the panes, and above it all, distinctive, dominating and yet dominated, I could hear the pulse beating in my head.

A bat brushed against my face. I began to see lights—red, green, white, black lights. The big table seemed to be swinging from the candelabra upside down, and yet the books did not fall off. The men in armour were laughing—I could hear them. Up in the minstrels' gallery I saw a party of armed men playing cards. The carpet seemed to be a red dwarf. My grandfather's spectacles flew away laughing, right out through the big chain door. Hanging from the roof a gigantic incandescent spider ran furiously up and down, screeching like a human being.

Suddenly all was darkness. The noises vanished. It was absolutely still.

Someone was walking in the long gallery. I listened. There were steps—I could hear them plainly—long, slow measured steps, marching straight down the wing towards the staircase. Tap, tap—yes, it was a man. He was coming down the stairs. He came on with the same slow tread, each step cracking under his weight. It was a man in armour. I could hear that from the rattle and ring of his spurs, and at each step the tread grew louder, and I thought my heart would break.

One, two, three—I had already counted twenty—in another twenty he would be there—behind the sliding door. Who could he be? Could he push open the heavy door? Nine, ten! He was approaching. I could hear the rats scuttling away at his approach. Eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen. Only six more. My head seemed to be falling away in the air, yet I was curiously alert and could see as clearly as daylight. Fifteen, sixteen. The old Dutch clock chimed slowly one, two, three. It was three in the morning, then. I had never been up so late before.

Seventeen. A cold clasp froze my hand so that I lost all sense of feeling. Eighteen. Nineteen. Twenty. He was there. The tread stopped. He would have to open the door to come in. I was conscious of a strange silence.

I thought of eagles in my terror. If only one would fly in through the window and carry me away, anywhere, if it was only to eat me. Perhaps it was my grandfather coming down to look for his spectacles. Something was scratching at the door. He was coming—the Ghost.

I could endure the torture no longer. I put my hands up over my eyes and shrieked. I was mad. I realised that quite clearly. I shrieked with all my might.

The sound of my own voice steadied me, at least I have always supposed so. I could hear the ticking of the clock. The darkness lost its mystery and awe. To my surprise I could see quite distinctly.

I looked round. The ten men in armour stood on their pedestals. There was nothing odd anywhere. I looked at the door. It was still closed. A voice seemed to say within me, " What are you afraid of ? You came down to see him. Why not get up and let him in ? "

Looking up, I found encouragement in the silver blinking through the windows.

" Why not let him in," the voice repeated.

Instinct prompted me. Suddenly I had lost all fear. I jumped up.

" Why not," I said aloud.

I have never been able to recall quite how that big, heavy door opened ; but I am certain that the moment I spoke a tall figure clad in full armour stood before me in the great hall. He stood erect and motionless, and a peculiarly soft voice came to me.

" Thank you, little man. May I come in ? "

I expect I answered him, for he walked on unconcernedly past me and sat down in my grandfather's armchair.

" It's been a rough night," he said, " but it's over now."

So that was all. My heart was quite still again. I felt I ought to be afraid, and yet I wasn't. He was so beautiful in his shining armour, but for the life of me I could not curb my tongue.

" Are you the Ghost," I blurted out.

I was sorry immediately afterwards, because my words apparently distressed him.

He crumbled up as if he had been struck on the chair. Indeed, I thought he was going to fall down.

"Yes," he said, in such a mournful tone that I felt I had been very unkind; "I'm what you call the Ghost."

I looked at him closely. He was magnificent, a true knight mailed from head to foot in armour, white armour with a red heart blazoned on his breastplate, but the visor was down so that I could not see his eyes or face at all. While I was examining him with a growing feeling that I should like to be a ghost, I heard him give a chuckle.

"I suppose you're Jack the Giant Killer," he said.

"Oh!" I returned, "I wish I was. I say, what's your real name?"

"Once upon a time I was Sir Charles de Vere Lacey," he answered; "but that was a long while ago. I don't suppose you've got as far as that in history," he added.

"How far is that?" I asked, cajolingly.

"In the time of Henry VII. You see, I built this house. All these chaps on the walls here were pals of mine; we all lost our heads."

I was awfully interested.

"How?" I exclaimed, in astonishment.

"Chopped off to please the King," he said. "I say, you aren't frightened, are you?"

"Frightened," I returned, indignantly. "No. Granny says I ought to be a sailor."

"That's right. Never fear anyone," said my friend in armour.

"I never did."

"Didn't you really? But weren't you afraid of ghosts?"

Once more he collapsed suddenly, all limp and dejected.

"Ghosts," he said, wearily. "Only men are afraid of ghosts."

I was impressed. I began to feel important.

"But they are rather gruesome, aren't they?" I protested.

"No," he said, "they're not. Are you afraid of me?"

I shook my head. To tell the truth I wasn't.

"And why?"

"You speak so kind and gentle," I got out at length.

"So do all true ghosts," he returned.

"But——" I began. "But I thought ghosts were skeleton men."

"Did you! Well, my dear boy, you see now what silly things people say, don't you?"

I hardly knew how to answer this. He seemed to be so sensible.

"But——" I began.

"You've been reading fairy books," my ghost put in. "You've been hearing old woman's tales to think that. The fear of ghosts is in man, not in us. We can't do anything at all in the living world. Why, I couldn't have opened that door to see you, if you hadn't summoned me. You mustn't believe all that grown-up people think and say, you know."

He was taking me too far; but I never remember to have heard a softer voice.

I began to like him immensely.

"There's no harm in a poor old ghost. It's the hallucination that's wrong," he said, quietly.

No doubt I looked puzzled.

"You can see anything if you look for it," he continued.

Again I made no reply.

"I say, don't be cruel to frogs," he said suddenly.

I blushed all over. We often used to stone the toads in the cellars.

"No," I said. "I won't ever do it again."

"Never be cruel, little man," he said, cheerily. "Cruelty is the greatest of all men's crimes. Remember that."

I came nearer. Soon I was sitting on the arm of the chair, fingering his white armour. We talked quite a lot, but I always returned to his interpretation of ghosts.

"Never fear ghosts," he kept on saying. "However, I don't suppose you'll ever see one again."

"Shan't I?"

"No. Not now that you know all about them. Look here, get me a cigar, there's a dear little man."

I ran to my grandfather's box and he took one out, and I put the label on my finger.

"Matches?" I sang out. I liked striking matches.

To my amazement he lit the cigar against the heart blazoned on his breastsplate, as if it was the most ordinary thing in the world.

"Is that heart so hot?" I said.

"It's warm. Yes. Always keep a warm heart. It's like happiness."

"Do—do they all smoke?" I said, avoiding the word "ghost" which appeared to hurt him.

The man in armour laughed.

"Try them. I say, let's play a historical joke, shall we? Suppose you give all my pals a couple of cigars, eh?"

I clapped my hands at the idea. My friend was splendid.

"But can't they smoke by themselves," I began.

"Of course they can't. They're only men in armour."

"I wish I could," I said, looking up dubiously at the high walls.

"It's quite easy," said my ghost. "Take the box and go up to the long gallery, and when you get to the balcony looking over here just step out on to the ledge there, you can walk easily enough along that. Give each man a smoke, and then you come back the same way. I'll wait here. You won't fall. Brave boys never fall."

"Perhaps they'll be sick," I said.

The man in armour laughed for quite five minutes.

"Perhaps they will," he said.

"O, I say, what would grandfather say?" I ventured.

"He won't say anything," returned my friend. "He won't ever know. Besides, it's an anachronism."

I didn't understand that, but I wanted with all my soul to give his pals a cigar. I felt I could trust him, too, to keep it secret.

"Now, then," he said, "up you go; two cigars to every man, mind. I'll count. Ready? One, two . . ."

Before he could say three I was gone. I rushed up the stairs as fast as I could sprint, clambered over the low balustrade, and found, as he said, that the ledge was quite broad enough to permit me to walk comfortably along, where I could get to the men in armour. It was deliciously dangerous. In my zeal I put three cigars into each man and I only looked down once.

My ghost was sitting in my grandfather's chair, puffing at his cigar.

"Hurry up, dear boy," he called out bluffly. "I'll have to go back when the cock crows."

I finished off the last two men quickly.

When I came down I ran up to the armchair—it was empty!

I searched everywhere, in my uncle's chests and cupboards, behind the tapestries, even in the dark recess that was once a chapel at the far end of the long gallery—my ghost had gone.

Just before I crept upstairs, I turned back.

Outside, the birds were chirping like mad things in the ivy. Through the terra-cotta windows the light of morning struck in upon the ten men in armour, and I thought they looked so happy.

* * * * * * * * *

My uncle turned round slowly upon me and stared.

"And pray what do *you* mean?" he said.

"Well," I stammered, evasively, "men in armour may smoke I suppose, as you said just now."

"O, ah," said my uncle; "I forgot that."

Mr. Buttlicot was not so easily put off.

"Well, now," he said, "perhaps you can explain how those cigars got there?"

Just for a moment I hesitated. My uncle's words had taken me back to an incident of my childhood that I had almost forgotten, and that I had never clearly understood. I think that was the reason I had never spoken about it. Until that evening I had secretly come to regard it as a dream. Nor had I ever seen the men in armour since.

"No," I replied, doggedly, taking up a book and sitting down on the sofa. "I hope they do smoke." The remark pleased my uncle. I am sure he will forgive me for those cigars. Besides, it is my only ghost story.

Joseph Conrad

By Ford Madox Hueffer

I HAVE been lately taken harshly to task for writing that the Englishman does not much respect Thought or Literature. I have been told that to write that was easy and to prove it impossible. Alas, how easy it is to prove it. Yesterday I was going through Belgium in an express train bound for Calais. In the corridor stood a lamentable little anxious being—an old, yellow, shrivelled Jew draper of Cologne. He was going to London to buy stockings; a sixty-knot gale was blowing and he was terribly afraid of seasickness. He was afraid for his life because he had a weak heart. Now I do not like Jews, I hate all shopkeepers, and I particularly dislike the inhabitants of Cologne. But this poor little old man was so miserable that I had to do my best for him—to divert his mind. I talked about stockings and about whether the *Frankfurt Gazette* is a good paper to advertise in if one wants to make a profitable Israelite marriage for one's daughters. And still with his eyes of doom gazing not at my face but into the miserable future:

" *Sie sind auch Kaufmann* ? You also are a shopkeeper ? " he asked.

I answered with the touch of shamefacedness with which one would answer an English bagman, an English barrister, or an English baker—one of the persons who does real things and makes lots and lots of real money—I answered:

" *Nein, Ich bin Schriftsteller*—a person who produces writing."

And, oh wonder, he answered—still with the doomed eyes:

" *Schriftsteller—das ist ein edler Beruf* ! Writer ! That is a noble profession."

I laughed and said sardonically:

" *Der Herr will etlicher sagen*—The gentleman means a wretched profession—one in which there is no money to be made." But still with the eyes of doom answered this poor little Jew:

" *Nein—ein edler* ! *Ein edler* !—A noble profession ! What does the money matter ? If one of my daughters could marry a good poet I would not ask any dowry with him."

And then I felt ashamed: he was so in earnest and so humble before me. But imagine an English linendraper going to buy stockings with the fear of death and a weak heart and talking with reverence—snatching a moment from the fear of death to talk with reverence of the profession of letters. For suppose it was hypocrisy, or suppose it was a pious opinion, is not it a fine country the mere hypocrisy or the mere pious opinion of whose small Jew linendrapers takes the form of such homage to virtue?

For with my inhabitant of Cologne—of peddling Cologne—to back me up I suddenly thought the great things that it is permissible to think about literature, about High Literature—the "Noble Calling." And then I began to think about Joseph Conrad, for Literature and Conrad are to me interchangeable terms.

* * * * * *

I do not know in what English criticism of the official type really consists. I think you write something about the style, by which you mean the vocabulary—the odd words that a writer uses. Then you say something—a great deal about the subject. Then you enlarge upon the philosophy—oh, you write a great deal about the philosophy, and you plank, in the vulgar phrase, your bottom dollar on the moral lessons of the book under consideration. You point out how it is calculated to leave the reader a better and a wiser man. When you have written a great many exercises of that sort you are recognised as a Critic; you receive a seat at the board of the British Academy and you have the right to vote the Nobel Prize to anyone you like. I think that is the way it goes, but I have no means of really knowing.

Now if I may be allowed to jumble up these headings I will try to do so much for the author of *Heart of Darkness*. I have thought very often that Conrad is an Elizabethan. That is possibly because he is a Pole—and the Poles have the virtues and the powers that served to make nations great in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Roughly speaking, that was when Poland was a great Empire. They were Romantic, they were heroic, they were aristocrats—they were all the impracticable things. You could not expect their greatness to live on into the days of Mr. Carnegie or the cotton spindle. It would be like Rupert of the Rhine leading a charge against all of Lord Haldane's Territorials entrenched on Primrose Hill. But, though this could no longer be done, that is not to say that it is so long ago since Poland was the beloved of the world—of all the world that was not engaged in the breaking up of the prey. And if you cannot have a fortune in the two-and-three-quarter per cents. it is a very good thing to be beloved for showing a fine spirit. Thus for me Joseph Conrad is the finest of the Elizabethans.

His preoccupations are with death, destiny, an inscrutable and august force, with the cruel sea, the dark forests of strange worlds or the darker forests that are the hearts of our fellow men. It would not in the least surprise you to come upon a dance of madmen in one of his stories as in Webster's *Duchess of Malfi*; it would not in the least surprise you to come on the knocking at the gate of Macbeth; upon all the murders of the Spanish Tragedy; upon the sobbing misery of Celestina; upon the ragged knavery of Lazarillo de Tormes: why, he might have written "The branch is cut that might have grown full straight and the laurel bough is burned that flourished once in this learned man," or he might have written "To die is no more than a lasting sleep, a quiet resting from all jealousy, a thing we all pursue," and above all, "It is but giving over of a game that must be lost." And can you not imagine one of his Arab sheiks, or Marlow, that tremendous old man of the sea, or even the teacher-narrator of *Under Western Eyes*, gazing upon the face of some woman who had caused a great deal of trouble in some obscure quarter of the world and saying reflectively: "Was that the face that launched a thousand ships and burned the palm leaf towns of Parabang?" For really there is hardly anything that was written by Marlowe or Massinger or Webster or Kyd or Heywood that would not fit into this author's works.

Of course I mean this in the sense of feeling—of what I should like to express by the word colour. For when we think of the works of the Elizabethans other than Shakespeare, we seem to see a darkness—a darkness of forests illuminated by torches, and when I think of the work of this author I always have the same image. And darkness has very curiously gone out of modern life and literature. We never see it—not the real thick blackness that seems to invade the lungs, the heart, and the very circulation of the blood. Similarly, we never think of death, of ruin, of dishonour, of chivalry, of a careless pursuing of an ideal with nothing but a thin plank between us and the fathomless sea. We never think of them—or if we do it is only for a very short moment. We switch on the electric light and turn our attentions to the evening papers.

But these things—darkness, death, honour, and a careless chivalry are the constant preoccupations of Conrad. In the one particular of honour he differs from the Elizabethans, but they were preoccupied with all the other primitive things that we have forgotten, whilst we have grown kinder. Indeed it is very curious how little space kindness occupies in the work either of Conrad or of the Elizabethans. There is of course the *Woman Killed with Kindness*—but it is a brutal sort of kindness that refrains from taking a sword to a guilty wife, and leaves her to die of despair and a decline. And of course there is kindness rendered in *Lord Jim*—that book of all others that has a vivid moral for English readers. But even here it is the kindness of old wise and sad men like Marlow or like Stein for a boy who has failed upon the point of honour. That is what they can understand, for that they can feel. In all the rest there is a desperate sort of remorselessness.

If you consider the case of the sham escape of Razumov from the police you will see very plainly what I mean. Razumov is in league with—or let us say he is under the obsession of—the Russian secret police. He has to gain the confidence of the revolutionaries, so, to add a touch of verisimilitude, as it were, to advertise his escape, he goes to a madcap boy and announces his desire to borrow money in order to pay the expenses of his escape. The boy has no money; he must rob his father in order to find it. This he does. He comes to Razumov with the money:

> Razumov nodded from the couch, and contemplated the hare-brained fellow's gravity with a feeling of malicious pleasure.
>
> "I've made my little sacrifice," sighed mad Kostia, "and I've to thank you, Kyrilo Sidorovitch for the opportunity."
>
> "It has cost you something?"
>
> "Yes, it has. You see the dear old duffer really loves me. He'll be hurt."
>
> "And you believe all they tell you of the new future, and the sacred will of the people?"
>
> "Implicitly! I would give my life. . . . Only you see, I am like a pig at a trough. I am no good. It's my nature."
>
> Razumov, lost in thought, had forgotten his existence till the youth's voice, entreating him to fly without loss of time, roused him unpleasantly.
>
> "All right. Well—good-bye."

That is just all that Razumov had to say. He had forgotten the youth's existence, though he had made the boy rob his father in order to advertise his escape to the revolutionaries. . . .

> When dawn broke, Razumov, very still in a hot, stuffy railway car . . rose quietly, lowered the glass a few inches, and flung out on the great plain of snow a small brown paper parcel.

It was the stolen money. He was too disdainfully honourable a man to use stolen money. He could not have done it.

And this same unimaginative cruelty of a man blindly pursuing his lost honour dignifies Razumov to the end. It pursues him into the room and into the presence of the sister of the man he betrayed to death—the woman with the trusting eyes who loves him, and whom he loves. He just tells her with the fewest possible words.

> "It ends here—on this very spot." He pressed a denunciatory finger to his breast with force and became perfectly still.

You observe those are the fewest possible words in which he could tell her that he was the traitor. Razumov is so set upon regaining his lost honour that even for the sake of the woman with the trusting eyes he cannot take the trouble to prepare her for the revelation he has to make. Then he goes to the revolutionaries in council; denounces himself to them as a police spy, receives his terrible punishment, and his soul is at peace.

It is here that Conrad differentiates himself from the Elizabethans, for they could never have worked themselves up to the pitch of subtlety. They could, as it were, have conceived a Judas, and even the remorse of such an Iscariot. They had very certainly the conception of an avenging providence. But they could not prize honour quite so high. For here is the comment of the wise woman revolutionist on the case of Razumov.

> "There are evil moments in every life. A false suggestion enters one's brain and then fear is born—fear of oneself, fear for oneself. Or else a false courage—who knows? Well, call it what you like; but tell me how many of them would deliver themselves up deliberately to perdition (as he himself says in that book) rather than go on living, secretly debased in his own eyes? How many? . . . And please mark this—he was safe when he did it. It was just when he believed himself safe and more—infinitely more—when the possibility of being loved by that admirable girl first dawned upon him, that he discovered that his bitterest railings, the devil work of his hate and pride, could never cover up the ignominy of the existence before him. There's character in such a discovery."

Of course this labouring of, this preoccupation with the idea of the point of honour is very foreign—so foreign that it has obviously come to this author with his foreign blood. It is a thing wholly individualistic and wholly of the aristocrat. And that is what the Poles are—aristocarats and individualists; that is why their land is harried and held down in this age of limited companies and democracy.

For the honour that obsesses all the chief characters of this author is hardly ever a question of public polity—or it might be more just to say that their souls do not treat it as a question of public polity. Lord Jim commits of course a public misdemeanour in deserting his ship because it is full of Mohammedan pilgrims; but for the rest of his life he is haunted not by the thought of thousands of drowned brown men, but by his own honour: Captain Whalley falls from honour, but it is his private soul that is harrowed, so it is with Falk the cannibal—so it is with Razumov, and in an extraordinarily imaginative degree. For the problem of Razumov is hardly to be solved by anyone but the hardest of partisans, and hardly by them. Supposing that you are the most hardened of Tories ; supposing that your party is ruling the land as no land has ever been ruled for harshness and repression. On coming home one evening you find Mr. Lloyd George, who has mistaken you for an advanced thinker, and he announces that he has murdered Mr. Balfour, and calls on you to save him ? What exactly would you do ? I suppose you would compromise somehow—give the fellow ten minutes' grace before denouncing him to the police. That would be the sort of rough honour of the hunting field that gives vermin so much law—but to a man with a nice sense of the point of honour it would not be very satisfactory as a solution.

The problem of Razumov was much more terrifying. I have softened it down out of regard to the reader's feelings when asking him to put himself in Razumov's place. And Razumov had never gone fox hunting. But at anyrate that is the ceaseless moral of all this author's work—the being true to your own sense of personal honour. For my honour is not yours ; you may with a good conscience commit crimes that would make me sick—you may split infinitives and praise bad books. Your honour is not mine—the other day I shot a fox, and I feel none the worse though truly the fox was among vineyards and in no English hen-roost. But there the moral of all Conrad's work just is—follow the lines of your private honour, and you will probably starve. But you will never have to confess to the woman you love that you have desecrated her ideals—you will never have to give the woman you love the pain of attending at your dishonoured deathbed, or you will never give the woman you love the infinitely greater pain of having to wait while you go to your death to satisfy the avenging providence that watches over personal honour.

Destiny ! The woman you love ! Deathbeds and death How extraordinarily old-fashioned it all sounds ! And for the matter of that how singular is Conrad's theory of the mysticism and awe of a man's private honour—for, as we see in the case of Razumov, that unfortunate's private honour was affected without so much as his will coming in question. He did his best to save the Revolutionist, and however much we may dislike Revolutionists or murderers I think it would be a bad world in which the majority of us would not do as much. But to save Haldin was impossible—impossible ! The man who was to have driven him away in a sledge was drunk. So that all that Razumov did was to bow to what appeared to him an august and inscrutable destiny. And then the august and inscrutable destiny pursued him to the journey's end, so that he presents the picture of a flying wretch in the night, to the light of sparse torches, hiding in his arms his face averted from the strokes of pursuing Furies!

I do not know that it is the moral of this author's whole work, but so it presents itself to me, and with an extraordinary vividness—that when our private and intimate honour is in conflict with the law, we must break the law. For the law is a conventional arrangement of the relations between man and man. But a man's heart knows! I think that that is what it comes to.

I am aware that to English minds such a moral would appear shocking. We should dismiss Razumov with the trite saying that hard cases make bad law. But I am not sure that such a lesson is not good for this country at this day. I think that we have too much law; I think we think too much about law-making. There must come a time when the State can go no further, for the State is a clumsy and blind engine that can do no more than rough-square the material of human lives! We have our fingers too much on our moral pulse when it comes to enacting regulations for the relief of the Unfortunate in the mass: we have too little thought for what is called imagination—for our personal dealings with individuals whom destiny throws in our way.

But in the end I may be representing wrongly Mr. Conrad the private gentleman, for I do not on these subjects know in the least what he thinks. Let me hasten to say that, except for his high sense of honour, the author Conrad's morals are of a limpid correctitude, according to the very best of English standards. He is a deeply religious writer—for the figure of an avenging deity pursues a fearful course through all his pages. If you sin, he says, you must pay for it. Thus, illicit passions and theft, the breach of trust, are punished with death in the case of Nostromo. Thus a breach of the mercantile marine regulation that an officer must stick to his ship until all the passengers have left is punished with a life of penury and dishonour, with death at the end. (*Lord Jim.*) Falk the cannibal is punished as a cannibal should be punished, though the crew drop off his ship in Southern latitudes. Spying is punished with endless cares and a certain death (*The Secret Agent*). In the same work the Police Inspector, that symbol of rectitude and the law, is rewarded with the commendation of his superiors and a career of tranquil success. It is all as it should be—and it is all as it is in life. That is the wonderful thing about it. If there is any pitying of sinners it is not the author who writes the words, it is one of the characters who utters them. The writer, providing only the framework of the story, seems for ever to be enforcing the moral : " Be sure your sin shall find you out."

This is a sombre conviction, and it is all the more odd to find it in a writer of Conrad's class—for Conrad is one of the two—is one of the three—or let me say one of the two or three English writers who uphold the despised standard of Art for Art's sake. And of course when I say odd I do not in the least mean that it is odd. For every work of true art must have a profound moral significance. And I will add, that nothing that is not a work of High Art can have any moral significance at all. A work of art is passionless, a work of art is a record, a work of art is above all a symbol and the highest expression of an individual's struggle for survival. Now all Law, all Morals are the symbol of the struggle for existence of a type. English Law and English Morals are designed to perpetuate the English type ; Chinese morals are an attempt to mould a world such as shall be easy for the support of the typical Chinaman. And so it is all the world over. Morals are life ; sin is death. The very household laws that a mother frames for her children are intended to lengthen their lives towards that immortality that every mother wishes for her child. And the artist looking upon life and rendering only the results of his considerations produces always for his own type the one lesson—morals stand for life, sin for death.

Of course the type changes ; the Universe is very large, and in it there is room for an infinite number of moral cosmogonies. The legendary Chinaman murders his daughters and, in view of the terrible over-population of China he is right in so doing. Razumov—who was probably more a Pole than a Russian—was so tickle upon the point of honour that, although he gave the law its own, his conscience drove him to a death that was worse than a death. For the Poles are a nation of aristocrats, and for their survival it is necessary that the law should not be everything. Of course, if we had a great artist upon Campden Hill he would not draw from Life the moral that honour is all important ; or that many female subscribers to libraries should be drowned. But he would—he must in one form or the other—so project his view of life that sin should appear like death and the morals of Campden Hill the fount of Honour.

So that the artist drawing life, sombre more or less according to its latitude, is the true, is the only moralist. All the rest are only moralisers: they say what they like, not what is. Let me illustrate what I mean. I, sitting upon Campden Hill, think that there is no law that I will not break if my sympathies are sufficiently appealed to or my passions sufficiently aroused. That is necessary for the survival of my type. I will break any law I want to—but I shall end in dishonour or disgrace. I shall be immured between the stone walls of prisons; I shall be given cocoa in a filthy tin; my prison cell will be next to a drain; I shall sicken and die. Or I shall come to beggary and fade out under Charing Cross railway bridge of a deadly cough. Or I shall die upon the gallows for complicity in the escape of some murderer.

Now the passionless artist of this peaceful district would say I died as the unpitied wreckage of a sinning and immoral life. And he would be perfectly right. In Campden Hill, a tranquil and law-abiding neighbourhood, the Law so nearly approaches the moral attitude of the population that Law and Morals fade into one another. So the Artist of Kensington, W., will render Life.

But that is enough of morals; let us consider Conrad's methods. It has been said, and I think with truth, that this author is without an equal for getting an atmosphere; I will add that he is without an equal for describing action. Let us see how these results are arrived at. There is one technical maxim that jumps at the eye all through his work. It is this: *Never state*: *present*. And again: *Never state*: *present*. I am aware that these words will not be understood by the majority of my readers; I will try to make the meaning plain. The self-appointed work of an artist of Conrad's type is to make each of his stories an experience for his reader. That is his preoccupation; it is for that that an august and inscrutable providence has set him in the world; if he do anything else he offends against his personal honour.

Now in order to make a narration of events strike the hearer as an experience, the author must make the events narrated strike the senses as nearly as possible as they would be presented by nature herself. Supposing that your name is John, and that you have a friend called James, and for private reasons of his own James takes you into his billiard room and tries to shoot you with a rifle.

Now when that happens to you nothing in the outside world says to you, in so many words, "*That man is going to shoot me.*"

What happens to you roughly is this. You are taken by your friend into a room. You perceive the greenish light thrown upwards from the billiard table by the shaded lamps. You perceive the billiard table. Your friend talks. You answer. You are thinking of what he says; of what you are to answer. You perceive other objects; you perceive that some of the cues are not in the rack, and that the last game marked ended at 100 to 64. James says something else. You notice that his voice is rather high. You answer. You notice that you are saying to yourself, "I must keep my temper!" You also notice that the clock has stopped at 3.17 . . . So it goes on, the whole way through the incident—it is a mixture of things that appear insignificant and of real action.

And the problem of a writer of the school of Conrad is to present to his readers' senses exactly that train of events. To say that James took John into the billiard room would be statement for such a writer; to present the train of action would be art.

And yet this does not really exhaust the matter—for, of course, statements must be used; indeed, paradoxically, the author of this school has nothing to use but statements. And perhaps a more exact statement of the maxim (for the words "*Never state: present!*" are a sort of slang of technical phraseology), perhaps an exact lay rendering of the maxim would be "*Never comment: state.*" For the point that has to be made is that what this type of artist has to avoid is an intrusion of his own personality into the current of his work. He has to be persuasive; he is like a man trying to catch a horse in a field. Before him he stretches out a sieve containing corn; behind his back he conceals a halter. The story is the corn in the sieve; the halter is the author's comment. If the horse-reader perceives merely the end of it his mind is away up the field.

The following illustration will make plain what I mean. There is a great writer of another school—W. M. Thackeray. Thackeray is the Prince of Comment. Now the effect of his books is very curious. There is a matchless character called Becky Sharp. In Brussels, Miss Sharp takes the bit between her teeth. She gets away from Mr. Thackeray. For pages and pages the author justs lets his character go on acting. He presents, in fact. We keep on saying again and again: *How wonderful she is! How wonderful she is!* And then, suddenly, when she is at the height of her achievement, there is a crack like the backfire of an automobile. Mr. Thackeray has come into it. It is positively true. He bursts into Brussels to say that he is a very moral gentleman who disapproves of his puppet. And then, instead of seeing Miss Sharp's red hair any more, we see a tall gentleman with a leonine head, a broken nose, and an odd smile. And we say politely, "*How clever you are Mr. Thackeray.*"

That without doubt was what Thackeray wanted. It is an aim like another; it is very nice to extort from thousands of readers ejaculations as to one's cleverness and sound morality, and thousands and thousands of readers want that sort of thing. But the problem before Conrad when he wrote *Lord Jim* was to present to us a fair-haired capable son of an English parsonage, waiting in his white canvas tennis shoes upon a boat stage in the sun for the approach of the boat—and of inscrutable and august Destiny.

And never once, never once, during the whole book do we say—if we are unsophisticated readers—"*How clever Mr. Conrad is!*" We say, "*Oh, poor devil! Oh, poor devil!*" and we hope that God will be kinder to us poor Englishmen!

That is the great achievement of this type of art, and I confess that it is the only type of art that I care for. I don't mean to say that I cannot read any other kind of book with pleasure. I can get amusement from the works of Mr. Nat Gould, or from any kind of book about horses. I can really revel in the adventures of the Irish M.F.H. I will read Mr. Sponge's adventures until far, far into the night, and a detective story as long as it does not contain Sherlock Holmes I can read on any train journey. But these things are just agreeable complications—I ought, perhaps, to except Mr. Sponge. I pass my time with them as I might, not being at all a superior person, at bridge, or any other round game. But when it comes to *Lord Jim*—why, it is a part of me. Yes, it is a part of my soul, of my life. It has entered into me like the blood in my veins; it has given me my English outlook, though I am a foreigner and have every kind of intellectual contempt for the countrymen of Tuan Jim. But it has made me understand the English-English with such a perfect comprehension—and what one perfectly comprehends one loves!

Now that is a great achievement—for it is a great achievement to have overwhelmed any one soul; and there are few men's souls that can resist *Lord Jim* once they have found him out. The egotism of this personal confession is not meant to display myself. It is the best way of showing what this author's work can do, and as I am perfectly sincere in every word I have written I hope I may make the impression that I want. It is a question of the public usefulness of this author, of his functions in the Republic, of the service he has done the State. Well, he has made many men better Englishmen.

For he has taken us into wide regions of the earth ; he has shown us the sea that is ours and the sparkle of the sun that we desire upon the little waves. He has given us a sense of responsibilities. He has made us desire more sedulously to do our duties. He has taught us above all to desire to be shipshape—to be shipshape on our decks, on our drawing-room carpets, and in the thoughts that we think in our minds. . . .

I am aware that the great protagonist of Thackeray, in the imaginative letters of to-day, has written :—

> There are five-and-forty ways of inditing tribal lays
> And every single one of them is right !

But are there ? Would there be two ways of writing "The Man who Would be King," or "My Lord the Elephant," or "On the Road to Mandalay," or even "Stalky"—would there be any other way of writing them ? There are other ways of writing other stories ; there are other ways of treating other subjects ; but, and this is the great truth that is forgotten—just as there is only one way in which a woman can dress and look her level best, so there is only one way in which every given subject, and every given story, can be treated to be at its best.

That is why there is such a tremendous pother about literature in some countries. Immense numbers of foreigners are always getting hold of immense numbers of stories and trying to find out what is the only one way of treating them.

We have seen that Conrad's method of treatment is to render. Now what about his powers of selection and what about the defects of his merits ? He is, we know, concerned before everything else with getting an atmosphere. But is he ? I knew at one time very well a writer who collaborated with Conrad in one or two books, and has very kindly presented me with the manuscript of these works. I transcribe two passages, underlining the words that are by Conrad :—

> To yesterday and to-day I say my *polite* "vaya usted con Dios." What are these days to me ? *But that far-off day of my romance when* from between the blue and white bales in Don Ramon's darkened store room, at Kingston, *I saw the door open before* the figure of an old man with the tired, long, white face, *that day I am not likely to forget. I remember* the chilly smell of the typical West Indian store, the indescribable smell of damp gloom, of locos, of pimento, of olive oil, of new sugar, of rum ; the glassy double sheen of Ramon's great spectacles, the mahogany face, *while the tap, tap, tap, of a cane on the flags went on behind the inner door* ; *the click of the latch* ; *the stream of light.* The door, *petulantly thrust inwards, struck against some barrels. I remember the rattling of the bolts on that door*, and the tall figure that appeared there, snuff-box in hand. In that land of white clothes, that precise, ancient Castilian in black was something to remember. The black cane that had

> made the tap, tap, tap dangled *by a silken cord*, from the hand whose delicate, blue-veined, wrinkled wrist ran back into a foam of lawn ruffles. *The other hand paused in the act of conveying a pinch of snuff to* the nostrils of the hooked nose that had, on the skin stretched tight over the bridge, the polish of old ivory; *the elbow pressing the* black cocked hat against the side; the legs, one bent, the other bowing a little back—this was the attitude of Seraphina's father.
>
> *Having imperiously thrust the door of the inner room open, he remained immovable, with no intention of entering, and called* in a harsh, aged voice: "*Señor Ramon, Señor Ramon*!" *And then twice, "Seraphina, Seraphina!" turning his head back* . . .

The second passage contains no description at all except the description of moods, but it is none the less instructive since it shows Conrad's desire for actualities, for hard and characteristic phrases set against his collaborator's more vague personality, so that it stands out in a strong relief :—

> *It takes long enough to realise that someone is dead at a distance. I had done that.* But how long, how long, it needs to know that the life of your heart has come back from the dead. *For years afterwards I could not bear to have her out of my sight.*
>
> *Of our first meeting all I remember is a speechlessness that was like the awed hesitation of our overtried souls before the greatness of a change from the verge of despair to the consummation of a supreme joy. The whole world*, the whole of life, *had changed all round me*: it enveloped me so lightly as not to be felt, so suddenly as not to be believed in, so completely that that whole meeting was an embrace, so softly that at last it lapsed into a sense of rest *that was like the fall of a beneficent and welcome death.*
>
> For suffering is the lot of man, *but not inevitable failure or worthless despair which is without end—suffering the mark of manhood, which bears within its pain a hope of felicity like a jewel set in iron. . . .*
>
> *Her first words were. "You broke our compact. You went away whilst I was sleeping."* Only the deepness of her reproach revealed the depth of her love *and the suffering she too had endured* to reach a union that was to be without end—*and to forgive.*
>
> And looking back we see Romance—that subtle thing that is mirage, that is life. It is the goodness of the years we have lived through, of the old time when we did this or that, when we dwelt here or there. Looking back it seems wonderful enough a thing that I who am this and she who is that, commencing so far away a life that, after such sufferings borne together and apart, ended so tranquilly there in a world so stable—that she and I should have passed through so much, good chance and evil chance, sad hours and joyful, all lived down and swept away into the little heap of dust that is a life. *That, too, is Romance.*

Now two main facts have occurred to me in studying these passages very carefully. One of them is that every word of description is by the other writer, and every word of action is by Conrad. This is a very curious fact, for it would be absurd to ascribe to the other writer greater powers of description, and certainly that apportionment of the task was never consciously made between the two.

I have been casting about in my mind for an explanation of this fact, and just at this very moment I happened to look idly at the motto on the title page of the volume called *Youth*, and then I noticed that that motto runs :—

> *. . . But the Dwarf answered: No, something human is dearer to me than the wealth of all the world.*

And that is the great happiness, is the great good fortune of this author's temperament. We can most of us describe, some of us can get atmospheres—but it is only the very great writer who can so interpenetrate his characters with the seas and skies, or the houses, fabrics, and ornaments that surround them. For that is what Conrad seems to do. It is not what he actually does—actually he sends through all the seas and skies the very beings of the men that look upon them. For a descriptive writer—or rather for a writer noted for his descriptions—he describes very little. Consider this passage from *Youth*—that most magical of all this author's pieces of work. The narrator, after having pulled nearly all night in the escape from a wreck, has been guided by a red light, in the depth of a great darkness, into an Eastern harbour. He has fallen asleep in the boat against an unknown quay:—

> But when I opened my eyes again the silence was as complete as though it had never been broken. I was lying in a flood of light, and the sky had never seemed so far, so high before. I opened my eyes and lay without moving.
>
> And then I saw the men of the East—they were looking at me. The whole length of the jetty was full of people. I saw brown, bronze, yellow faces, the black eyes, the glitter the colour of an Eastern crowd. And all these things stared without a murmur, without a sigh, without a movement. They stared down at the boats, at the sleeping men who at night had come to them from the sea. Nothing moved. The fronds of palms stood still against the sky. Not a branch stirred along the shore, and the brown roofs of hidden houses peeped through the green foliage, through the big leaves that hung, shining, and still like leaves forged of heavy metal. This was the East of the ancient navigators, so old, so mysterious, resplendent and sombre, living unchanged, full of danger and promise. And these were the men. I sat up suddenly. A wave of movement passed through the crowd from end to end, passed along the heads, swayed the bodies, ran along the jetty like a ripple on the water, like a breath of wind on a field—and all was still again. I see it now—the wide sweep of the bay, the glittering sands, the wealth of green, infinite and varied, the sea blue like the sea of a dream, the crowd of attentive faces, the blaze of vivid colour—the water reflecting it all, the curve of the shore, the jetty, the high-sterned outlandish craft floating still, and the three boats with the tired men from the West sleeping, unconscious of the land and the people and the violence of the sunshine. They slept thrown across the thwarts, curled on bottom boards, in the careless attitudes of death. The head of the old skipper, leaning back in the stern of the long boat, had fallen on his breast and he looked as though he would never wake. Farther out, old Mahon's face was upturned to the sky, with the long white beard spread out on his breast as though he had been shot where he sat at the tiller, and a man all in a heap in the bows of the boat slept with both arms embracing the stem-head and with his cheek laid on the gunwale. The East looked at them without a sound.

Now that passage renders the East as no writer has ever rendered it, and yet how little of real description there is in it. It is the men—the men whose destinies had brought them to that spot who really give the passage its tone—because something human is dearer to this writer than all the pictures of all the East.

And this great and desirable faculty is his not merely because of a technical self-consciousness. We most of us—those of us who have any technical knowledge at all—know that we must not introduce any descriptive writing just for the love of a description. Anybody knows enough to know that. But Conrad's eye is so formed that it does not notice anything save what carries the story forward. To return to my illustration of the smoking-room murder. A Conrad character would not notice that the clock had stopped at 3.17, or that the cues were not in order, or that the marking of the last game had not been obliterated, unless Conrad desired to point something out—it might be that the murderer was a disorderly person, or that he had been interrupted at the end of a game of billiards by a piece of news that had made him desire to shoot his friend.

I am not by any means saying that there are no passages in the works of Conrad that are not simple pages of description. You will find, for instance, in *The End of the Tether*, whole long pages of description of land-fretted seas. But the purposes of these are the purposes of the story. They make so plain to the reader the nature of the seas in which the *Sofala* carried the burden of the old Captain's tragedy that when the sinking of the ship comes there is no need to burden the narrative with topographical explanation. All the while one has been on the ship, one has seemed to be so conscious of the ledges of rock below one that when the knife-thrust has come it has seemed for long to be inevitable, and the whole conduct of the story need concern itself only with the feelings of the human beings.

And that is the great faculty of this author—that he can make an end seem inevitable, in every instance the only possible end. He does this by every means—by the explanations of heredity, of temperament, of the nature of sea and sky, by the sound of a song, by the straws in the street. His sense of Destiny differs in its means of expression from that of the Greeks, its intensity is always as great as theirs. Perhaps it is a part of a common Oriental temperament. The Greek Destiny was embodied, commented on, chorussed. It was an all-overwhelming cloud. The Destiny of Conrad's books is hymned by no Chorus of Captive Women, and by no Bacchantes. That is not the temper of his time or ours. When all sorts of things, all sorts of little coincidences, nowadays force us to a course of action we do not any longer say that Atropos compelled us—we say that it seemed as if every blessed thing conspired to make us do it. And what Conrad does for us is to express for us the Three Sisters in the terms of every blessed thing.

Now this is a very great achievement, a very great enlightenment for our age. I do not mean to say that Conrad is the only writer that does this for us, but I am certain that we have no other—nowhere in the Western World—so exclusively occupied with this consideration, which is, surely, one of the two most important considerations of the world and life. I have heard it said that his books are too long; that his elaboration is over great. But that is the case only for minds very hurried or temperamentally out of tune with this author. For myself I can only say that not one of his works has ever seemed tedious. I like one subject more than another, but the keen pleasure of observing the incidents, the certainty that every incident—that every word, however superfluous they may appear, will in the end show necessary and revelatory—this pleasure I am never without.

And when we consider the great obstacles of language with which this man has struggled, and the unswerving conscientiousness with which this writer has pursued his guiding lights—whether we like or dislike his books— we must be consoled. For if our age can have raised up such a conscience in any walk of life, and if our country can have attracted him to live amongst us, our age and our country must have in it something that is good—in its traditions and its teachings. Indeed, when I think that in a light-hearted way I have poked fun at the artistic conscience of this country I feel a little ashamed. For if Conrad has not earned any huge material success, he has secured a recognition, even from the more Academic, that few men of his greatness have ever secured in their age and their own day. And looking back it seems a wonderful enough thing that this writer, commencing so far away a life that after sufferings, perils, and vicissitudes borne under so many skies and upon so many seas, has its consummation here in a world so stable—that after the seas where he passed through so much, good chance and evil chance, upon this foreign shore he should receive the acknowledgment of his services from the State, and the applause alike of the Orthodox and of the Critical. That, too, is Romance.

American Characteristics[*]

By Filson Young

NOTE. *To any generalisations in this article which may be deemed uncomplimentary, all Americans of my acquaintance, in any part of the world, are asked to regard themselves as exceptions.*

THERE are no people at once so challenging and so disarming to criticism as the Americans. Animated by youth and self-confidence, they invite criticism, they ask you for it, and asking for it are bravely anxious to take the consequences and to receive with a certain dignity praise, blame, appreciation, abuse, enthusiasm, and prejudice alike. They are splendidly hospitable, and while you are eating the first pinch of their salt they ask you, "What do you think of America?" And they invite criticism for the good reason that they are anxious to profit by it. The process which they apply to their ingenious manufactures, they apply also to themselves. The American who invents a thing says, "I have got something pretty good here, but it is not perfect; it has to be a great deal better, and I must set myself to find out all its weak points, collect and sift all the evidence I can find against it, and see where it can be improved." And this, in effect, the Americans say about themselves as a nation. They invite criticism, conscious of their faults, but conscious of then in a quite unashamed way, as much as to say, "We do not think we are perfect." No one, I think, has ever accused them of being perfect, but it is characteristic of them that they forestall even this possible accusation.

Everyone who crosses the ocean from the Old World to the New discovers America for himself, and discovers it entirely by the light of his own personality and equipment. But the first and most difficult thing for the explorer is to discover what is America and what is American. The whole truth about America has never yet been told, simply because it is not known. You cannot write the history of things that are in the act of progress; you cannot tell the final height of a tree that is growing. While

---

[*] Copyright, 1911, in the U.S.A. by Filson Young.

America is still on the upward scale no one can know the whole truth about it, or attempt to tell it. All one can do is patiently to disentangle and analyse such characteristics as one can discover, and separate them from things that are common characteristics of other people. The Englishman's first experience of Americans will probably have been a strange enough one—the meeting with parties of rich, confident, talkative and untiring sight-seers in the cities of Europe. With some of these he will, no doubt, have fallen into conversation; and they will each and all have said to him at some time or another, "You must not judge America by the people you meet travelling abroad, they are not characteristic Americans." Yet it is not one class only of the American people that travel in Europe; after the English they were the great pioneers of travel for pleasure; and with almost every American who makes enough money for the purpose the first instinct is to travel and see something of the world. Yet the Americans themselves fall into the mistake of grouping all these people into one class called the "travelling American;" and, as I have said, every unit of the travelling American public will warn you against accepting the remaining units as being characteristically American. Finding, therefore, that the American is not to be discovered abroad, the explorer crosses the ocean to America itself, or to the continent which he fondly believes to be America. And in New York, where he meets representatives of every part of the great continent, he finds himself farther than ever from anything that is admittedly and typically American. He meets there a man from Boston. "This is not America," says the man from Boston; "this is simply an exchange of all the mongrel money-grubbing nationalities in the world. If you want to see real American society you must come to Boston." In Boston you meet a man from Washington who smiles and shrugs his shoulders. "No, this is not America;" he says, "this is a mutual improvement society; you ought to go to Washington if you want to see the real centre of America." And in Washington you meet a man from Chicago who says, "Hell! I have been here two days and I have had about enough; I want to get back to where there is something doing. This America? Why, the real America only begins at Chicago, and if you want to see real American life you had better get on the cars right now and come along with me." And in Chicago you meet a man from Philadelphia who sympathises with you and tells you how well he understands what an Englishman must be feeling in Chicago. "I think you would like Philadelphia," he says; "if you want to see the real old America where money doesn't count for everything, try Philadelphia; it will rest you after this." And in Philadelphia, where you meet a San Franciscan, you are told that nowhere in the East can you see anything that can be described properly as American; that in order to do that you must go out West, where men are still men, and not imitation foreigners; where there are only two modes of reception: for your host to take you right in and make you free of everything he has got, or to plunk a bullet into you. And, journeying to the West, you meet a New Yorker who says, "This is all very interesting, but it is not America; this is the raw material out of which the true America of the East is ultimately made." Back again in New York you meet a Virginian who sniffs with contempt at the commercial pandemonium of Broadway and tells you of the real old stately life of the Virginian homestead, and that there alone the secret of American charm is to be discovered. And in Virginia you learn that Minneapolis is God's own city; and in Minneapolis you meet a Kentuckian who advises you, if you wish to study real American life where commercial brightness is tempered with Southern suavity, to go to Louisville; and in Louisville you meet an old man who knows every inch of the country, and who says, "Why, Lexington is good enough for me." In Lexington, if you ever get there, you are probably advised that Paris, Ky., is the ideal of an American country town. And if you are wise you leave it at that. Only when you get back to New York and talk about the South some bronzed gentleman will tell you that you have not been in the South at all; and that if you have not been in New Orleans you have missed the best of America.

The only thing which all Americans unite in describing as not characteristic of America is New York; but my own humble opinion is that it is the most American thing on the continent—American in its lack of homogeneity, American in its youthful spirit, in its energy, in its vulgarity, in its beauty, its wealth, its bad private taste and fine public taste, in its hypocrisy, its earnestness, its greed, its liberality, its heartlessness, its sentimentality, its humour, its solemnity, its ingenuity, its bigness in talk and caution in action, its noise, and in the vital spirit that runs through its veins. I suppose hardly any American will agree with me about this; but when one remembers that America is, strictly speaking, not a country at all, but a continent, it seems to me that its true characteristics are more likely to be found in a great exchange and melting-pot of its constituent parts such as New York is. At any rate, I have found no great quality anywhere in America that I did not find, although on perhaps a smaller scale, in New York.

The approach of a traveller from the East to America is in itself, in all respects but one, characteristic. Other countries and continents come upon you gradually as you approach them. England begins with a tumble of rocks and wind-swept downs, with elementary dwellings of elementary creatures perched on the cliffs and living an elementary life; then come villages and larger villages, towns, more towns, larger towns, shipping, commerce, railroads, and finally, as the climax of all, London. The traveller in America probably sees only one thing before the nose of his ship runs against the perpendicular wall of activity, and that is the statue of Liberty—a thing noble in its conception, splendid and effective in its appearance, most touchingly beautiful in the idea that planted it there, but unfortunately an untruth. The traveller from the Old World finds that whatever other good things may flourish in America, whatever fine institutions may have reared themselves on her soil, and whatever splendid and noble harvests may be ripening in her wide seed fields, the thing that he knows as Liberty does not exist there. I will return to this later; but it is unfortunate that the first thing that should greet the traveller should be a lie, because it cannot be too clearly or too plainly said that the lie is not an American characteristic. Except for this statue and a spit of sand there is little or no physical preparation for America. It simply begins. Other countries may grow upon you; America bursts upon you. One hour you are upon the salt sea with perhaps nothing in sight; the next you are in the heart of New York. There are no waste spaces to prepare you, no panorama of the evolution of man's civilised life in the earth—only New York standing twenty stories high on the very edge of the land, and even wading out to meet you on baulks and piers of timber. The true Land's End and Land's beginning of America is the Singer building.

II

And what a sensation is that of the Englishman when he first sets foot on this fabled shore! He has read so much about it, and thought so much about it, and heard so many contradictions about it that he no doubt thinks that here in New York he will discover the truth for himself. Everyone in coming to a new country makes his observations more or less in the line of one particular interest. To some men it is the economics of a new country that are interesting, to others its philosophies or religions, and to others again its natural features and conditions. The bent of my own curiosity is in the study of how people live. Not how they get money or fail to get it, not through what causes and moulding circumstances they arrive at their philosophy, but having got their money, what they do with it; having settled the primary problem of material life, how, they spend that life; having achieved a philosophy of some kind, how they apply it. Naturally the first thing that strikes any Englishman landing in New York is the question of money. If he hires a cab to drive him from the docks to his hotel he will at once come face to face with new conditions. The Englishman likes privacy, the American likes publicity. In England private conveyances are cheap, while in New York they are ruinously expensive; and the traveller at once begins to perceive that the money of England, perhaps the most luxurious and sumptuous country in the world, will go but a little way in America, undoubtedly the most extravagant. And this contrast between luxury and extravagance will follow him everywhere. The Americans are not luxurious, but they are very extravagant. Money comes and goes easily with them, and riches and poverty represent no final or stable condition. In England, as a rule, the man who has risen to riches remains rich, and the man who has sunk to poverty remains poor. But in America the pauper of to-day may be the millionaire of to-morrow, and vice versa. If one fortune is lost, another may be acquired in its place; hence the mere extragavance of Americans as opposed to the sumptuous and perhaps more expensive simplicity of the English. But the first impression of New York is not on the whole, I think, one of great strangeness to the Englishman. It is more familiar than he expected it to be. Externally it seems very like an ordinary city that has grown through ages; its wealth is not immediately striking; in fact, after all he has heard, the Englishman is probably surprised in the other direction, and thinks that New York is a far less magnificent place than he had supposed. But other things begin soon to strike him and to displace mere physical impressions. New York gives, more than any other great city that I know, that impression of impersonality and heartlessness that is characteristic of all great towns. Life seems to be racing through its veins with a roar like the roar of a mill-stream. Down between the walls of those cliff-like buildings one seems to be lost as in the alley of a fevered dream; individual human life has utterly ceased to matter, and individual human activity has ceased to avail. It is not so of course; the individual has as much chance in New York as anywhere; but it is one of the first impressions of the place that one does not forget.

When one is plunged like this into a new country, a new city, one's first instinct is to try to find some centre, some island of dry land on which one may stand and observe the course of the tide about one. Such a centre is very difficult to find in New York. In fact, the early impression that New York is very like any other city of the Old World soon wears off; you become conscious of some elemental lack in it, some vague thing that is wanting in life there; a sense of artificiality and unreality grows upon you. You hunt about that long narrow island looking for your centre or standpoint, and it always eludes you. Sometimes it seems to be in the mist-bound East river, where the deep fog-horns make their sad and mellow harmony day and night; and yet if you go into the harbour, or cross to Jersey city, you realise at once that you are in a different world, that you have left the unreality behind you. Or you wander the length of Broadway and feel that at last you are coming to the centre of things, that the note is growing higher, the mental temperature rising, and that you are about to come upon the vital heart whence all this burning energy is radiated. But no; you go on down Broadway and you feel that at every block you are getting nearer the centre—until suddenly you come to an old church, a strip of green, and the sea. You are baffled again. You go north up the island, but the mental temperature rapidly falls; you are wandering away from the centre, although you have not been there. It is not in Fifth Avenue, which itself only leads you into Broadway; it is not in Twenty-Third Street, which leads you only to the great sea-road to Europe; it is not in Washington Square, which is indeed one of the few peaceful spots in New York. Where is it, this centre of observation? Somewhere, it is certain, amid those great soaring buildings that cluster about the foot of the island; but for a long time it eludes you.

Soon you discover, however, one physical fact about New York which explains many things, notably the curious sense of unreality which it gives you. For New York entirely covers Manhattan Island, and Manhattan Island is a rock, arid, hard, and barren. In one sense New York more than covers Manhattan Island; there is not room for all the people on it, and, as it cannot extend laterally, it has had to extend vertically, up into the sky. It is not a fruitful soil that you tread in New York, but rock and stone and concrete; nothing grows there, nothing is produced there. Things are bought and sold there, of which the chief is money; but New York has no great manufactures, it produces no material to enrich the world. I was going to say that nobody is born in New York, but that of course would hardly be true. But people born in New York can hardly be said to be born on the soil of any country; they come to life between earth and sky, on a ladder perched on a rock. Has this fact any significance? For my part, at any rate, I could never forget it. One cannot think of New York as a city that has grown and evolved out of the natural needs of man; it is rather a kind of gigantic trap erected on the very edge of the American continent, where all the gold that flies in and out of the country is intercepted and juggled with. And in this connection an expression commonly heard in New York is at least significant. I hardly ever heard anyone there use the old phrase "to make money;" the New York man talks of "getting money." "I must go down town and get some money," says the stockbroker. And get it he probably does, by putting his hand into the trap and taking out some of the golden prize that has accumulated there.

I made no profound sociological investigations in America, and acquired no statistics. I simply launched myself on its stream for the three months that I was there and saw the life that offered itself to me. I do not say it is the only way, but it is one way, and a very good way, of seeing a country and people without the self-consciousness of the note-taker, and without encountering the unnaturalness of people who feel that they are being observed. I do not therefore pretend to a wide personal knowledge of the American people. It was chiefly the upper classes that I met. "But what is this?" you say, "Upper classes? Classes of any kind in America? It is surely a contradiction in terms." Yes, my friend, upper classes. There are classes in America as there are everywhere else, from the Andaman Islands to Dawson City. There is no sillier idea in the world than that class divisions can be abolished, for as soon as you establish any community of people in any spot of this world, so soon will they instinctively begin to group themselves into classes. In England the class divisions are very few and simple and of great antiquity; in America they are more numerous and more complex and of less antiquity—that is the only difference. In America the upper classes consist of the people who, either by reason of their greater wealth or greater learning or greater refinement, feel themselves to be, and in fact are, the superiors of the average person in those particulars. The learned man naturally prefers the society of the learned to that of the unlearned. The rich man finds himself more comfortable in the company of those who live as he does than in the company of those whose habits are entirely different. The refined man dislikes coarseness and vulgarity, and naturally avoids it. I think the classes in America are singularly jealous of each other, partly because they are so very unstable in their composition, and because in America there is not that genuine class of people, as there is in England, who have evolved an aptitude for certain duties, and continue to perform them generation after generation. In America a man only performs certain work in the hope of being able to leave it for something better. He has not got what is called a "station" in life. The old-fashioned English idea that it pleases God to call different people to different "stations in life"—some to be servants, some to be masters, some to labour in the fields, and some to work in factories, some to govern and some to be governed—this is not such a grotesque conception of things as it is sometimes supposed to be. England was certainly a happier country when those conditions were fully recognised than she has ever been since they began to be doubted. But in America no one has any station in life at all; hardly anyone wishes to live and die in the station and lot which he at present enjoys. Everyone is climbing upwards, in the hope of being able to take a hand in the cut-throat struggle near the top. Hence the peculiar jealousy of the classes for one another. Often friends of mine among what I should describe as the middle classes of America spoke with profound contempt of the upper classes, assuring me that the middle class was much more interesting, and that it was "really America." I doubt it. I hope I shall not be accused of snobbery when I say that the most interesting people I have seen in America—I do not say the most attractive—have been the richest. And surely that is not unnatural; it is a thoroughly American characteristic to wish to acquire wealth; and the people who have done it most successfully and on the largest scale seemed to me often the most characteristically American.

Most interesting, I said, but not most attractive. Very rich people are seldom attractive, because they are seldom happy; and certainly in America the lot of the rich man is not a very happy one—he has very little to spend his money on. In England you might have an income of a hundred thousand pounds a year, and still might possibly feel the want of money, because the means of spending money in England are almost unlimited. In America a man who had four or five feudal establishments, with great households of servants and dependents attached to each, a steam yacht, a racing stable, and a stud of motor-cars, would be an isolated, lonely, and unoccupied man. There would be no one to play with him ; he might possess all these things, but he could not do anything with them ; they do not belong to any recognised life in the country. Whereas in England the man who is born to such possessions finds a whole society of other people also born to them whose life is spent in administering and using them, quite often with a grave sense of duty, self-sacrifice, and public service which is quite beyond the comprehension of any but the most intelligent Americans, simply because it is beyond their experience. The rich American, therefore, instead of being able to spend money on a great many things, has to spend a great deal of money on a few things. Hence the limited purchasing power of money in such places as New York where the standard of wealth is high.

There is, of course, no leisured life for the rich man in America. He cannot be interestingly idle. All his friends are engaged in business ; as I said, there is no one to play with him. And when (if he is a New-Yorker) he has bought a large ocean-going steam yacht to take him every day to his office from a few miles up the Hudson river, when he has squandered money on an absurd mansion in Fifth Avenue, and on a "country home" on Long Island, and bought a few pictures, and purchased the most expensive wife who happens to be in the market at the time, there is really nothing left for him but to give entertainments that are more and more extravagant in the sense that he pays more and more for them. He soon reaches the limit beyond which he cannot get anything better ; there only remains for him the expedient of spending more on what he gets. As for the exclusive upper-class society of New York it may be dismissed in a very few words. It is a bad and rather stupid imitation of London society. But for the average stupidity and often rank vulgarity you might imagine yourself, in these circles of New York, to be in a London drawing-room. It is true there are little worlds which, while being socially exclusive, are also graced by a certain genuine artistic brilliancy, but the leader of this small world in New York is an Englishwoman. And though I found a great deal of contempt for this world expressed by the honest members of the social world immediately beneath it, yet I found in that same world a quite childish eagerness to be taken into it, and a disarming enthusiasm for it on the part of those who by chance found themselves on the right side of the gates. But this is not an American, it is a human characteristic.

III

Such things, however, lie very much on the surface; yet the stranger who goes through a natural process of discovery sees the surface first, and is led from it to explore the depths. One thing that differentiates the Americans from other people is that more than any other nation in the world they have solved the first great question of life—namely how to get the means of life. In other words, they are prosperous; and having become prosperous they are endeavouring, with the same thoroughness and practical business capacity as they exhibited in the material affair, to acquire the things which they know to be next in importance, and which they admire and appreciate so frankly in other and older civilisations. A noble ambition; but in the pursuit of it they fall, I think, into what is a characteristic error. You hear a great deal about "culture" in America, and every American who has made money is laudably anxious to acquire culture also; and he goes out to get it in the same spirit as he went out to get money—that is to get as much of it as possible in as short a time as possible. He treats it as though it were a product, something that could be bought or acquired rapidly by anyone concentrating himself on the enterprise. But of course it eludes him. You cannot sit still and wait for money to make itself—you must make it; but what the American means by culture is a thing that grows with time, and the growth cannot be forced or hastened. It must be a quality of the inner man, not a mere skin applied to his exterior. The difference between so much American "culture" and true refinement or cultivation is the difference between a pine board that has had a coat of varnish applied to it and a piece of old mahogany that has been rubbed and polished through years of use and care until it wears an almost indestructible brilliancy. The pine board looks so much better unvarnished; it, at any rate, takes the weather, and in process of time acquires a dignity of its own; but the varnish deceives no one and only makes it sticky and uncomfortable, while wear and exposure soon make cracks in it. Why be in such a hurry? Why not wait? America probably has before her a considerable future of artistic achievement; the signs of its coming can be seen already; but it is growing, it is not being bought, imported, or applied. Song, for example, which in the great yesterday of music came from Italy, will come from America to-morrow. All the best young voices in the world of music and opera are coming from America, which is thus supplying the raw material of music. Architecture too, I think, is in a more healthy condition in America than in any other country. I do not think this fact is sufficiently recognised or admitted, partly because the art in America is very young; in New York, where I think it is probably at its best, it is certainly not twenty years old. The genius of Stanford White, short as was its reign, has stamped itself for ever on New York in buildings, not only of great beauty, but of perfect suitability to their purpose. The banks and clubs and offices that he built are in their way as perfect things of beauty, and as perfectly adapted to their purpose, as the cathedrals of Chartres or Wells. Even the much-abused sky-scrapers of New York, grouped as one sees them from the river in simple vertical lines with their small horizontal rows of windows, have a beauty entirely of their own, although it is the same beauty of vertical lines that gives their charm to so many old Italian cities. The reason, I think, that architecture is flourishing in America is that it is an art growing naturally out of the needs of the age of the country. There is a clean sheet to write upon, there is plenty of money to spend; the practical purposes of building are insisted upon, and their adornments required to be harmonious with, and not foreign to, their purpose. Therefore the buildings that New York makes for her commercial purposes are more beautiful than any such in the world; and this sense of beauty, which is at present almost confined to public buildings, will surely spread itself in time through the domestic life of the country if it is only allowed to grow naturally. Here are two arts, therefore, that may be said to flourish more in America than in any country of the Old World. The time of literature in America is not yet, but though the Americans are not a nation of writers, they are in the state which necessarily precedes that—they are a nation of readers. One sometimes thinks that they are the only people left in the world who really buy and read books. They have an insatiable appetite for reading. England still produces literature, but has ceased to read it; France has almost ceased to produce it. Surely in time this great nation of readers need not fear that they will not produce writers; and in the meantime they have a school of writers—the magazine writers—who when they deal with facts and not with imagination are unrivalled in the world; and the excellence (apart from its imaginative embellishments) of the American magazine is surely a stage on the road of literature.

There are many American characteristics that seem to me likely to produce a real foundation for literature; the chief of these is probably the love of ritual. The American worships ritual and loves to surround every act of his life with ceremonies proper to it. Whether he stands drinking at a bar, or leaps upon a trolley-car, or travels by railroad, or enters that holy of holies of his life, his business office, he is observing a strict ritual all the time. And the love of ritual rests chiefly on the dramatic sense, which is highly developed in the Americans, although their theatre is beneath contempt. Life is the American's real theatre; he has as yet no use for an imaginative or artificial drama; the drama of his daily life, in which he himself is cast for the principal part, is as yet sufficient for him. He addresses himself with deliberate gusto to all the little circumstances that attend his business occupation; his business is far more than a means of making money to him; it is his hobby, his drama, his religion, all in one. Hence the love of titles; hence the number of presidents and vice-presidents and officials that are created in every business enterprise. And even the man in quite a humble capacity can visualise himself as an individual unit of importance, and spirit himself up for his arduous duties by a dramatic sense of his part in them. He is not plain John Smith; he is Conductor Smith of the Motive Power Department of the United Inter-Borough Freight and Transportation Company; and in this splendid guise he sees himself going about his daily duties. There are no supers in the American business drama; everyone has a place in the bill, and the majority are stars.

How much healthier and better is all this natural groundwork of cultivation than the "culture" applied like varnish to which so many Americans pretend! Boston, of which they are so proud, is spoiled by a distressing and priggish self-consciousness that makes even genuine scholarship repellent. It is the cultivation, not of a literary people, but of a literary society, and in its results is just as unsatisfactory as are those doses of culture with which the travelling American seeks to treat himself in his rapid flights to Europe. You cannot go to art and literature as you can to Vichy or Carlsbad or Contrexeville, for a treatment; they must grow of themselves, as I said, and cannot be forced. Again, why be in such a hurry? The Americans are slow and cautious enough in other things. Their reputation for quickness is one of the common superstitions about them which has very little foundation in fact. It has arisen chiefly from their own writings and conversation, and is part of the dramatic outlook on life. The American loves to think of himself hastening hither and thither, hustling and hurrying, deciding affairs of extreme gravity with a snap of virile decision; cramming a day's work into an hour, and constantly keeping his engine running at full speed. That is how he sees himself, and that is how he bids the world regard him; but it is not really true. The American is always talking of speed and quickness; and he will waste five minutes in telling you that he has so many things to do that he has not a minute to spare. Conceiving himself in his dramatic way to be moving at lightning speed, he naturally requires things like trains and tramway cars, in which he is compelled to travel and in which for the moment he is off the stage, to move very rapidly so as to bring him more quickly to his next dramatic entrance. But he is so absorbed in the game of business, and so occupied with the proper performance of his part, that, as a matter of fact, it takes him a long while to do any business at all. He is always hurrying, but he is not really quick.

The New York business man will scoff at this, I know; but take a comparison. The ordinary English business man gets to his office between nine and ten, takes an hour and a half for luncheon, and probably leaves before five; and he will have done more business in that day than his American counterpart in New York, who is at his office at eight in the morning, rushes out and swallows a quick lunch in twenty minutes, and perhaps does not leave his office till six or seven in the evening. But the one man will go home cool and collected, and will easily throw off his business preoccupations for other interests; while the American will arrive home fagged out, filled with an heroic sense of the tremendous rush in which he has been taking part, wondering however he got through his day's work, doing it over again in his mind, and probably thinking out a campaign for the morrow. If the amount of talk were any criterion of the amount of business done, or of quickness in doing it, then indeed the American would have the palm. How many business conversations in America begin with, "I want to say to you right now before we go any farther"—and what is it that is said? Generally, if the conversation is opening some business transaction, a great overture of bluff and bounce and brag. Briefly summarised, what the American wants to say to his business friend or opponent is: (*a*) to give him a brief account of his life and career; (*b*) to explain that the issue of this transaction is not of great importance to him one way or the other; (*c*) that price is not of importance, and that it is not his habit to let a thousand dollars here or there stand in his way if he wants a thing; (*d*) that no other person in that particular trade is in that fortunate position, and that most of his rivals are on the verge of bankruptcy; (*e*) that the other party will find that it will pay to put himself entirely in the speaker's hands, that this is only one transaction, and that many others may follow it; (*f*) that what the speaker does not know about this particular business is not worth knowing, and has probably happened since breakfast; (*g*) that they had better go out to lunch and talk it over; (*h*)—some hour and a half later—that he has no more time that day to talk about it, but that they had better make an appointment for the morrow and go right into the whole matter; with the result that a similar interview takes place on the morrow, and that the deal is probably broken off on a question of fifty dollars. And that particular man will go home feeling that he has had a busy and important day, and that the pace at which he lives is frightful. It is true, indeed, that the mental machine or engine of the American business man runs at a very high speed; but it is also true that it is often running like a machine not geared up to anything, running loose or rattling itself to pieces in mere talk.

No, I cannot find that quickness is an American characteristic. What is mistaken for quickness is a kind of nervous fidgets, for the American is infinitely restless and nervous. It is shown in his passion for doing many things at once. The barber shop, a thing characteristically American, affords a wonderful example of this substitution of restlessness and circumstance for real rapidity and economy of time. The business man, still in his dramatic character of a locomotive pressed for time, hurries into the barber shop and extends himself in a chair, feet and hands outspread, a bootblack engaged on each foot, a manicurist on each hand, and the barber himself operating on his head. But such are the seductions of the barber shop that he probably spends twenty minutes or half an hour there, as against the Englishman's four or five minutes. It is time simply wasted from a business point of view; that is to say, it is spent in sheer luxury. For the Americans, being among the cleanest people in the world, have a Roman sense of luxury in everything that appertains to washing and care of the body; and their lavatories and barber shops are like temples raised to some goddess of health and cleanliness. And, finally, it was America that invented that triumph in the achievement of two opposite things at once—the rocking-chair. So restless and nervous is the American that even when he is resting he wants to be moving; and consequently he has achieved this infernal engine, the rocking-chair, in which (when he is obliged to remain in one place for a time) he can indulge in a continuous movement which yet does not advance him an inch. He can thus be busy even while he is at rest.

IV

No study of national characteristics can be complete which does not include the women of a country, and take into account its attitude towards them. The American woman must be observed in two definite circumstances; the woman in the family and the woman in society. And if one takes the family as the basis of any state or community, and judges it by its failure or success in the communal purpose, then I think that without any doubt one must admit that family life is one of the very best things in America. American families are singularly united, and carry on into mature age that unity and affection which as a rule only lasts through the period of childhood. One of the most beautiful sights in this way that I have seen, and most characteristic of what is the very best in America, was the progress of a father and daughter through the high society of New York. There was no mother and no other family. The father was rich and had a position of great influence and importance; a position of considerable anxiety also; he was one of the men who worked really hard, and he bore every sign of it. Evening after evening I used to meet them, at one house or another, at parties or at the opera, or at a restaurant dinner—the father, worn out with his day's work, bored to death, half asleep sometimes from sheer exhaustion, manfully conducting his almost incredibly plain daughter through the highways of the matrimonial market. But however tired he might be, and however bored, and however filled with the sense, this great solid man, of being like a fish out of water among all the follies and elegance and fripperies in which he moved, he had always a smile and a charming courtesy for anyone who spoke to him, and could always summon up at least a semblance of interest in the nonsense about him. He simply saw it as his duty to his daughter to take her about, and so take her about he did, unsuccessfully I fear, but with an unwearying kindness that I shall never forget. And certainly the great strength of the American home is that it recognises the supreme importance of the next generation; the American woman when, in spite of all Mr. Roosevelt may say, she does become a mother, becomes a mother in deed, and puts her children before everything. And there is no pleasanter sight than that of some well-to-do American family living in a beautiful, spacious house in one of the Southern states where the patriarchal life goes on beyond the youth of the children, who, if they marry, still keep the old home as their centre, and, instead of forsaking it, bring new sons and daughters into it; or if they be unmarried are the comrades and friends of their parents whom, as old age steals on them like a sunset, the children in their turn cherish and care for as they themselves were cherished. This is the ideal of family life, seldom realised anywhere, but more often now in America than anywhere else.

But that is not the whole of the picture. The characteristic American attitude towards women is a modern version of the Puritan attitude, and is consequently a mixture of benevolence, sentimentality, and something less pleasant. However successful an institution the American family may be when it survives, the American marriage is no more conspicuously successful than any other kind of marriage. People in America enter into this serious and difficult contract for the same absurd reasons as prevail anywhere else. Now of all the kinds of marriages that people make, marriage for passion and marriage for money are the least likely to be successful, and of these the marriage for passion has by far the poorer chance of survival. But it is precisely this kind of marriage that is idealised in America, where also divorce is easier than in any other country. Passion is idealised; by which I mean that there is more dreadful and disastrous nonsense talked and written about love in America than anywhere else, and a constant harping on the difference between "pure" and "impure" love. One of the minor American characteristics is the self-conscious cult of Purity with a large P—a cult too self-conscious to be quite clean. It is not the kind of purity which consists in looking calmly at life and selecting the good from the base in it, but of childishly dividing life into two halves, opening the eyes on one half and shutting them on the other, labelling one half Good and Pure, and the other half Evil and Impure. This as an elementary philosophy for the schoolroom is found to work very well, but it is disastrous to the mental health of grown-up people; it produces in the end the very result that one wishes to avoid. It was in Chicago recently that a committee was formed to protest against one of the few artistic masterpieces in the Art Gallery, because it represented a nude female figure. This is really true; prominent citizens went and looked at the work of art, and recorded their opinions of it in the press; one minister, I remember, describing it as a thing upon which "no pure woman could look without a blush." It was not a particularly voluptuous picture—it was simply naked. Depend upon it, where you hear so much of the word purity, you may reasonably suspect a certain uncleanness of mind. American sensuality, like a corpse smothered in flowers, is buried deep beneath a pile of sentimentalities, courtesies, and what are called chivalries—the kind of chivalry that consists in standing up and removing your hat when the charwoman gets in to the elevator with you. I say nothing against the hat-removing, except that like all artificial courtesies it can be spoiled by being overdone; and many such courtesies in America have the appearance, not of spontaneity, but of a kind of military drill.

Americans pride themselves very much on their attitude towards women; but after all, leaving out the hat-removing and door-opening part of it, what does this attitude consist in? The American society woman is as much pampered and petted as the favourite of any Eastern harem, and money is lavished upon her in exactly the same way and for exactly the same reason. Her life, since most American men are closely occupied with business, is lived almost entirely among women—among the favourites of other harems, who crowd together in noisy restaurant luncheon parties, chattering endless nonsense at the top of their voices—this being almost their sole distraction, poor things, since for women no more than for anyone else (except for children and for servants, who have the liberty to be insolent and inefficient) is there any true liberty in America. Just at the moment when women in American society become mature they cease to live and to grow, and remain half children, half dolls. Before marriage they can do as they please; after marriage they surrender both individuality and liberty of thought and movement. The simple fact of sexual charm and attraction, which concerns them so closely, is treated throughout in a very hypocritical spirit. It is recognised as a species of youthful idyll, the poetry of it done far more than justice to for the purpose of romantic love-making, but it is only recognised up to this point and in this guise. After marriage it is supposed miraculously to cease; but the women know well that it does not cease. American women are notoriously among the most assiduous and successful in the pursuit of those feminine arts by which the person is rendered alluring and provocative. Why? If one of the Pilgrim Fathers could see a group of fashionable New York women of to-day he would indeed wonder how it was possible that America should be a Puritan country. But it is; only the Puritanism is tainted, tainted with sentimentality and hypocrisy; its real, brave, clean austerities all gone, and only the primitive and savage element remaining. For when the Americans are forced to look any unwelcome or impolite fact in the face they cannot bear it, and all their savagery breaks out. It is not so long since Maxim Gorki and the woman who stood in the relationship of wife to him were turned out of one New York hotel after another because they were not legally married ; it is still a fact that a gentlewoman smoking a cigarette in a New York restaurant would be asked either to stop doing so or to leave ; and it was only the other day that a negro was brutally lynched because he was alleged to have spoken insultingly to a white woman over the telephone. And all this in the sacred name of chivalry. It looks more like cruelty. And, in fact, sentimental people are generally rather cruel at heart ; it is not really the sufferings of others that touch them so much as their own discomfort caused by the contemplation of suffering in others ; and provided such people do not see suffering, or can in any way turn their backs upon the unpleasant things that disturb them, they cease to be greatly concerned.

This innate vein of hardness can be traced in the typical American countenance, even in the women. The face of a typical beautiful American woman (and American women at their best are very lovely indeed) is often marred by a line of hardness in the mouth, which may be assumed to indicate some wonderful virtue of character, but indeed does nothing of the kind ; it simply indicates hardness, and a potentiality for cruelty which is at least a latent characteristic in most Americans. As for virtue, I see no reason to suppose that American women are any more virtuous than any other women. They are more respectable ; for when a woman is unvirtuous it means neither more nor less than that her emotions are not sufficiently controlled. The American woman is not more emotional than others, rather less so, I imagine ; but she is terrified of the opinion of her neighbours. And that is what I mean by respectability as contrasted with virtue. It is not inherent, it is induced, as good behaviour is induced in a crowd by the presence of the police. And as the American woman has little or no privacy, and always lives in the presence of a crowd of some kind, she is naturally respectable. Respectability of this kind may be a good thing, but it is not such a good thing as virtue.

As for cruelty, which I have dared to adduce as an American characteristic, one could find many instances of both moral and physical cruelty that are typically American. There is the moral cruelty always shown by American society towards anyone whose conception of morality is not the average American conception, as witness the case of Maxim Gorki already adduced. And as for physical cruelty, only last August, near that peaceful centre of Eastern civilisation, Philadelphia, a negro was lynched in singularly brutal circumstances. He had murdered a policeman, and afterwards tried to take his own life by shooting himself in the mouth. He was taken to the hospital and chained to his bed, and in the evening an armed mob "invaded the hospital, carried off the bed with its burden through the town to the scene of the murder, and dumped it on a pile of hay and lumber to which a light was applied. The wounded negro thrice attempted to escape, but was forced back each time to the flames."* This occurrence is as shocking to decent Americans as to anybody else; but it belongs to a group of acts which are of by no means uncommon occurrence in America.

There remains the vice of hypocrisy, already touched upon, which runs through the whole of American life, public and private. If a thing is morally ugly the American tendency is to pretend either that it does not exist, or that it is something other than what it actually is. If the true name of anything is an ugly name, the Americans prefer to give it a pretty name, and so render it tolerable. And there is equally the tendency to be ashamed of a good thing if it has an even accidental association with any of the great Unnamed. I have spoken of New York architecture, and especially of the pure beauties of those buildings built or inspired by the genius of Stanford White. The Americans are really proud of them, but they do not show them to you; you have to find them out for yourself. Why? Why, in a country not given to concealing the names of its great men, do you hear nothing of Stanford White? Simply because his private life was decadent and vicious, and because the details of that private life, when they became known through the murder of the artist, furnished a journalistic debauch of dirty reading almost unparalleled even in the country that is so sensitive that it protests against the uncleanness of the simple nude in art. It is nothing to America that Stanford White was one of the greatest artists the country has ever produced, that he glorified New York with his work, and that he was murdered by a really foul degenerate, who still lives; but it is apparently everything that he had private habits of a base and distressing character. If this had only been a matter of common private knowledge, America would have lauded White to the skies; but as it became a matter of public scandal, the long face of hypocrisy was pulled. When there is a statue raised to Stanford

---

* *The Times*, August 15th, 1911.

White in New York America will have begun to come to her senses in this matter.

There was another flagrant instance of American hypocrisy only the other day in New York, when a certain millionaire, divorced from his wife, became engaged to a young girl. An outcry of protest immediately arose in the newspapers, the alleged reason being that the man was divorced. Anything more patently absurd in America, the country of divorces, could hardly be imagined. The indignation had, as a matter of fact, a quite genuine and respectable basis; but because it was a pathological one, belonging to the unpleasant facts of life, no one could be found honest enough to give the real reason, and the absurd and impertinent pretext of divorce was publicly advanced. Such a train of circumstances could happen nowhere else but in America. To begin with, as the law stands, this man was entitled to marry anyone he pleased; the fine and muddle-headed public spirit of America believed that in this case such a proceeding would be an iniquity and, with a fine unreason, attacked the individual and not the law; and, as their innate hypocrisy made it impossible for them to give their real, unpleasant reasons, they invented a ridiculous reason. Now if all that just indignation had been concentrated, not on the individual, but on the law, a new marriage law might have been passed in America that would have been a beacon light to the whole world. But, you see, the indignation was not really patriotic, it was individual and sentimental, concerned with the pathetic spectacle of the sacrifice of a young girl. That spectacle moved the Americans to a sentimental indignation, sentimental and hypocritical because it was their own discomfort at the spectacle which really distressed them; it moved them to no deep and patriotic indignation at the condition of their laws.

And the questions of drink and gambling afford other examples of national hypocrisy. Some of the Prohibition States have regulations against any kind of drinking of an almost incredible severity; and yet there are more drunken people in such states than anywhere else; the true reason being that it is not love of sobriety that has inspired these prohibition laws, but quite other questions of property and votes and legislative jealousy. Hypocrisy made horse-racing illegal, and left untouched the devastating evil of stock-gambling. But, of course, none of these things are given their true names. American imaginative literature, which promises so well in many directions, is also utterly stultified by hypocrisy and sentimentality, by the insistent pretence that things are not what they really are, and that real life and beautiful life consist of a number of rose-coloured symbols and superstitions—the old romantic nonsense about all men being either villains or heroes, and all women at heart gentle and beautiful of nature. In the American novel everything American is glorified; there is no attempt to study and expose the national weaknesses. America will never have a literature worthy of her until she has eliminated hypocrisy from among her national characteristics, and substituted for sentimentality a just and calm appreciation of the facts of life.

V

All this may seem rather a formidable indictment, but it is not meant to be so really. If we analyse the worst among the characteristics which I have called American, we find hypocrisy, sentimentality, cruelty, and boastfulness; and they are all qualities which in the individual are characteristic of immaturity. And America is in truth very like a child at the awkward age, exhibiting her faults very patently, and hiding her virtues. If one accepts that as the explanation of many of these defects. they do not appear so very formidable after all. Childishness, so long as it does not outlive its proper time, is not a fault, it is a condition; and perhaps it would show a more just discrimination to regard these defects which I have mentioned as symptoms rather than as qualities. The Americans are childish in everything, in their simplicity of heart, in the gusto with which they address themselves to life, in their adherence to artificial and imposed standards of conduct, in their tendency to talk too much, and too much about themselves, in their profound and admirable curiosity, in their whole-hearted desire to imitate or acquire what they admire in other people, and, at the same time, in their innate distrust of people who do not think exactly as they do. The child from a nursery where bread and butter is required to be eaten before cake does not regard the children of a nursery where cake may be eaten at once as being merely interesting variations from the normal type; he regards them as licentious and undisciplined children; in other words, he thinks that the laws of their nursery are wrong. And the Americans are very apt to think other people wrong who are not like themselves, which accounts for the irritation which they often produce in other people. Like children at the awkward age, they are alternately aggressive and tongue-tied, noisy amongst themselves, and prim in the presence of strangers; their good manners do not sit very easily upon them. Manners are with them a code; a set of small ritual observances, any neglect in the performance of which is held to constitute ungentility. This is continually causing them confusion; as when they see a man in muddy boots smoking a pipe and lounging on the velvet chairs of some ducal country house; by all their standards that man does not know how to behave, and yet, seen at another moment, he might appear to them as the very type of the "polish" and "culture" which they so unweariedly strive after. They forget that it is not manners that maketh man, but man that makes manners, and that if a man is a well-made and finished product his manners will sit well upon him, even to the putting of muddy ducal boots on ducal velvet.

Childish, too, are the rules and regulations with which Americans surround themselves. They are hopelessly entangled in the folds of that brave banner of Liberty which they set floating so proudly in the breeze; and while they are gazing at their own stars, the stripes fall on them. They suffer in their daily lives the tyranny of petty officials—the unpleasant tyranny of the coloured porter in the Pullman car, the impudent tyranny of the hotel clerk, the summary tyranny of the police, the gross tyranny of the customs officer, and the united oppression of those thousand and one officials whom they have created to uniformed posts in the service of life. Sometimes, to be sure, this tyranny works well, as in a case which I saw in New York of a queue of some dozen substantial and respectable business men on their way to Wall Street on the Steam Ferry being suddenly arrested for spitting, and marched ignominiously off to gaol, the policemen crying, "Now then, form up, spitters!" I have instanced some unpleasant things that could only happen in America; here was an admirable thing that could also only happen in America, and which is fast freeing New York from the misery and menace of a disgusting habit. Much of the tyranny to which one is subjected is indeed irritating at the time, but comical enough in fact and in retrospect; as in such a case as occurred to me travelling in a Pullman car, when a whisky and soda, which I had just ordered and paid for, was taken out of my hand without a word because the train had at that moment passed the border of a state where it was illegal to drink any intoxicating fluid at all; the glass was solemnly restored to me later when we had crossed the opposite border. Even in civilised Philadelphia, in one of the most beautiful hotels in the world, you may, if you order your supplies before midday on a Sunday, drink yourself silly for the rest of the day; but if you arrive in the afternoon no power on earth will procure for you a glass of wine or beer at dinner. But perhaps one of the most disagreeable symptoms of the American kind of liberty is the insolence and inefficiency of servants. They make the whole relationship of master and servant degrading, which it need not and never should be. It is particularly painful to anyone coming from England, where the best kind of servant is as proud of his position as an archbishop is of his; and where honour is attained by being expert in one's duties, whatever they are. But in America any kind of personal service is deemed to be a degradation, and is therefore done badly, grudgingly, and insolently, with all the time a bare-faced and insatiable craving for tips. It is apparently not realised that what makes one's work degrading is doing it badly, and what makes it honourable is doing it well. On the whole, however, the lack of liberty in America is more humorous than serious and, however inconvenient to the foreigner, seems not greatly to disturb the Americans.

VI

Let me finish this study by naming what I think are the two greatest and finest characteristics of the American people —their courage and their character. They would need to have courage to have endured all that lies behind them, and to have character to face the problems that lie still before them. They have always shown a kind of courage on a large scale that goes far to outbalance many of their faults. There is the desperate courage which set a portion of the American people honestly trying to cleanse the Augean stable of finance; there is the scientific courage with which they tackled such problems as those presented by the prevalence of malaria and consumption; there is the courage both physical and imaginative that drove the great railroads across the continent, through every kind of obstacle, from ocean to ocean; there is the highly dramatic courage of a city like Chicago which, having a lake front of which it was very proud, and which was suddenly spoiled by the running of a railroad along the water's edge, set about manfully dumping earth and rubbish into the water in front of the railroad, until it had actually made a new lake front of many miles, from which its dwelling houses could once more look uninterruptedly over the wide waters of the lake. And there is the statesmanlike courage with which certain agricultural and rural problems that have been neglected too long are being earnestly and farsightedly tackled now that the danger has been pointed out.

And in that innate soundness of core which one means when one uses the word "character," I believe the Americans to be above any nation in the world. When one has said that a man or a people has character, one has said the supremest thing that can be said about them. The golden thread of character runs through American life and society, much attenuated here and there, but practically unbroken from top to bottom. I believe that it is this characteristic which accounts for what one may call the American charm. For I think that there is a charm that is typically American, just as there is a vulgarity which is also typically American. But the American vulgarity is infinitely less horrible than, say, the vulgarity of the French, and the American charm is much more delightful, because much simpler and sounder, than the brilliant and rather heartless charm of the French at their best. No one can dislike the typical American language and intonation more than I do, and yet to anyone who has known many Americans, and who is wandering among foreigners, there is something not altogether unwelcome, something often friendly and reassuring, in the sound of those sometimes harsh cadences. One may prepare oneself to be bored—which is always a foolish thing to do—but one may also be not without hope of finding some simple human sincerity which, the more one lives and travels among mankind, becomes more and more valuable and welcome. It comes, I am sure, from this very attribute of character, which tells always in the long run, which will extricate a people from morasses out of which no other hand can pull them, and lead them across deserts as surely as any miraculous pillar of cloud or fire.

The American nation has already a considerable past; it is time, surely, that it grew up, left the awkward and clamorous age of childishness, and, in the strength of this character, went on its way, with less loquacity, if not with less confidence. For in the nation, as in the man, character is everything; every new act takes colour from it; every new day is stamped with its image, to fall back into the great magazine of years from which history is read and discerned. The national character is the best security both for the past and the future of a people who will put their trust in it, and who will keep there, as in a tabernacle, their memories and their hopes.

The New Position

The indiscretions of Captain W. F. Faber, M.P., are signal testimony to the discretion of the British press. Probably every editor and political journalist in London knew about the "war scare" and scares of last summer, and certainly a great number of people in what is called Society did, yet not a word was published on the matter; not an editor yielded to the temptation of a "big scoop"; not a journalist betrayed his trust; and it is a highly creditable fact. It can only be compared to the now historical indiscretion of Mr. Arthur Lee, M.P. —another Conservative member—whose stupendous *gaffe* (he was then in a responsible official position) was used all over Germany by Pan-Germans and the Navy League as one of the main weapons of propaganda for the last new Naval programme. Captain Faber will be highly efficacious in popularising the now already heralded acceleration programme.

His words will be framed and hawked about with cinema shows all over the Empire. Michael and Gretchen will be informed that he is a Member of Parliament, a gentleman of magnificent importance, and that he spoke, *coram populo*, deliberately with the object of challenging and humiliating the peace-loving idealism of the Hohenzollerns. Those who know how these affairs are managed in Germany can picture to themselves the cynical glee with which the Pan-German League read those words of Captain Faber, and the joy they caused in the workshops of Messrs. Krupp. There had been rather a lull of late in the "demand" for an all-conquering Navy, which the man in the Kneipe had begun to discover cost something more in direct and (especially) indirect taxation than he had bargained for when first he set out to follow the "Admiral of the West" with his Treitschkean call of "Full steam ahead." Beer, cigars, every article of food and raiment, the bare necessaries of life—they have all gone up terribly in the last ten years, as the result of the national Naval ambition, and the meat riots in Austria were an ominous sign that the limits of indirect taxation had been reached. All again is plain sailing. *Der*

Parlamentsmitglied Herr Hauptmann Faber has pricked the lucky bag of the winds that blow seawards. We shall have to expect now a new German programme of shipbuilding expansion and acceleration, with fresh burdens on the British taxpayer.

We can drop now the subject of Captain Faber's indiscretion and turn to the one statement in it that is of importance, that, namely, referring to the proposal to send six divisions of regular troops abroad to help our ally France in the event of war. The assumption is, then, that some 150,000 men were to go to France or to the Belgian frontier, as French strategy decided. Here is a question which every man can weigh for himself, but first let us consider the conditions which are quintessentially integral to the problem. The fundamental condition is that as the ally of France, who in the event of war with Germany has a vast frontier area to protect, we are morally bound to come to her aid by land as well as on sea. That is the condition of any Alliance that has any value at all, and particularly so in these days of million armies and modern scientific warfare, and it is also the military basis of the French *entente*.

A fine army, let it be said at once; good men, good shots, good officers—above all, an army that has seen war in modern conditions and knows the mystery of the modern rifle. The trouble, however, is quantitative. Against these six divisions the Germans could place eighty-four. As supplementary to the enormous mass of French and German soldiers, our six divisions, though they might turn a battle, would scarcely count in a war which would be fought by the millions, and this was the consideration that provoked what Captain Faber has called the crisis last "September" in the Cabinet. There were those who opined that such an army would be of little use, would probably be captured and held as hostage by the Germans, would in short avail nothing; and there were the others who held that England must stand by France and support her, if necessary.

The "crisis" is over; we need not bother about that. The first thing that strikes a man is that the despatch of 150,000 regulars abroad would denude our island of trained soldiers. We would be left without an Army, probably without horses, without much artillery, without our fighting leaders. That would be the inevitable result of sending such an expeditionary force across the Channel. It is plain to the layman that such a situation is not devoid of peril; as that the knowledge that England is virtually undefended must seriously exercise and, indeed, hamper the brain of the Navy precisely at a time when it is most in need of freedom of thought and action—action to the point of utter risk and dauntlessness. The Navy would be constantly thinking of England, whereas her sole objective ought to be the Enemy's fleet. She would be tied to the shores, as an Army is held up for water. A ruse, a scare (such as Admiral Rozhdestvensky's quixotic misreading of a fleet of trawlers), a fog, an intercepted wireless feint, and our Navy might come steaming back to ward off this or that bogey invading force, and leave the real offensive, letting it retreat, escape, and even attack.

There can be no question as to who was right or who was wrong in the alleged "Cabinet crisis." Our duty manifestly was to help France, if called upon; to send over an Army, if required, to fulfil our part in the compact. Had we, at the first tocsin of danger, shirked our military responsibilities towards France and thrown her "down" it would have been an act of perfidy unworthy of Englishmen. We held to our bond. Of course we did. Indecision on our side might well—would in all probability—have precipitated war. Germany would never have pushed in at Agadir, had she not (as she always does, by the way) entirely misunderstood English domestic politics; had she not thought that the battle of the Die Hards was a kind of '48 business hamstringing the initiative of England. It was our decision, in point of fact, that brought Germany to face the facts truthfully. It was our action—not our inaction—that saved Europe last summer from war.

Militarily, then, what is the moral? Obviously this. We, as the allies of France and so pledged to support her by land and sea, are only water allies. Militarily, we are not an efficient ally. We can only send an Army corps to help France. We can only send that Army corps by depleting our shores of troops and so automatically hampering the Navy. We can do practically nothing to help push home a victory on the Continent; practically nothing to influence the mass legions of trained continental armies—we can only provide a subsidiary fighting arm, a force to hold frontiers with, and that only at the expense of exposing the country to the by no means unrealisable dangers of sudden and sporadic invasions.

That was the meaning of the alleged Cabinet crisis. It is also the meaning of the new idea of a Naval General Staff. And now, from the military, let us turn to the political side of the matter. There is no need to recapitulate the German-Moroccan policy, which, as Germans themselves admit, has now foundered at Agadir. It leaves a gaping wound. Once more we are represented in Germany as the arch enemy of German progress and ambition, and once again the bar to the realisation of her oversea policy. Let us admit honestly that it is so. Without the British Navy, Germany would have fought France long ago about Morocco, and probably would now be in possession of the whole Mediterranean littoral from Tangier to Derma. We stopped her at Algeciras. We stopped her at Agadir. Let us be absolutely frank. We stopped her, indirectly no doubt but still effectively, from obtaining those very prizes in Tripoli that the Italians are now fighting for.

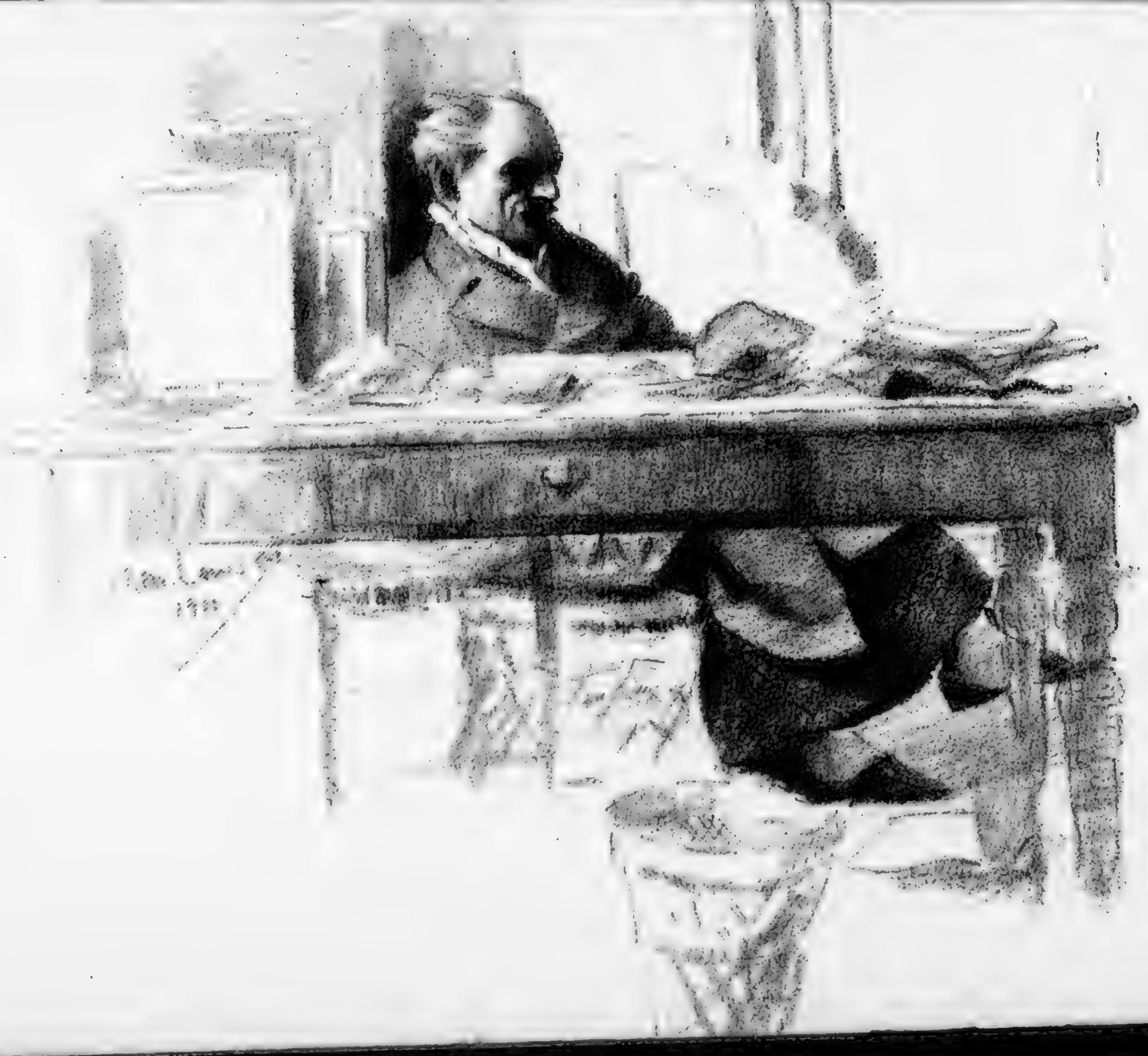
Men and peoples always pay, as much for the sins of commission as of omission. Four times now we have been instrumental (to speak euphemistically) in helping France to keep what is hers and in keeping Germany from helping herself to what is not hers. To tell the blunt truth, Agadir and Tripoli constitute a *blamage* such as the Germans will never forget. Germany was ready to abandon Morocco to France in exchange for Tripoli (from Turkey), some ports on the Mediterranean, vitally important to her in view of the growing Austrian Navy. She has lost both. The foot of her own Alliance has given her the "boot," and she has not got a leg to stand upon. That is the situation confronting European solution to-day. And Germany, for the first time, has a real grievance against us—the grievance of superior power in ships and guns.

No matter what theorists may say about the mirage of the map, German policy does concern the map of Europe—boundaries, ports, mines, and other such-like commercial things; and it would be madness to deny it. And the position is that France, who has a dwindling population, has largely increased her Colonial Empire, while Germany, who has a rapidly increasing population, the youngest, the most vital on the Continent, has only succeeded in acquiring a hinterland, no port, no mine, no white man's land of habitation, because England with her bull-dog Navy will thwart and throttle the German endeavour. Now Germany is a rising Power, a nation conscious of a future, a people thirsting to attain their "natural" boundaries—the (mirage !) boundaries of Cæsar and Napoleon and the man who made the German Empire. Cæsar's boundaries have vanished—but his roads remain, his spirit remains, his history remains. Napoleon's boundaries have gone—but his France is there, his code is there, his soul is there. Bismarck's work is a reality—but—and here's the rub—there is no Bismarck in modern Germany.

The German answer to Agadir and Tripoli has still to come. It is folly to presume that the Germans will rest content with the Congo, with their exclusion from the African Mediterranean coast, under the stupendous *schlappe* (smack in the eye) dealt to them by the existence of the British Navy which shuts them out from what they deem to be their heritage of the earth. They won't. Sooner or later another policy will be initiated, they will build ships, more ships, enough ships to face the issue of Naval supremacy, to fight for what they cannot get by diplomatic subtlety and stratagem. It is not exactly a quieting consideration. Yet such is the question before Europe. It resolves itself into the question of the relations between England and Germany, which resolves itself into the equation of the two Navies.

To talk of peace in the face of these facts is twaddle. It was a hot summer, yet Europe never experienced one so quick with crises and alarums. From July to the end of September war might have broken out at any moment, and now because war did not break out and we were instrumental in preventing it, the Germans look upon us as the great enemy to be faced in the trial for supremacy that has to come. Now men are growing somewhat tired of these perpetual war scares and intrigues. Looking at the matter coolly and sanely we find there is no real cause for the trouble between Germany and ourselves—the sole reason is this thirsting of Germany for expansion and our bull-dog attitude on the main.

Maurice Hewlett, by J. Kerr Lawson



UofM

THE NEW POSITION

The time has come when we should carefully consider not only our policy towards Germany in Europe but the new situation that has arisen. We have to bear in mind that Germany has now a legitimate cause for complaint against us, which will be enhanced the moment the respective values of the Moroccan deal come to be weighed up on their true political and economic merits. We have now incurred the serious enmity of the German people. In the future it will be useless to indulge in gush and humanitarian argumentation about the relations between England and Germany: the injury has been done, it will not be forgotten, the German nation will not rest until it has received compensation.

The question arises: how can we blow this German rivalry business into limbo? And the answer is threefold. (1) We can continue the Alliance with France, preparing and prepared at any moment to fight Germany—on the lines of the policy we have been pledged to since the inauguration of the *entente* and that we are now pursuing. (2) We can screw our courage to the sticky place and say to Germany: "Look here, we cannot afford to go on increasing our Naval Budgets at this rate. You must stop building this anti-English Navy of yours, because if you don't, by Jingo, we don't want to fight but we shall have to if it goes on growing," and make up our minds to serve Germany with an ultimatum and sink her entire fleet if she returns a negative answer. (3) We can return to our former position of isolation and see whether we cannot secure some rational prospects of peace by making a deal with Germany and so dispose of the cause of this European vexation, as the policy that governs it.

Take the three alternatives one by one, beginning with the second, which is that of prompt and fierce action, and it must be confessed that there is much to be said for it. We could, an' we would—annihilate the German Navy, ruin her oversea trade, paralyse her transmaritime power, reduce her to a purely inland Power. It would be brutal, of course. It would be Bismarckian. But it would be effective. It would put back Germany for half a century. Our Navy would issue, and be able to remain, supreme for decades with a far smaller Budget than we now have. The question is—and here we have to consider economics, the market of England and Germany—would it be a cheap victory? On the other hand, we have to consider this: Will not the growing burden on the taxpayers ultimately and even soon create such a public opinion in the country that war will come about "of itself," as the servants say when they break a plate? And if that is so, would it not be wiser to fight when we are sure of winning and get it over as quickly as possible, and so start the era of European peace? And again, would it be worth while risking an ultimatum to Germany, calling upon her to stop her feverish Naval programmes on the chance that she would give in and stop? And finally we have to consider whether we can afford to allow her Fleet to grow so strong that a challenge might—even conceivably—entail disaster.

So much for the second alternative which probably is the right thing for us to do, but is in the highest degree improbable. Disraeli might have done it. To-day one can hardly see the statesman who could undertake it. We come to No. 1, to the policy we are now embarked upon of a military alliance with France, ranged against the Teutonic fervour of the now disjointed Triple Alliance, since the secession of Italy is inevitable. It is the policy of armed spheres of interest, of nations allied for the purposes of offence and defence presupposing and continuing a jaundiced condition of jealousy and unrest, intrigue and hatred, with all their attendant evils of bloated armaments, outrageous military expenditure, friction and economic disturbance—which we call our modern civilisation. That it will so continue is a certainty. Here we must consider interests. It is the sporting question: who one goes out tiger-hunting with.

Our interest to France has been proved and needs no insistence. We have enabled France to secure Morocco. We have kept Germany from establishing a military basis on the flank of her Algerian Army. We have restored France to the position of a first-class World-Power holding the Gate of the Mediterranean and some of the finest colonising soil in Europe. Now what is the interest of France to us, given the situation of international discord that has arisen from it and will continue to exist as long as the *entente* remains a fact? What—quite plainly put—have we obtained by our loyalty to France at the price of Germany's hostility? The answer is not so easy. Materially, not much certainly. And indirectly? It is difficult to estimate. Unquestionably we provide more than we receive. We are the payers in the bargain.

War between ourselves and Germany would give us the help of the French Navy. We must remember that. If we had no such Alliance we should have still further to strengthen our Naval arm. On the other hand, the *entente* is the condition of European rivalry and danger. To go on as we are doing must, it would seem, end some day in collision, in a war such as the world has never seen, a war of utter carnage and spoliation. Yet there would appear but one other alternative, and that is to return to our attitude of splendid isolation on the basis of a kind of free pass to German machination.

There is much to be said for splendid isolation, much in the healthy interests of England and Europe. The question is: What would happen if England, now that she has loyally stood by France, were to denounce the treaty of *entente* as no longer desirable or useful, and return to her solitude of the pre-Edwardian era? Would it conduce to the peace of Europe? Almost of a certainty not. If England were to say to Germany to-morrow, "we give you right, go take what you please," *Donnerwetter!* before nightfall the flags would be out in the Linden and all Germany would be agog. The house that has been built up is very strong; but we are the foundation of it. Take away our ships and what is left? The question that arises very seriously is whether we can now leave the *entente*, even if we desired to; whether our defection would not automatically bring about the disturbance we have averted; whether by retiring ourselves into peace we should not plunge France and Europe into war.

These things we must consider purely egoistically and shape our course accordingly. Unquestionably we could make friends with Germany any moment by giving her *carte blanche* to act—seize or conquer what she pleased—but would that do us any good? The answer is the German Naval Law. No treaty, pact, agreement, or diplomatic contrivance can stop the rise of the German Navy, which will continue to grow as the law of the land, whether we are friendly or hostile to her. That is the crux of the whole situation. Very soon now we shall know whether there is to be an additional programme—in any case we cannot alter it, or expect Germany to alter it. It is the policy of power, Germany's bid for European supremacy, inexorable by the law. In all our dealings with Germany we must remember that. But would it benefit us to secure German neutrality by the grant of a special licence for territorial aggrandisement ? That is what we have to consider, for what Germany wants and must sooner or later obtain is earth, and what we have to command is the sea.

One thing does seem only reasonable, and it is that if we are to continue as the ally of France we ought to see to it that we possess an Army able to support her with at least some 250,000 trained men. The cards are all on the table. Germany with Austria faces Europe as a foiled Giant. She has seen the *entente* used offensively against her. She knows therefore what to expect. So may we. Continuation of the *entente* postulates an era of negative militarism in Europe of which the natural corollary is conscription. If we decide to go tiger-hunting with France we should have conscription, and, in turn, we should insist upon a large increase in the French Navy. Force will then meet force, and the greater will prevail. It is Germany's own argument. It is at least a policy she will understand, and it will be better than the persistent war scares of these recent years, due mostly to misunderstanding and the antiquated woodenness of a diplomacy which thinks in maps and paper boundaries.

If, however, we cannot gather heart to ask Germany firmly and politely to stop her shipbuilding race and face the consequences of refusal; if, secondly, we cannot bring ourselves to introduce compulsory service in this country and prepare ourselves to check the progress of German expansion by force of arms with the aid of France and whatever other allies we can obtain, then we might do well to consider the return to our old policy of isolation supported by a Navy of such overwhelming superiority as to render all likelihood of attack by Germany and any allied Powers hopeless and impossible. If civilisation has any meaning at all, surely something ought to be done, and done before the next move of Germany throws Europe into panic and consternation.

The difficulty of the problem is the obsolete machinery of diplomacy with its secrecy, permanent officialdom, and red-tape ineptitude to grasp new conditions and exigencies. Five English and German business men together would probably settle the whole pother of German colonies and ships in a day's sitting, but diplomacy can do nothing. It can do nothing because the servants of diplomacy are the dupes of a system playing all the while with unrealities on rigid hard and fast methods, entirely out of touch with the thought and movements of the day, with what men really think and want, governed by old-fashioned formulae and principles that are as often as not illusionary. What really is required is plain speaking. The secrecy of feudal diplomacy is a nuisance to-day and a danger no longer tolerable by democracy. The thing now is to ask Germany point blank what she wants—what ports, what land, and then to see whether and how we can help her to them. It is the greatest mistake in the world, militarily, to prevent Germany from establishing Naval bases. Give Germany a port in Morocco, one in Tripoli, one in the Persian Gulf, etc., and the striking power of her Navy, concentrated as it is in Home waters, would be weakened proportionately. Decentralisation would be all against her in the event of war with us. The larger the area of German Naval defence the more vulnerable, the weaker her sea-power is. It is strange our Admiralty have not counselled this simple and obvious policy for weakening German sea-power. But that is the business view of the matter, and, without all question, the true strategic one.

What it is as well for us to realise is this : We have baulked and humiliated Germany ; we are in her way ; we are the sole bar to her expansion, because we alone can stop it. That is a condition of latent warfare which, sooner or later, must find a solution. The question up against the statesmen (if there are any) of both countries is to try honestly to find that basis of *do ut des* that will provide a peaceful one.

The Railway Commission—and After

By Rowland Kenney

(Ex-Railwayman)

THE two principal objections of railwaymen to the findings of the Royal Commission appointed to investigate and report on the working of the railway conciliation scheme of 1907 are, that recognition is not conceded, and that on one or two points the present suggested amendments to the 1907 scheme are a step backward.

With reference to the negotiations preliminary to the bringing of business before Conciliation Boards, the proposed new scheme suggests that if any section of employees, having a common interest, wish to bring to the notice of the company a matter affecting their rates of wages, hours of labour, or condition of service, or any question affecting their contractual relation with the company, they shall present a petition signed by at least 25 per cent. of their number—the company to receive a deputation from the men and give a reply to the petitioners within twenty-eight days of its reception.

In the 1907 scheme it was provided that the usual procedure should be adopted, that is, if the "usual procedure" had been by petitions then that system should be continued. But it was found on investigation that only in connection with a very small percentage of cases had petitioning been customary, and in those cases the Board of Trade arranged that only 10 per cent. of men affected would be required to sign. The men naturally ask: Why should, in an improved scheme, the number be raised from 10 to 25 per cent.?

Strong exception is also taken to the suggestion that in the event of the company proposing to reduce the rates of wages, or increase the hours of labour, or otherwise alter the conditions of service of a class of employees, notice of the proposals are to be given in writing to the Secretaries of the Conciliation Boards—such notice to specify a period, not less than twenty-eight days, within which objections to the proposals must be made.

Therefore, if 25 per cent. of the men affected by the company's proposal do not signify their unwillingness to accept by signing a petition to have the matter submitted to the Conciliation Boards, then the company's proposal automatically operates.

The impracticability of this mode of procedure is apparent if we take the case of the permanent way sections, bodies of men distributed in small numbers throughout the whole of the systems. There is the Great Western Railway, for example, with its main lines from Paddington to Penzance, New Milford and Birkenhead, and other wide ramifications. It would be practically impossible to get the necessary 25 per cent. of signatories to a petition from the Great Western permanent way men. Further than this, to demand these petitions from organised workers is diametrically opposed to the principal of trade unionism and collective bargaining; no other section of industrial workers has to get its claims endorsed in this way after they have been formulated by the men's accredited representatives.

But, from many points of view, the worst thing of all in the report is the concluding paragraph. Here it is:—

> The public regards its railway system with pride and confidence. That system has been built upon great traditions and high ideals, and it is the privilege of every railwayman in the kingdom, of every class and grade, to participate in and to contribute towards the great trust with which he has been invested. We think we express the general opinion when we say, that if railway men will only place the call of duty above and before every other consideration, they may confidently rely upon the British public to support them in any fair claim fairly put.

And two of the five men who have appended their signatures to that statement are Arthur Henderson, M.P., and John Burnett, representatives of Labour!

"The public regards its railway system . . ." *Its* railway system! "That system has been built upon great traditions and high ideals. . . ." Really? That system has been built upon extortionate rates and fares, and lawyers' fees and exorbitant prices paid to landlords over whose land the railways run; it has been built upon the flesh and blood, the lives and limbs of thousands of shunters and brakesmen and others engaged in the manipulation of traffic; upon sweated labour, starvation wages and tyranny; and what is more, railway men now know these things. They know that in 1910 the British railway companies received £123,925,565 from the British public; that out of that sum only £76,569,678 was paid out in salaries and wages, for materials, and for every kind of charge and expense, and that the British railways made a net profit of £47,355,899. They have also learned that the reason why the companies can only pay an average 3.5 per cent. dividend is that nearly £200,000,000 of the £1,318,515,417 nominal capital of the British railways is what our financial friends call "water," created by calling £100 worth of stock £200 worth or more. To quote an example given by Mr. L. G. Chiozza Money, M.P. :—

> That inefficient, dangerous and dirty affair known as the Taff Vale railway was at one time paying dividends of about 15 or 16 per cent. It obtained the permission of Parliament to call each £100 of stock £250. The rate of interest was thus reduced at a stroke to a moderate figure. Nearly all the big companies have performed a similar conjuring trick with the assistance of the House of Commons.

When we have subtracted the £200,000,000 of "water," the remainder of British railway capital—just over £1,000,000,000—does not represent money actually spent on material used in the construction of the railway. The cost of construction was comparatively small. The rest of the money disappeared in such things as extortions from landlords; cost of promoting or fighting competitive railway bills through Parliament—this alone in some cases amounted to £8,000 a mile; sham lines built, not for use, but in order to compel more economic lines to buy them out; unnecessary competitive lines, running costs improperly paid out of capital, and promoters' profits.

And these are the great traditions and high ideals of British railway companies! A shunter with no higher ideals would be hounded out of his cabin; his mates would ask the police to keep a special eye on him, and his job would be given to a more honest, if less competent, man.

"The privilege of every railwayman . . . to participate in . . . the great trust . . ." But he must not, to any appreciable extent, participate in the profits accruing to the railway companies. "If railwaymen will only place the call of duty above and before every other consideration, they may confidently rely upon the British public to support them in any fair claim fairly put." Railwaymen need no reminders about the call of duty. Many of them continually risk their lives in the interest of the travelling public. They are exposed to hundreds of dangers which would make any outsider gasp with fright.

According to the Board of Trade report for last year, the number of railwaymen who laid down their lives in the execution of their duty was 420, and the number injured was 25,137. In 1898, one in forty-six railway servants connected with the movements of trains and railway vehicles was injured; in 1910, the number had increased to one in twenty-two.

In his recently published book, *Mammon's Victims* (Daniel, *6d.*), Mr. T. L. Brockelbank points out that during four years, 1907 to 1910 inclusive, there were 12,500 shunting accidents on railways and private sidings, and that 45 per cent. of these occurred under the two most risky operations—coupling and uncoupling vehicles, and braking, spragging, and chocking wheels—both of which can be made comparatively safe by the adoption of safety appliances. He also quotes the words of a railway engineer with whom he, in January, 1909, discussed the question of automatic couplings in all its bearings :—

> We do not consider, or rather it would be better to say I do not consider, that one hundred men's deaths for lack of safety appliances is practically of any account in the working of railways where large financial expenditure is required to reduce them ; it is but the necessary result of railway working. Of course (he added), were the railway companies to give expression to such an opinion, there would be a howl of public indignation at this view of the subject.

Another statement quoted by Mr. Brockelbank and made previous to the passing of the Workmen's Compensation Act in 1897 by a chairman of a large railway company, with reference to the adoption of safety appliances, was equally emphatic. "We are simple folk here, we think only of our dividends ; it is cheaper to find mangles for widows."

Money for blackleg labour and for spying, prying officials can be poured out like water, but when it comes to spending money on safeguards or lightening the labour of the men engaged in the most dangerous operations, the cry of excessive expenditure is always raised. If the officials were not so busily engaged in reducing the wages bill, they would have time to notice possibilities of economising in other directions.

I once worked at a station where the criminal way in which men were exposed to danger was a crying scandal ; trains were delayed, men worked overtime and were robbed of ten or fifteen minutes of their mealtimes, and accidents to both workers and rolling stock were woefully common. The real trouble was that the rail space in the yard was not enough for the traffic. The company should have economised by laying down two extra pairs of rails—there was plenty of room—instead of continually endangering lives and property, but it would have meant an initial outlay of a thousand pounds or so, and consequently the idea was never entertained. It must be admitted that the men themselves did little or nothing to get improvements made. They took narrow escapes as part of the day's work ; but at bottom they were conscious of the injustice, and bitterly, if secretly, resented it.

Railwaymen's first duty is to themselves and their families, and it may well be that the call of duty is a call to refuse to work until there is some tangible sign from their employers that their work is appreciated at its real value. As to confidently relying upon the great British public—frankly, railwaymen can only rely upon the public to move, either for or against them, when the public has been severely kicked.

So much for that precious paragraph. As to the vexed question of whether the men's leaders agreed to accept the findings of the Commission, it is futile to discuss it. They say they did not. Questions in Parliament have elicited no satisfactory proof that they did, and in any case they can, and do, quote Mr. Lloyd George's statement of August 17th, that the Government did not intend to lure out of the men's hands the great weapon of striking, but to arrive at a decision in such a way that if not satisfied by the recommendations—and they were not to be bound by the recommendations—they could still fall back upon the powerful weapon in their hands.

That statement coming from a responsible minister, who was instrumental in arranging the truce between masters and men, clinches the matter, and if the men's leaders call another strike they will be well within their rights. Anyway, the Executives of the four railwaymen's unions decided, after a long discussion, to take a ballot of the members of their respective unions as to whether they were prepared to accept the findings of the Royal Commission, and if not, were they prepared to withdraw their labour in favour of recognition of the trade unions and a program for all railwaymen to be agreed upon by the members of the joint committee. The ballot-papers are to be in by December 5th, and the count will probably be announced a week later. What the result of the ballot will be no one can pretend to know, but it is expected that a vast majority of the voters will be in favour of a strike. I say "of the voters" advisedly, for many of the men are absolutely against a ballot and refuse to vote on the ground that a strike should have been called immediately the Commissioners' report was issued.

The recent concessions of the companies may influence a small number of the men against voting for any extreme measures. But the vast majority realise that the extra wages were only conceded after a strenuous fight in which they were faced by the united forces of the companies and the military powers of the Government, and when the companies had been given an assurance that legislation would be proposed justifying a general increase of railway charges. It may be said that the action of the Government in no way helped the companies, but the men themselves think differently. The readiness with which troops were supplied, and the threat that the Government would use all the civil and military forces at its disposal to see that the commerce of the country was not interfered with, has left suspicions in the minds of the men which will not be easily removed.

Added to this resentment against the past action of the Government is the present objection to the permanent volunteer reserve of special constables now being enrolled in accordance with the circular issued by Mr. Churchill before he left the Home Office. That these special constables are being organised in anticipation of other troubles between railway and mining magnates and their employees is not doubted in the labour world, especially as the railway companies' officials are also busily engaged in swearing in special constables on their own account. Most of the members of this new line of defence—or offence—are army reservists, and one of the largest companies in the kingdom has been so anxious to organise this previously unknown grade that they are calling up men to pass the necessary examinations before the men have actually left the army. It would seem as if every power that can be employed to aggravate and incense one of the most temperate and trustworthy sections of workers is to be used. Their manhood is to be crushed out of them; they are to be made into slaves in the name of discipline and good railway management.

A nation that really respected manhood would have rejoiced that the railway porters should have at last asserted their right to a decent livelihood. For the porters who joined in the agitation have discovered that a regular living wage, which they have always earned but never received, and for which they are now prepared to fight, is preferable to an income—perhaps greater but uncertain—part of which is made up of tips thrown to them by a multitude of masters to whom they must make the sign of the slave for every copper fraction of it. But no, the public prefers that the porters should go on cap-touching, and never realises that the giver of a tip makes himself a more despicable object than the receiver, because the giver is—probably with the best of intentions (those good intentions!)—taking advantage of the porter's economic weakness and helping to perpetuate a system which makes virtual slaves of what might otherwise be a fine self-respecting body of men.

In the October ENGLISH REVIEW I stated that, under present circumstances, all conciliation schemes and arbitration boards are bound to fail—a belief not generally held.

Speaking on the unrest in the labour world at the Lord Mayor's banquet on November 9th, Mr. Asquith said that he did not believe there was one dispute which was not capable of reasonable adjustment, adding that the Executive Government of the day had two clear duties cast upon it: It must exhaust all its available opportunities to provide machinery to facilitate the methods of conciliation, and it must secure, so far as it can, the community at large against the stoppage of supplies and the suspension of the services which are indispensably necessary for the maintenance of its everyday life.

With regard to the first part of Mr. Asquith's statement, the question turns on what is to be understood by "reasonable adjustment." If it means an occasional slight increase in the wage of the porter working sixty hours a week for 17s., then of course all labour disputes are capable of reasonable adjustment. But surely it must be recognised by this time that railwaymen are out for much more than that. They are out for so much indeed, that no adjustment the companies can be expected to make will be considered reasonable by them.

To take the employers' point of view and to leave out of account the financial juggling mentioned in the first part of this article, the average dividend paid on British railways is 3.5 per cent. The directors cannot, under present conditions, advance wages or decrease the number of working hours to any great extent out of that—and still do their duty to the shareholders, many of whom have bought railway stock at high rates and have had no share in the money that accrued to those who built the railways upon — — the great traditions and high ideals aforementioned.

Of course there are a number of things that could be done to cut down expenses and so leave a larger surplus out of which the men's conditions could be improved. If most of the 1,300 odd railway directors—who receive an average of £500 a year for allowing the general managers to run the railways—could be persuaded to commit business suicide, hundreds of thousands of pounds now wasted on them could be saved. Moreover, most of the members of that host of useless officials, who act the part of spies on real workers and perform no useful function whatever, could be dispensed with. It is not an unusual thing for a passenger train to carry two or more officials whose duty it is to note delays or any other little things that can be used as reasons for reporting the men actually engaged in working the train. But we know beforehand that it is useless to hope for economies of that kind.

As for the second part of Mr. Asquith's statement, the Government may not have, as yet, exhausted all its opportunities of providing machinery to facilitate methods of conciliation, but when it has done so we shall be no nearer permanent peace in the railway world than we are to-day. The wide difference between the men's demands and the most generous advances that can be expected from the companies make a satisfactory settlement impossible, and to secure the community at large from the stoppage of supplies and the suspension of the railway service, it will be necessary to place railway employees on the same footing as soldiers and other government servants who are not allowed to strike. This was actually suggested to the Railway Commissioners by Sir Charles Owens, Manager of the South-Western Railway, the wisest suggestion put forward from the companies' point of view, but one which no Government is likely to adopt.

When it was pointed out to Sir Charles Owens, however, that if the Government used its powers to protect private interests in that way, the Government would ultimately have to take over the railways, he at once protested that it would not be protecting private interests, but safeguarding the public, and that stoppage of work on the railways injures the public infinitely more than it injures the companies.

It is well that a representative of the companies should have put part of their case so plainly. I will complete it :—

Railways are indispensable to the safety and welfare of the community; but British railways are in the hands of private individuals whose one desire is to extract as much profit out of them as possible, and to do this they are to be allowed to underpay and overwork their servants. The public meanwhile, through Parliament, is to prevent the servants from making any strong effort to better their conditions by keeping them at work at any rate or scale of wages the companies care to impose on them.

Theoretically, such a condition of affairs would be an ideal one for the companies, but in practice it would be intolerable for the men and lead to far greater disasters than a railway strike.

There is only one way out of the difficulty. The British railway system must be unified and not only partly controlled but owned and run by the State, so that out of the enormous sums saved by the elimination of competition and the resultant wasteful expenditure, the employees can be paid a living wage for reasonable hours of labour. The public will then have some justification in regarding "*its* railway system with pride and confidence."

The Copyright Bill

By Charles Tennyson

THE opposition which Mr. Buxton's Copyright Bill encountered in Committee, must have come as something of a shock to its supporters. Copyright is a curious subject. It is one in which almost every member of society is deeply interested, and on which, although for the true comprehension of it expert study is essential, everyone is ready with some pet theory or expedient. The Academic literature on the subject has grown to tremendous proportions and Continental nations (ready as ever to follow the lead of the theorist) have legislated with a boldness which staggers our insular Conservatism, now somewhat unwillingly dragged into the ring of International agreements. There is hardly any domain of law which is of such universal extent and significance as the law of Copyright. The thought of half the globe is now practically interchangeable, and it is no longer possible to confine Copyright, which is the law of property in expressed thought, within national boundaries. But the task of framing an international code acceptable to all parties long proved of insuperable difficulty, and the present Bill, which aims at the adaptation of such a code to our own national prejudices, should be one of the most important and interesting pieces of legislation produced in this country for a generation.

For a proper understanding of the scope and meaning of the new measure some knowledge of the history and theory of Copyright legislation is essential. The word "Copyright" has been used to express two different kinds of legal right. Firstly, the right of the author of any intellectual work, which has not been made accessible to the world by publication, to prevent any other person publishing or making any other use of the work unauthorised by its creator; and, secondly, the exclusive right of the author of a published work to the control and profits of its reproduction. It is to this latter and narrower right that the title is most commonly and most properly applied. The right of the author of an unpublished work is one which may properly be called a "natural right." That is to say it flows naturally from the actual physical control which the author has over his work. He can, in fact, control the use of his work unless he is deprived of the power to do so by some act which must approximate to larceny. When, therefore, he is deprived of this power by some such act it is a short step for the law to intervene and afford him protection, and this it has always done without requiring statutory authority. The right to control reproduction of a published work stands on a different footing.

When once the author has issued his work to the world he loses all "natural" control over it. He may argue (as he has frequently and passionately done) that, if the law allows him to hand his original manuscript to another person on an understanding that that person shall not reproduce the work and enforces the understanding, it should allow him to issue a million copies of his work to a million persons on a like understanding in each case, and enforce the understanding wherever necessary. The step is, however, a long one, and the State only consented to make it at a late stage of social development and as an act of grace.

The law of Copyright in published works is indeed a body of recent growth. No trace of it is to be found until after the invention of printing, and even then the protection afforded by the State was for a long time intended rather for the benefit of the industry than for that of the author. As early as the middle of the 15th century exclusive licences began to be granted to printers to print particular works (sometimes the printer's own composition), but it was rather to the printer than to the author that the protection was afforded. Gradually State control took a different form and became principally censorial. The State or Royal Licence was made a weapon for the restraint of the liberty of the press and the claim of the author withdrew still further into the background. In our own country this change resulted in the formation (in the reign of Philip and Mary) of the Stationers' Company, to whose hands the control of the entire printing industry was entrusted. The Company was really a Guild of booksellers, and authors had to bring their manuscripts to a member of the Company for printing and publication. That member entered the book in the Company's registers as his "copy," and was thereafter regarded as exclusively entitled to the control and profits of its reproduction for all time. The monopoly of the Stationers was efficiently protected by the Star Chamber, and, on the abolition of that Court in 1641, the Company were not slow in taking steps to secure fresh legislation for the maintenance of their threatened privileges. The ultimate result of their efforts was the first

Copyright Act in the world's history, the famous Statute of 1710 (8 Anne, C. 19) which eventually not only destroyed the Stationers' monopoly altogether, but finally annihilated the claims of both author and publisher to perpetual Copyright. This Act provided that the author (now for the first time explicitly recognised) or his assignees should have the sole right of printing his book for fourteen years from the date of publication, with a further period of protection for fourteen years if the author were alive at the end of the first period, and the rights so granted were protected by the provision of penalties and forfeitures in case of piracy. In spite of this Statute the booksellers, by avoiding any direct decision in the Common Law Courts and proceeding against infringement by means of interlocutory injunctions in Chancery, maintained their claim to perpetual Copyright at Common law until 1774, when the point was raised in the King's Bench and taken to the House of Lords. The judges were summoned and held by a majority of seven to four that the common law right had existed, but also decided (by six to five) that the Statute of Queen Anne had taken it away. The House declared against the Booksellers and the doctrine of Common Law Copyright breathed its last. Since that decision the State has treated Copyright as an artificial right like that of the Patentee, and has been concerned only with the subjects to which protection should be afforded, the period for which and the conditions on which it should be given, and the remedies which should be allowed for its enforcement.

The principle, once recognised, soon began to spread. In 1734 an Act was passed giving fourteen years' protection to workers in the nascent art of engraving by "Mezzo tinto or Chiaro oscuro." This protection was soon found inadequate, and in 1766 a new Act (containing special provisions for the benefit of Jane, the widow of "William Hogarth, late of the City of Westminster, Painter and Graver," some of whose husband's works had passed out of Copyright) extended the term to twenty-five years, and included a portentous catalogue of new subjects. Thirty-two years later statutory protection was for the first time extended to the art of Sculpture. The Sculpture Act was repealed in 1814, and a new Statute was passed giving Copyright for fourteen years from the date of "putting forth or publishing," a strange and ambiguous phrase, but by no means the most perplexing part of the Statute, the opening sentence of which is so involved and obscure as to be wholly unintelligible. Meanwhile the Act of Queen Anne had been twice amended in

1810 and 1814, and in 1833 the legislature first recognised the "performing right" in plays, protecting it for a period of twenty-five years from the date of first publication and for the rest of the author's life if he should survive that period. In 1835 the lecturer came within the beneficent purview of the legislator, and an Act was passed making it illegal to copy and publish any lecture when the lecturer should have given notice two days before its delivery to two Justices of the Peace living within five miles of the place of delivery. Seven years later was passed the Act of 1842, which repealed the Statute of Anne and has remained the basis of our law of literary Copyright till the present time. The Act also brought musical compositions within the provisions of the Dramatic Copyright Act, and extended the term of protection granted by the earlier Acts (both literary and dramatic) to the life of the author and seven years after his death, or forty-two years from the date of the first publication (or performance), whichever period might be the longer. Ten years later another defect was remedied and a section pitchforked into the International Copyright Act 1852 extended the benefit of the Engravings Act to lithographs and other processes whereby prints or impressions are capable of indefinite multiplication. The next and last important step in domestic Copyright legislation was taken in 1862, when the art of painting was for the first time accorded protection after a delay eloquent of the haphazard manner in which our Copyright system has come into being. The Act included photographs upon the same terms as paintings and drawings, not because they have the same character or requirements (photography is obviously far more allied to engraving), but because they, too, were still unprotected.

Subsequent Copyright legislation has dealt entirely with the protection of musical works. Two Acts of 1882 and 1888 have a curious and entertaining history. The combined effect of the Dramatic Copyright Act and the Act of 1842 was to compel the Court to award the owner of the performing right in any musical composition not less than £2 damages and double costs of suit against every person who took part in or directed any unauthorised performance of the composition. Certain ingenious speculators in human frailty made a practice of buying up the performing right in songs and choral works which they had not the least intention of dealing with themselves, simply with the object of suing for the statutory penalties and costs. For a year or two they reaped a rich harvest from country choirs and girls' schools: then the thing became a scandal, and the legislature intervened, and by the joint operation of the two Acts above-mentioned put both damages and costs in the discretion of the Court. The first of the two Statutes which made this salutary amendment also provided, for the better protection of the public, that the owner of the performing right in any musical composition who wished to take advantage of the Statutory protection must cause to be printed on the title-page of every copy published a notice to the effect that the right of public performance was reserved.

Two later Acts dealing with musical compositions may also be mentioned: those of 1902 and 1906, both of which provide summary remedies for the infringement of Copyright in such compositions by the hawkers of street music who have recently become so common in the streets of our large towns. This form of protection is peculiar to the musical Copyright owner. While our legislature had been thus busily involving the objects of its benevolence in a tangle of complication and obscurity, foreign countries had not been idle. England's lead was not followed for some time, for it was not till 1791 that the first Continental Statute on the subject was passed. In that year France (the Temple of the drama) brought into being the first Statute giving protection to the performing right in plays. Two years later, in the throes of the Revolution, she found time to pass a law giving the literary author protection for his life and ten years.

Before 1870 all the European nations had passed protective codes, showing greater uniformity than the haphazard efforts of Great Britain, and displaying also a general similarity with each other which made practicable the extension by Treaty of Copyright protection to works first produced or published outside State boundaries. In this country International Acts of 1844 and 1852 gave the Crown power to make such extensions, and the Act of 1852 also gave authors, for the first time, protection against unauthorised translation. To secure the benefit of this protection the author had to print on the title page of his work a notice reserving the right of translation, to register and deposit a copy of the work at Stationers' Hall within three months of publication, and to issue a full translation within one year of deposit and registration.

The first step towards an international Copyright Union was taken by the Berne Convention of 1886, which was immediately signed by Great Britain, Germany, Belgium, Spain, France, Haiti, Italy, Switzerland, and the Bey of Tunis. This Convention was amended by the additional Act of Paris in 1896, the result of the amended Convention being to enable authors belonging to any of the countries of the Union to enjoy in the other countries the rights which the respective laws granted to nationals. In Great Britain an International Copyright Act was passed in 1886, and an order in Council made in the following year, to give effect to the Convention. Among other incidental provisions was one extending the period within which the authorised translation had to be made to ten years. There was, however, as yet no attempt to secure any uniformity in the municipal laws of the different countries.

The international situation now began to develop rapidly, and in 1908 the Berne Convention was revised at Berlin by practically all the important nations of the world except Russia and the United States.

This revised Convention aimed at enforcing general similarity in the municipal codes of all signatories; it became absolutely necessary, therefore, if Great Britain was to remain a member of the Union, that there should be both a domestic and an imperial reconstruction. The Colonial Question has long been a thorn in the side of the British legislature; all the important dominions have power to pass Copyright legislation of their own, and most of them have done so on characteristically independent lines, so that within the British Empire there is almost as great a diversity of legislation as in the civilised world at large. Moreover, the Colonies (with their sparse populations and absence of circulating libraries) have always stood out for cheap literature; Canada, whose proximity to the United States has facilitated the importation of pirated editions, having been the source of difficulties which it would be beyond the scope of this article to describe in detail.

The Bill which was to carry out these important functions was carefully prepared. A Board of Trade Committee under Lord Gorell and a Conference of Colonial representatives considered and (in the main) approved the contents of the Convention. The Government then set about the task of domestic revision, a task which, in spite of an elaborate report of a Royal Commission of 1878, had never yet been successfully attempted. Indeed, the law was in so parlous a condition that any attempt at codification set all interests by the ears.

Copyright legislation falls naturally into the following main divisions;

1. The subjects of Copyright.
2. The formalities to be observed before protection can be obtained.
3. The period of protection.
4. The way in which the right can be assigned.
5. Infringements and remedies.

It will be seen from the above analysis of the Statutes that the list of protected arts is not by any means exhaustive. Architecture is, for instance, not a subject of Copyright, nor are the piano player rolls or phonograph records which have become so important a branch of industry in the last few years, though the composition of these often requires the exercise of considerable musical skill of an original character.

Turning to the formalities which have to be observed before protection can be obtained, we become at once involved in a medley of inconsistencies. A book must be registered at Stationers' Hall at some time before action is brought for infringement of Copyright, but so long as this condition is complied with the right of action will extend to infringements committed before the date of registration, so that, as far as notice to the public of claims to Copyright is concerned, the provision is utterly valueless. The ridiculous requirement as to notice to two Justices of the Peace by an intending lecturer has already been referred to. Provision is made for registration of dramatic and musical works, but for the purpose of securing protection for dramatic works it does not matter whether the provisions are complied with or not. Musical works are, however, subject to the obligation as to the imposition of notice reserving performing right. The Engravings Acts require as a condition precedent to protection that the date of first publication and the name of "the proprietor" should be truly engraved on every plate and printed on every print. It seems doubtful whether the name of the proprietor has to be changed with every change in the ownership of the Copyright. The Sculpture Act is similar, but only mentions the proprietor's name and "the date," without specifying what date, so that it would appear to be an open question whether the date of first publication or the date of the making of the work is intended. There is nothing said in either case as to registration. The Fine Arts Act imposes a harder condition on the author, who must register at Stationers' Hall, and can obtain no protection in respect of infringements committed before the date of registration.

The periods of protection accorded to the different arts show the greatest diversity and give rise to great inconvenience. For books the term is forty-two years from the date of first publication, or the life of the author and seven years after his death, whichever period is the longer. The period of protection given to the author of a dramatic or musical work once publicly performed is the same as that given to the literary author. The engraver has Copyright only for twenty-eight years from the date of publication, the sculptor for fourteen, with a further term of fourteen if he is still alive and retains the Copyright at the end of the first term. The author of a painting, drawing, or photograph gets protection during his life and seven years after, without any alternative period.

With regard to this branch of the subject, any period running from the date of first publication is extremely inconvenient. It is often, even in the case of a book, difficult to say when first publication takes place. There is no authority as to what is publication of an engraving, but the date of "First putting forth or publishing" of a work of sculpture seems to mean the time at which the eye of the public is first allowed to rest upon the work, as *e.g.*, at a public exhibition. In the case of books the policy of dating from first publication is a most mischievous one, for it often results in the earlier and less correct editions of a work becoming public property, while the later and complete revisions are still Copyright. In this way unscrupulous publishers have been enabled to practise a legal fraud on the public, and it is recorded that so astute a student as Herbert Spencer was once deluded into buying a reprint of an early edition of Hallam's *Middle Ages* in the belief that it represented the final and authorised form of the work. In the same way different parts of an author's work fall into the public domain at different times, and the aspirant to culture may be thus again deluded by false advertisements of Tennyson's or Browning's "Works."

The methods for assigning Copyright in the different branches of protected arts show no greater uniformity. The assignment of Copyright in a book or performing right in a play must be by writing, but requires neither signature, seal, nor witness. There are no express provisions dealing with assignment of rights in engravings, and no special form is therefore necessary. Copyright in a work of sculpture must, on the other hand, be under seal, and that in a work of fine art or photograph must be by a memorandum in writing signed by the proprietor or his authorised agent, except on the first sale of the work, when the right passes with the picture unless expressly excepted. It may be added that it is doubtful how far a partial assignment of Copyright is possible.

The law as to infringements is in an equally unsatisfactory state. To begin with, it may be noted that the general policy of the law is to treat as an infringement nothing but another work in the same category as the work which is seeking protection. An architect's plans are therefore not infringed by the erection of a building from them, nor is a composer's Copyright infringed by the adaptation of his score to a piano player or phonograph, the records of which are not designed to be read. Nor, it would appear, is a photograph of a work of sculpture or engraving actionable; though it seems that the wording of the Fine Arts Act puts a painting, drawing, or photograph in a different position in this respect. Even here, however, reproduction by means of statuary or *tableaux vivants* would probably be no wrong. In the same way the novelist has no remedy against anyone who turns his novel into a play, nor the playwright against the novelist who does him the contrary disservice. Translation, too, is (apart from the International Acts) no injury, and the illegality of abridgments is doubtful. In this respect the law is more or less uniform. In the machinery of protection there is, however, much variation. Each subject has its own provisions of remedies, and this inevitably leads to confusion; while some of the provisions are, in addition, very complicated.

The period of limitation within which actions must be brought is different in almost every case, ranging from three months to six years. On the question of costs, too, there is some divergence. The ordinary rule is of course that, whatever the issue of the litigation, costs may be awarded to either party at the discretion of the Court. In the cases of dramatic performing right, engravings and sculpture, it seems that the Statutes compel the Courts to give a successful plaintiff his costs of suit. Here, too, may be noted an exception from the general rule as to ownership of Copyright—including, of course, the right to sue for infringement. The Act of 1842 contains an elaborate provision which probably has the effect of vesting Copyright in the whole of any Encyclopædia, periodical, or composite work in the proprietor or organiser in all cases where money passes and a special reservation is not made. In the case of periodicals, however, the proprietor cannot publish the separate contributions separately, and the right to separate reproduction reverts to the contributor twenty-eight years after first publication for the remainder of the copyright term.

Enough has been said to show how urgent was the need for the consolidation and amendment of our existing law. Let us now see how the new Bill proposes to carry out these laudable objects. In the first place, the legislature has abolished the distinction between common law and statutory Copyright, so that from henceforward the author's whole protection, whether his work be published or not, must be found within the four corners of the Act, and the last traces of a perpetual right vanish from our system. In the next place the same period of protection (the life of the author and fifty years after his death) is afforded to all works published or unpublished, with the exception of joint and posthumous works, phonograph records, perforated rolls, etc., and photographs. The result of this is to sweep away at once all the old difficulties which were occasioned by the necessity of ascertaining the date of first publication, and the mischief which often resulted from taking that date as the starting point of the protective period. The new term is also that which is accepted by the majority of European nations, though Germany with life and thirty years, is an important exception. Unfortunately democratic feeling proved unable to swallow the whole period without making some provision for the supposed benefit of the public. The same difficulty had been felt by the legislature when the Act of 1842 was passed, and a clause was inserted in it enabling the Privy Council, on complaint being made that a book was unreasonably withheld from the public by the proprietor of the Copyright, to grant a licence for publication to the complainant. This prudent provision has never yet been brought into action; none the less the new Bill repeats it and contains a still stronger precautionary measure. For the term of fifty years which follows the death of the author is divided into two halves, during the second of which any person is allowed to reproduce a Copyright work on payment to the author's representatives of a royalty of 10 per cent. on the price at which the work is published. A somewhat similar system was a good deal discussed both here and in America in the 'seventies in reference to literary Copyright. In this country the scheme was the bantling of the Board of Trade, but the proposal then was to make the general right of reproduction arise very soon (say three years) after the publication of the book, which was of course a very different matter. Evidence as to the proposal was given before the 1878 Commission and the arguments of Mr. Herbert Spencer were thought to have completely demolished it. In America the idea was mooted as a solution of the international Copyright difficulty, and there, too, it met with little support, failing to please either party to the controversy. The scheme, even in the comparatively mild form in which this Bill introduces it, is open to plenty of criticism. The 10 per cent. royalty is a very rough and ready compromise, and it is quite possible that to burden the publisher with this payment, without any protection from competition, will end by raising prices, and may result in some cases in putting a stop to cheap editions altogether, for publishers have often stated that experimental cheap editions become an impossibility if, directly the organiser of the original enterprise has advertised his venture into a prospect of success, rival adventurers are able to cut in and divide the profits. The more obvious criticism arises on the question of administration. It is on administration that a scheme of this kind must depend for its success. One cannot help feeling considerable doubt how far the collection of royalties will prove practicable, and the Bill gives no indication of the administrative policy which is proposed, for it leaves the entire regulation of this part of the scheme to the Board of Trade. Something might perhaps be learned from the working of the only scheme of the kind now in existence, that established under the Italian law, which allows protection for eighty years after the author's death, the last forty years being subject to similar rights of general reproduction on royalty. There are, however, as far as the writer knows, no Italian statistics available.

The Bill, it may be added, makes it impossible for the author to alienate (otherwise than by Will) his prospective rights during the last twenty-five years of the period.

As to the exceptions from the general period of protection already alluded to, joint and posthumous works obviously require differentiation, and this is satisfactorily done. Rolls, records, and photographs require a different method of protection owing to the practical difficulty of discovering in any case who is the author, so many persons being concerned in the production. In both these cases Copyright is to be for fifty years from the making of the original plate or negative from which the work is derived.

With these exceptions all subjects of Copyright are to be put on the same footing, and it should be observed that the list of subjects has been considerably extended. The most notable instance of this is the inclusion of architecture. This was required by the Berlin Convention, and the inclusion had already been made with satisfactory results in several foreign systems. None the less, Sir T. E. Scrutton (probably the greatest English authority on the subject) dissented from the 1909 Committees' recommendation of the inclusion, chiefly on the ground that the difficulty of deciding (judicially) when an infringement had taken place would be insuperable. The writer does not share this view, and may perhaps be allowed to refer for arguments in support of his position to an article by him in the *Contemporary Review* for October, 1910.

Other new subjects of protection introduced by the Bill are choreographic works, dumb show entertainments, and cinematograph productions, the performing right in which is now legally recognised. Rolls and records are also afforded protection on the terms already set out, and it may be added that the definition clauses are much simpler and more satisfactory than they were in the old Acts.

Another great simplification has been made in respect of formalities. Compulsory Registration is entirely swept away. This again is in accordance with the requirements of the Convention, but the ancient monopoly of Stationers' Hall stood in the way. The existing system was, however, as far as the protection of the public went, generally futile, and need not be regretted. At the same time the prolonged period of Copyright, combined with the abolition of registration, might have entailed hardship in cases of innocent infringement, and to meet this possibility a clause has been inserted exempting any person sued from damages or penalty where he can show that at the date of the infringement for which he is sued he was not aware and had no reasonable means of making himself aware that the work in question was a Copyright work. In pursuance of the same policy the old regulations requiring inscription of names and dates on engravings and works of sculpture, and of notices reserving performing right on copies of musical compositions, have been abolished, the only formality now necessary being imposed upon the lecturer, who (though he need no longer scour the countryside for Justices of the Peace) must, if he wishes to keep his lecture out of the newspapers, put up a notice to that effect at the entrance of the lecture hall.

The Bill also reduces the method of assignment to a reasonable condition of uniformity. The owner of Copyright in any work can assign the right wholly or partially, and either generally or with a limitation to any particular Country, and either for the whole term or any part thereof, but no assignment is to be valid unless made in writing duly signed. The anomalous rule making Copyright pass with the first transfer of a work of fine art is abolished, and for the complicated provision with regard to composite works is substituted a paragraph vesting Copyright in the employer in the case of any work of any kind carried out by a person in the employment of another under a contract of service or apprenticeship. A "Contract of Service" probably implies something more than mere casual contribution to a periodical, and might be held not to include a contribution in pursuance of a request or agreement which does not result in putting the writer on the staff of the periodical to which the contribution is made. There is some vagueness, too, in the only other exception which the new Bill makes from the general rule as to the author's ownership of Copyright. For it is directed that where in the case of an engraving, photograph, or portrait the plate or other original is ordered by a person other than the author and made for valuable consideration, then the person ordering the plate or original is to be the first owner of the Copyright. Nothing is said as to the meaning of the word "portrait"; must the work be a portrait of a person, or are we to include portraits of pet animals? Does the term include the picture of a person in character? Does it extend to groups, or to those pleasant little interiors popularised by Mr. Nicholson and Mr. Orpen, where the figures are hardly more important in the general scheme of the composition than the chairs and tables? One foresees opportunities for litigation.

So much for the person entitled to sue. As to the infringement which will give the right of action, the Bill displays a new and welcome spirit of liberality. The Copyright owner is to have the sole right to produce or reproduce the work or any substantial part thereof *in any material form whatsoever* and in any language, and this right is expressly defined to include the right to turn a novel into a play or a play into a novel, and to make any contrivance by means of which the work (whether literary, dramatic, or musical) may be mechanically performed. Here again, however, democracy has stepped in and marred the simplicity of the new enactment with exceptions intended to safeguard public interests. Thus it is declared to be legal to publish in any collection mainly composed of non-Copyright matter *bona fide* intended for the use of schools, short passages from Copyright works, provided that not more than two passages from the same author are published by the same publisher within five years, and that the authorship of what is taken is acknowledged. Another democratic provision allows newspaper reports of political addresses delivered at public meetings, while exception is also made in favour of a public reading or recitation of any reasonable extract from any published work. Other exceptions of a less novel character are made to sanction reproductions by painting, etc., of works of sculpture and artistic craftsmanship permanently situated in public places or buildings. Similar reproductions of works of architecture wherever situated are also authorised, and photographs may be made of paintings, drawings, and engravings situated in buildings wholly or partly maintained out of public funds, the Copyright in which is not private property. But the longest and most complicated saving clauses are those which have been secured by the industrious agitation of the piano player and phonograph companies. These companies have built up their trade under a condition of law which regarded the copying of music by roll or record as no breach of Copyright. Competition has been keen and the margin of profit narrow. It was not surprising, therefore, that the proposal to give musical composers protection against such copying filled the companies with consternation. A mass of evidence on their behalf was brought before Lord Gorell's Committee, but the report did not favour making any exception for their benefit. Nor indeed is it easy to advance any argument of principle for the making of such an exception. The composer is clearly entitled to his share in the profits which mechanical invention has thrown open to his art, and he is as clearly entitled to choose the person to whose skill he will entrust the adaptation of his work for this form of publication. The only argument of principle that can be urged against the plain course is that it may lead to a monopoly (in the hands of the largest concerns) of the most popular works, that this might develop into a Trust, and result in a general rise of prices. This would only be likely to occur with the most popular and least admirable classes of composition, and it may well be doubted if the world would be much the worse for the possible curtailment of supply. None the less the trades in the United States succeeded a few years since in forcing upon the Statute Book a provision compelling any composer who had once sanctioned the reproduction of a work by mechanical means to allow the same right to all the world on the same terms. The British legislature has, one is sorry to see, followed the American precedent, for the new Bill enacts that rolls and records are not to constitute any infringement where the maker can show that similar contrivances have previously been made by or with the consent or acquiescence of the owner of the Copyright, and that he has complied with the regulations (to be made by the Board of Trade) for the giving of notices, and the payment of royalties to such owner. The amount of the royalty is to be 2½ per cent. for the first two years, after the Act, and 5 per cent. afterwards, and that amount is to be calculated on the retail selling price of the contrivance. The Bill expressly provides that there shall be no alteration or omission from the work reproduced beyond what may be reasonably necessary for the purpose of adaptation. Altogether, it must be said that these provisions are not satisfactory in principle, and they seem likely to lead to considerable difficulty and litigation; but here again the onus is on that ubiquitous and long-suffering body, the Board of Trade. It is their administration which must make or mar the scheme.

Turning to the remedies for infringement provided by the new Bill, the first improvement to be noted is the introduction of a general period of limitation applicable to all cases, *viz.*, three years from the date of the infringement. Uniformity is also secured in the civil remedies open to every Copyright owner, the only exception being that where the construction of a work of architecture has been "commenced" the Copyright owner shall not be entitled to obtain any injunction restraining its construction, or enforcing its demolition. The first draft of the Bill ran "Where the Copyright in a work of architecture is infringed by the *construction* of a building"; and this seems preferable to the final wording of the Clause. For the laying of a single brick would (it appears) be enough to throw the injured party back on his remedy in damages. One may note also that the jurisdiction of the Courts in the matter of costs is put on the ordinary footing in all cases. With regard to summary remedies perfect uniformity is not possible, as the penalties have to be adapted to the different offences, and must vary to some extent with the interests involved. Moreover, the present Bill retains the distinction which the Acts of 1902 and 1906 had already made in favour of musical Copyright. These Acts made provision for the seizure, without warrant, of any pirated copy of any musical work which might be being hawked, carried about, sold or offered for sale. The first draft of the new Bill proposed to extend these powers to all the protected arts, and there does not seem any sufficient difference between music and the other arts to justify any distinction being made between them. The legislature, however, though it has consented to leave the Acts of 1902 and 1906 standing, has refused to extend these somewhat arbitrary powers any further, and so the distinction remains.

Enough has been said to show the general scope of the Bill as far as domestic reform is involved. There are rather elaborate provisions for the adaptation of existing rights to the altered condition of the law, but this part of the Bill is rather too technical for discussion in an article like the present. The same may also be said as to the sections dealing with the extension of the Bill to British Possessions and foreign countries. It is not proposed to force the new law upon our Colonies, for the Bill is not to extend to any of the self-governing Dominions unless the legislature of that Dominion declares it to be in force therein with such modifications as may be reasonable.

With regard to international Copyright the method is slightly different, power being given to the Crown, by order in Council, to extend the benefit of the Act to works first published in or composed by citizens of that State, on being satisfied that British subjects will receive similar protection in the State in question.

It has not been possible within the scope of a short article to touch on any but the most important features of the history of this obscure but fascinating subject, or of the code which is to put an end to the many difficulties and absurdities which two centuries of haphazard legislation have produced. The new Bill may, however, be pronounced a courageous and skilful attempt to overcome the difficulties and prejudices which beset an important subject, and the Government is to be congratulated on its (comparative) success in a field where, in spite of the importance of the issues involved, so many attempts have failed of accomplishment.

The Publicity of Divorce

By E. S. P. Haynes

Soon after the Matrimonial Causes Act, 1857, came into operation Queen Victoria wrote to the Lord Chancellor of the day to complain of the demoralising tendency of divorce cases being reported in newspapers, especially where the juvenile reader was concerned. The lawyers of that date did not see what could be done, and nothing was done. It was no doubt thought that publicity in this matter was no worse than in the case of police court cases or criminal trials, and, except in the instance of nullity suits on account of such causes as impotence or insanity, there has always been a tendency to regard any divorce proceedings as quasi-criminal in character and adultery as a quasi-criminal act.

The custom, having once been allowed to establish itself, has now found champions among those very moralists who would possibly have shared (or professed to share) Queen Victoria's views had they been her contemporaries at the date of her letter to the Lord Chancellor. These gentry are frequently censorious and unimaginative persons who think that no divorce at all should be allowed,and that, short of that happy consummation, the parties should be "deterred" from obtaining a legal remedy by the exceptional unpleasantness of publicity. It follows that a wife who has been infected with a horrible disease, must be *deterred* from obtaining relief by advertising her condition to the world at large. A husband who is forced to take proceedings in the interest of his family, must be *deterred* by the knowledge that every sordid circumstance of the degrading tragedy and every kind of innuendo against his honour that a cross-examination may contain, will be discussed certainly throughout the British Isles and possibly throughout the English speaking world. The more sensitive party is to be *deterred* from defending a suit the publicity of which is no deterrent to the other party. Witnesses who could give vital evidence in support of an injured party must be *deterred* by the fear of publicity, in so far as it may affect them either in their chances of getting situations hereafter or in other indirect ways, from doing their duty as citizens. It is not as if moralists of this type usually refrained from reading the reports in question. It is often a treasured, if secret, recreation of theirs. Moreover the atmosphere of suspicion which such reports engender in regard to the most innocent relations of the sexes, fortifies persons of this kind in the Pharisaical scandal-mongering to which they are frequently addicted. Without newspaper reports of divorce cases their occupation would be gone.

The attitude of the journalist has afforded a pleasing contrast to that of the Puritan. On the whole the Press has most creditably suppressed the worse and more offensive features of divorce cases, and the practice of sketching in Court has been voluntarily abandoned. An influential band of eminent journalists like Mr. Sidney Low have supported what must, from a commercial point of view, be in the nature of a self-denying ordinance. The very real humanity of the profession principally concerned might profitably be imitated by others not directly concerned.

The main arguments for suppressing newspaper reports of divorce proceedings are (1) the necessarily misleading incompleteness and inaccuracy of the reports, (2) the injustice to the parties, and (3) the possible effects on the newspaper-reading public. With these points I will shortly deal, but they do not meet the objection, which I admit, that full and proper reports are almost a necessity for practising lawyers and social or historical students. The needs of the latter may not be so obvious as those of the former, yet I can imagine nothing so illuminating for the future student of our society in the nineteenth century as to trace through the law reports the changing conceptions of legal cruelty, or of the circumstances from which adultery may be properly inferred. To meet this objection it would be necessary to publish special reports at length, wherever the Court or the official reporter thought the suit sufficiently important, in a form which, although accessible to lawyers and students, would not be forced on the attention of the newspaper public from ten years of age upwards in the deplorable fashion that prevails to-day. This is the system that flourishes in regard to nullity suits, to the hearing of which the general public are not admitted, and the public would not tolerate the publication of nullity suits in the same fashion as divorce suits. To take another example, no one can admire certain works of Mr. Havelock Ellis more than I do, but it would be clearly undesirable to publish them serially in the columns of the *Daily Mail*, because it would result in their being read in a fashion not contemplated by the writer. Having suggested what I think would be a perfectly practicable substitute for the present practice, I need only dwell upon the three main defects in the present practice as outlined above; and it may be remarked that even the existing evils will become a thousand times worse if the county courts are given divorce jurisdiction.

(1) The incompleteness and inaccuracy of newspaper reports must be obvious to anyone who has sat through a case and afterwards read the newspaper reports. I remember that in a suit in which I was professionally concerned, the whole case for the petitioner was fully reported, but by some inadvertence the case for the defence, which proved successful, was never reported. Scraps of evidence, of the counsel's speeches, or of the judge's summing up, selected according to the taste and fancy of the reporter, can scarcely be otherwise than misleading, and may be gravely prejudicial to innocent parties. There is, of course, no room for more, and many reporters have no specially legal training. I do not deny that this applies to all litigation, but it is particularly undesirable in cases where the most intimate problems of human conduct and reputation are in question.

(2) The injustice to the parties concerned has never been properly recognised. The grossly unintelligent and unimaginative attitude of the British public has never been adequately characterised except by the Princess Bariatinsky, who has recently given her impressions of the Divorce Court to the *Evening Times*. She writes: "Men and women who are dragged to the Divorce Court are unhappy, shipwrecked people. They require sympathy and understanding, and instead they are made the quarry of the mob, the mob keen for scandals and gossip . . . I sat in Court, and as I heard the attempts made to put the worst constructions on the most innocent of things I could have torn the skin off my face . . . I thought I must be living three hundred years back, in the days when they burned witches . . . They show souls tortured in their most intimate relations." Such are the impressions of an unprejudiced foreign observer coming from a country where, as in most other civilised countries, such cases are heard in private. The first case of the kind that I ever saw suggested the observation that our descendants would look on our Divorce Court as we look on the old public executions at Tyburn. To see the public cross-examination of a man or woman as to the inmost recesses of his or her private and domestic life is not so very far removed from

seeing a human being disembowelled, and the torture is vastly aggravated by publication in newspapers.

Within the last ten years a dead woman has been publicly accused of adultery and her husband has had to come into Court to defend her memory. Within the last ten years an unmarried girl has been dragged into the Divorce Court after a period of more than a year's suspense and had her name published in connection with the proceedings on the strength of evidence which partly consisted of a forged document. Moreover, when a charge has been trumped up and rebutted, who can ever say that the accused persons are properly cleared in the eyes of the world ? I do not believe that any female respondent, or any man who is made a co-respondent, suffers much less severely from a favourable, than from an adverse, verdict or judicial decision. Yet, as the Princess Bariatinsky reminds us, it was Catherine the Great in the eighteenth century who remarked, " It is better to forgive ten guilty than punish one innocent." To publish names and results where a divorce petition succeeds, is legitimate enough, but to publish all details broadcast in any event is a policy of cruel injustice.

(3) The effect of newspaper reports on the newspaper-reading public cannot fail to be demoralising. The more indecent police court cases and criminal trials are either not reported at all, or else are very meagrely reported. It is well known that such reports as exist lead to the reproduction of the crimes recorded. If the young are led into imitating the exploits related in the police courts or in shilling shockers, are they less likely to imitate the actions of guilty parties in the Divorce Court, surrounded as they often are by an atmosphere of opulent or aristocratic glamour to which the reporter does more than justice ? The reader does not see the drawn faces of the parties concerned ; he only reads of a dazzling pseudo-romantic existence which affords a seemingly welcome contrast to the monotony of his own. An element of suggestiveness may be imported into the reader's relations, hitherto quite innocent, with persons of the opposite sex, and he or she may gain some quite useful hints in the art of observing the eleventh commandment. The Princess Bariatinsky quite fairly calls our Divorce Court " a nasty entertainment for nasty-minded people," and further observes, " Publicity only develops the taste for scandal." Why such an abomination should continue in a country which cannot tolerate cinematograph exhibitions of a boxing match, is to many English men and women perfectly inconceivable. The only possible explanation

is that we are suffering from the type of Puritan whom Macaulay described as putting down bear-baiting not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the non-Puritan spectator. Our Puritan of to-day enjoys not only the spectacle of the Divorce Court, but also the satisfaction of knowing that it gives pain to a vast number of persons, and particularly to those who, however foolishly or innocently, have strayed from the path of Puritan conventions. If he takes the trouble to try and get into the Court it would be churlish to keep him outside, but there is no reason why he should have pleasures of this kind brought to his breakfast-table every morning.

It is almost entirely due to the Puritan that the most squalid and miserable marriage in the world cannot be dissolved without one of the parties committing adultery, the very reason why publicity should be avoided. The Puritan cannot reasonably expect to eat his cake and have it too. There would be no objection to publishing the proceedings in the case of divorce for wilful desertion; but that would certainly not satisfy the Puritan.

Dear Living in France

By Professor Albert Dulac[*]

REVOLUTIONARY methods are traditional in France, and yet it is not without a certain anxiety that one learns of this revolt of frugal housewives, this quarrel of a new kind between people of peaceful habits who would seem so badly prepared to give and take blows. The revolt spread like a train of gunpowder. In a few days it extended from Maubeuge to Amiens, to Saint Quentin, to Lille, driving into a state of furious excitement the entire population of this region of the north, which of all the French provinces is certainly the most prosperous, the richest, and the most capable of living unstintedly on its high salaries and comfortable incomes. What happened?

The moment anything unexpected occurs in politics the General Confederation of Labour is held responsible for it; in this instance it must be recognised that it has a certain amount to do with the matter. It is the Confederation which drew the attention of the Secretaries of the Workers' Syndicates to the rise in the price of commodities, as a new method of exploiting the labour classes by those who control the market. Placards and circulars were freely distributed by the committees of the Rue-Grange-aux-Belles in September, 1910. Then the fire smouldered for a whole winter. When it burst forth its intensity surprised even those who had set it alight. This was due to the fact that the inflammable substance had in the interval prodigiously multiplied.

When it is desired to show by means of statistics the trend of a movement in prices there is a risk, even when utilising only exact data, to produce a general impression far from being in conformity with the truth. This is what has happened in the case of the learned officials who have just published, under the auspices of the Ministry of Labour, a survey of salaries and the cost of living, whence one learns with astonishment that a working man's household expended more for food and rent in the period 1894-1903 than in 1904-1910. Rents had, nevertheless undergone a considerable increase, which the same statisticians estimate on an average in Paris, from 1900-1910, at 4.3 per cent., and which, according to the municipal figures, reached 20 per cent. in certain districts. As regards the price of provisions, it must be admitted that, far from diminishing, it has enormously increased, and cannot be estimated at an average of less than 10 per cent. to 20 per cent. for the principal alimentary commodities. This upward tendency is confirmed in a very clear manner by a number of indisputable facts.

---

[*] Member of the Société d'Economie Politique of Paris, Professeur à l'Ecole des Hautes Etudes Sociales, and author of "*Agriculture et Libre-èchange dans le Royaume Uni*," 1903; "*La formation des prix des denrées alimentaires de première nécessité*," 1911.

Moreover, this is a universal movement by which the French market is affected like all the markets of the world. In their haste to explain the causes of this advance by conjectures more or less verifiable, mouthpieces of the different parties have invoked arguments based on the immediate circumstances, assuming that the floods, the drought, the diseases of the cattle, and the bad harvests, must certainly explain everything. Others accuse social reforms such as the weekly day of rest, the insurance against labour accidents, which they represent as demagogic inventions and electioneering tricks ruinous to manufacturers and employers of all kinds, in spite of the compensation secured by the latter through raising prices. The Socialists, and even some Radicals, carry on a campaign against the monopolists and the speculators, in their eyes the authors of all the evil. Little is said of Customs duties, in spite of the coincidence of which a militant Free Trade might well have taken advantage between the increase of prices and the addition to the import duties carried through in the last three years. The question is whether our Customs *régime* was not at least partly responsible for a certain slackness in all the departments of productive activity, or whether it had not, on the contrary, stimulated that activity. This problem, however, was not made the object of any discussion in the circles where one delights in fine phrases on great ideas. But they imagined a multitude of interpretations as ingenious as they were destitute of scientific value.

Amongst all these reasons, which is it necessary to consider ? I must confess my incapability to discern the portion of truth or of error contained in each of these arguments. It is, moreover, evident that their interest is due much more to the credence given to them than to their exactness. As to the latter I recognise, if desired, that the ultimate cause of increased prices is determined by the buyers, because prices do not increase unless the stocks continue to be absorbed in spite of the advance. It is a noteworthy fact that the dearness of living in France has had as a corollary, not a reduction, but an increase of receipts in the theatres and in the excursion agency business. Prices will therefore, have increased because the consumer could pay more.

But it is not sufficient to consider the consumer as a sort of philosophical entity, a body acting *en bloc* to determine the average level of the market. It must be admitted that this body is composed of very different parts, some of which adhere to the movement against their will and suffer the consequences. These categories of persons, who have suffered more or less, have no other recourse against the advance of prices than the reduction of consumption or . . . the method applied at Maubeuge. This method, it may be observed, has done wonders and brought about a very significant reduction, so much that the coalition of housewives was able to impose its will in a comparative calm and by the sole threat of boycotting. But these tactics are perilous in their success as in their failure. Since they had broken a few eggs, and cracked a few obstinate heads with blows from cauliflowers, the Government seized the opportunity to put an end to direct action against dear living. The movement became disquieting, reached the centre of France, and menaced Paris. The troops were called out; blood flowed; the police, admirably well informed concerning the organisers of these kinds of riots, and trained to deal with them in the Russian style, put a few dozen under lock and key; and there was an end of the matter.

There remained the first method, and as the papers, since the repression of the revolts and the restoration of order, successively announced an increase in the price of sugar, of alcohol, of butter, and of milk, poor people knew what they had to do—belts have notches in them for that purpose.

Nevertheless the Government could not well content themselves with the intervention of the gendarmes, and having prevented those principally interested from defending themselves, they could doubtless claim to have succeeded better than the revolting masses. The Directors of Ministries were requested to advise; all sides were scoured for information, inquiries were ordered. At last the Prime Minister made known his schemes.

There were no less than six. Amongst them could be easily distinguished this capital morsel, which is worthy of being transcribed in full:—

> "Our business," said the official statement, "is to give to the Communes, by modifications of the expropriation law, the option of participating directly or indirectly in butchers' and co-operative bakery undertakings, which, when exploited by an administration interested in the work, will serve to regulate private industry."

Thus suddenly, without preparation of any kind, there was this plunge into municipal Socialism. One sees in this the skill of the real statesman: when several solutions are proposed to him he chooses that which one never dreamt of. There was, therefore, some hesitation; then people began to take seriously the municipalism of M. Caillaux. A curious thing was that the Socialist Radicals exhibited no enthusiasm; they must, however, have on the records of the party a written declaration by one, and not the least important of them, who was quite recently a Minister of Labour. But the years pass, and one forgets. The Socialist Radicals assembled in Congress at Nîmes, after having voted a motion of confidence in the then President of the Council, somewhat badly treated his scheme and declared their sympathies with the "interests of the small traders." Here was, therefore, a majority, difficult to overcome; neither were the large traders going to allow themselves to be forgotten. As one of the qualified representatives of the Socialist Republican group in the Chamber had expressed, in a leader in the *Matin*, his adhesion to municipal reform, the important personages of the Paris Provision Trade Committees were received by several Ministers, and gave it to be understood that they would not consent to be ousted without resistance. Probably, therefore, the Government will not insist upon their scheme; they will fall back upon the foundation of municipal dwellings such as they propose—the second and apparently the most realisable part of the scheme. "The object is," continues M. Caillaux, "to allow the towns to realise vast plans for the erection of cheap dwelling-houses, which, by the competition thus created, will forestall the raising of rents." To this idea there will hardly be any opposition. The Socialists have long preached it, the Congress at Nîmes has just approved it, and as the local politicians will find it serves their own purposes, one can imagine that there will be no lack of reasons for hastening its application.

The Government decisions upon the subject of Custom prohibitions are much more timid. They were careful at first to make known that they would never touch them, then they handled them with extreme caution. Argentine cattle and Dutch pork could not, owing to sanitary pretexts, be imported into France. Henceforth they will be admitted, of course, on payment of the Customs duties. Commercial operations in frozen meat will also be facilitated by authorising the erection of special warehouses at the ports. Relations will also be developed in some way, which yet remains uncertain, with the

Colonies, such as Senegal and Madagascar, which could send oxen, and also with New Caledonia, very rich, it appears, in sheep. The railway freights, over which the Minister of Public Works has some power of action, will be revised. All this, properly presented, produces a certain effect. It is necessary to have the appearance of facilitating supplies. But the employment of the sole means which would have assured this result must be avoided. The Government stopped at half measures, those half measures to which they could add indefinitely, but which would never amount to a complete and effective remedy. Yet there is no need of profound economic study to become acquainted with the facts of the case. When the Customs *régime* was discussed, and voted by Parliament in 1892, the object the legislators professed to pursue and hoped to attain was the artificial increase of prices on the French market.

Now we see that prices have advanced to such an extent in all the world's markets, that even under Free Trade they reach heights formerly maintained in France by Protectionism.

Corn and beef sell to-day in London at exactly the same rates as they sold in Paris ten years ago.

What did French Protectionists say ten years ago? They congratulated each other on the success of their tariffs. Could they not be made to recognise that a simple return to the same conditions by the suppression of the Custom duties would not be disastrous for the producers? Probably they would offer but a weak defence if they were vigorously attacked.

Prosperity prevails in all kinds of undertakings. The income from land has resumed an upward trend. Capital is plentiful, and there is a very distinct tendency to invest rather less of it abroad, in order to reserve a fair proportion for the development of agriculture, industry, and commerce. People like to talk of the greater France. Our agriculturists dream of exportation, nor would our manufacturers be less willing to catch a glimpse of the seductive possibilities just across our frontiers.

But who speaks thus? Is it the progressives, the faithful representatives of the sound doctrines of Fredéric Bastiat, the learned professors who teach Free Trade as economic truth, the *Journal des Debats*, the *Temps*? Alas, they keep in the background. The commotions stirred up by dear living in our midst—even among those least curious in this kind of question—do not appear to have troubled their comfortable serenity in any way. Here and there a few words of regret: "Ah, all that would not have happened had they listened to us." They do not even make the very platonic observation that, while these riots against dear food occur in Protectionist France, Germany, America, and Austria, no one has ever seen them in Free Trading countries like England, Belgium, or Holland. On the Socialist side the war of ideas has been waged somewhat more boldly. Not amongst the parliamentarians who have themselves voted the Custom duties, and agreed to represent, and to defend, in their constituencies, the interests that these duties may serve, but among the chiefs of the working class groups. These are too positive in their views to make any mistake in this matter. They know quite well that the increase of their salaries depends much more on the action of their syndicates than on the Customs protection by which their employers benefit, and of which as consumers they have to pay the cost. They are not Free Traders, because no one has taught them the theory of Free Trade. They only proclaim as loudly as possible the injustice of the tariffs from which they suffer without any compensating advantage.

But let us truthfully acknowledge that the General Confederation of Labour and the Consumers' Co-operative Confederation have not yet gone so far as to obstruct by their clamour the representatives of the working classes in Parliament. But that day will come although people do not like to insist upon the possibility.

Moreover the revolutionists, as they are called, will never attack the Customs question except from a secondary point of view. The wrongs which they expose with the greatest severity have reference to speculation. Speculators who famish the people are represented as the great enemies, and the most guilty. A placard put upon the walls as early as the month of September last year proclaimed it. The souvenirs of the eighteenth century, the monopoly of wheat, the famine compact, the people's demand to the *boulanger*, the *boulangère*, and the *petit mitron* at Versailles, have left a profound impression in their minds. The first act of people impelled by hunger to revolt is directed against those who profit by their misery.

Observers of the most diverse origin and tendencies are agreed in admitting the evident proof that speculation has repeatedly produced an excessive rise in prices. They have been challenged on this subject in the Chamber. It is proved undeniably that the monopolising of alcohol, sugar, and corn, has considerably affected the fluctuation of prices. The facts were cited at the tribune ; the Minister of Commerce did not dispute the existence of manœuvres which had allowed a large speculator to reduce in very perceptible proportions the available stocks on the market. "There can be no doubt," he said, "that these proceedings have contributed to the rise"; but, he added, in the actual state of legislation it was impossible to repress such acts. What was left to do was to change the law. On this point the Socialists are sceptical.

But on the Radical side there are numerous schemes for reform, as also on the Progressive side. One of the present vice-presidents of the Chamber of Deputies published a noteworthy report on the question years ago. No doubt we shall hear many parliamentary speeches before the Bill is laid before the Chamber, and affecting commercial exchanges.

One sees that those who suffer from dear living in France can hardly count on their masters to improve their lot. The most clear-sighted among them do not doubt that their salvation lies in their own effort, and they are exerting themselves to organise it. Hesitation will perhaps delay the adherence of those interested in the struggle but who have not complete confidence in the efficacy of the suggested measures. Boycotting was proposed, and they were encouraged by the example of the smokers who, last year, in order to show their dissatisfaction with an advance in the price of certain tobaccos by the State monopoly, ceased to buy those dearer brands, and thus obliged the Minister of Finance to revert to the old tariff. It is said that in order to arrive at a similar result the workers' organisers only need discipline and energy. Yes, certainly, that is all, but a great deal of it.

On Sundays, as the rent terms draw near, we see now in Paris humble people helping each other to load little carts with their modest furniture and at once empty a lodging of which the proprietor wished to increase the rent. Can we infer from this fact that simply and calmly, in the full consciousness of their strength, the consumers are henceforth going to set back the movement in the advance of prices by a concerted action analogous to the workers' strike? Yes, certainly. But to what extent? When hunger impels, social progress moves very quickly. Who in France twenty-five years ago could have predicted the action of the workers' syndicates on the fluctuation of wages? I will not, however, allow myself to be carried away by too much optimism, and will refrain from prophesying. I declare only that the organised workers' groups in the Co-operative Societies, the buyers combined in their leagues, consider boycotting to-day as effective a weapon for reducing prices as was the strike for raising wages. What will be the issue of this struggle? Time will show.

In trying to define the cause of dear living I have been led to observe that the buyers' assent alone can in the long run fix with certainty increase in prices. A similar conclusion follows, on the whole, from the preceding considerations. Yet, the principal consequence of dear living is to enlighten the consumers as to their own interests, to cause them to reflect on their lot, and to arm them for this vital struggle which promotes not only the strength of individuals, but the power of peoples.

Opera in England

By Francis Toye

There is usually supposed to be some mysterious satisfaction in contemplating a state of affairs utterly hopeless. "Things are so bad," exclaims the cheerful pessimist, "that they cannot get worse and are therefore likely to improve, for nothing remains stationary in this world."

Now such reasoning would be valid enough had we accurate vision. But unfortunately we have not. "Things"—how undistinguished yet how comprehensive the word!—have an infinite capacity for being contrary. When we think they are at their worst they are often only beginning to be bad, as is well known to anybody who has ever speculated on the Stock Exchange, or experienced the rigours of an English June.

Therefore, I can derive no satisfaction whatever from the plight of opera in England, which is of a truth a sorry one. On the contrary, I find the spectacle most distressing and dishonourable to me as an Englishman; nor would I treat the subject at all were I not convinced that, by endeavouring to give an honest diagnosis of the symptoms, there is some possibility of a material improvement.

At the outset of the inquiry I find myself confronted with a great difficulty—to wit, the regrettable fact that very many people are frankly tired of the whole subject. Not that they are to be blamed. There has been so much rhetoric and so little common sense devoted to it that even the enthusiast may be excused a tendency to follow the example of the deaf adder, who had at least the advantage of a competent charmer. Besides, the evil has been aggravated by the failure of a recent and much vaunted attempt to popularise opera in English, an attempt, moreover, which was supported by a very large sum of money as well as by the marked favour of the most considerable portion of the press. So that to the other inherent difficulties of the problem is added the widespread conviction that the problem has already been solved, that English opera is an impossibility.

Therefore, it is obvious that the first necessity for anyone who wants to prove the contrary is to explain, if possible, why

Mr. Beecham failed. For if, as has been asserted, the fault lay entirely with the public, the pessimists are right: there is no future for English opera. If, on the contrary, Mr. Beecham can be shown to have neglected any important factors of success, there is still some justification for the optimists.

For my part I believe that the public were more indifferent than might have been reasonably expected, but that Mr. Beecham did leave undone many things he ought to have done, and even actually prejudiced his cause by some of the things he did do.

Now, I fear it must seem ungenerous to find fault with anyone so admirably intentioned as Mr. Beecham. His enthusiasm, his patriotism, his disinterestedness, all combine to make any lover of English music more ready to palliate his shortcomings than to expose them. But if it is impossible to further the cause for which Mr. Beecham strove without exposing the weaknesses of Mr. Beecham, he should be the first to excuse, even if he cannot accept, the sympathetic criticism of a fellow-enthusiast.

Firstly, then, I do not think that Mr. Beecham really thought out his whole scheme before carrying it into effect. From internal evidence I am inclined to picture him as waking up one morning and saying to himself: "How jolly to run a season of opera! Why shouldn't I do it?" By lunch time he has selected his repertoire; by tea-time the theatre is engaged, and before going to bed he has prepared the contracts for principals, orchestra, and chorus.

Now, if it is true that only a genius could carry this programme through at all—and I do think that Mr. Beecham must have a touch of genius—it is equally true that only an incorrigible optimist could expect it to be thoroughly successful. In matters operatic hurried preparations spell continual change of plans, and a continual change of plans entails not only a lower standard of accomplishment but a very considerable increase of expenditure.

Secondly, I think that many of the performances were not in point of fact good enough for the comparatively high prices charged. Of course, this is a mere matter of opinion, and I am aware that most of the press agreed to describe the singers—particularly if they happened to be English—as magnificent, the scenery exquisite, the whole production incomparable. But I am also aware that very many people held a contrary view, and, as I happen to agree with them, it would be mere cowardice for me not to say so. Of course Mr. Beecham did give one or two very good performances, notably of *Elektra*, and I am inclined to believe that his ability to overcome the enormous difficulties of such a work blinded many to the defects of other perfectly straightforward productions. For instance, I heard an interpretation of *Carmen* that would have disgraced a French provincial town, when the conductor (not Mr. Beecham himself) showed his energy and enthusiasm by conducting from a piano-score! *Werther*, again, at His Majesty's, suffered from a miserable performance, and *Shamus O'Brien*, to which any adequate English company should be able to do justice, was not nearly as good as it ought to have been. The Mozart operas too, though quite competently given, scarcely deserved the encomia lavished on them by the untravelled. Last winter I was fortunate enough to hear *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*, at the Berne Stadt Theater—a theatre which ranks lower than those of Weimar or Hannover—and, except for the orchestra, the performance was immeasurably superior to that given at "His Majesty's" in the summer. Incidentally, however, I should like to point out that the size of Mr. Beecham's orchestra was always disproportionate to the operas he mounted at that theatre, being in point of fact considerably larger than that of the Opèra Comique in Paris, where far more ambitious works are produced. So that in some cases he actually detracted from the merits of his performances by an unnecessary addition to his expenses—which is hardly a proceeding to be commended!

Now, I suggest that these facts, and not mere prejudice or indifference, explain the small support given to Mr. Beecham by the experienced *dilettanti* of London. These may be few in number, but their wealth and influence are such as to affect materially the chances of any venture, as is shown by the success of *Sumurun*, or of Pávlova and Mordkin. In short, just as the high prices, and perhaps the repertory, frightened away the rank and file of the London operatic public—the Moody Manners audience, if I may so describe it—so the uncertain excellence of the performances failed to secure the regular attendance of the leaders, who contented themselves with visits to *Elektra* and *Salome*. Thus, as I think, Mr. Beecham fell between the two stools of eclecticism and of popularity, on either of which he might have rested in comparative comfort.

As a third reason for Mr. Beecham's failure, I must adduce his inability or his unwillingness to run an opera which did not immediately prove a success. Why! if this principle were generally adopted by Opera Houses on the Continent there would hardly be a repertory at all! There would be no *Carmen* and no *Flying Dutchman*, to mention only two of the most notorious cases, while any theatrical manager could add several popular successes to the list. The fact is that an opera or a play makes its public to a large extent, and it seems almost true to say that, where the theatre is concerned, the supply creates the demand just as much as the demand creates the supply—to which truth the present condition of the English theatre bears both ample and mournful testimony.

Indeed, I am quite convinced in my own mind that Mr. Beecham, had he persevered with Opera Comique at His Majesty's, could have made a tolerable if not a great success. Of course there may have been reasons against this proceeding of which I am not aware. For instance, he may not have been able to engage the theatre for another season; but that is just one of the difficulties which ought to have been foreseen and solved at the start. In such matters any excuse is merely self-condemnation.

It is, I think, all the more regrettable that Mr. Beecham did not confine his ambitions to His Majesty's, instead of soaring away to the treacherous heights of Covent Garden, because there is no doubt, as I hope to show later, that Opera Comique, not Grand Opera, is the form of dramatic music most suited to our national characteristics. Furthermore, he would soon have enjoyed the services of a company trained to work together, and this advantage could not have failed to add enormously to the excellence of the performances, without the expenditure of an extra penny on his part.

Lastly, paradoxical though it may seem, I think that the "boom" in Strauss's operas tended to prejudice the rest of the season. Of course it was quite right to advertise fully the production of two such important works as *Salome* and *Elektra*, but there is a limit even to the uses of advertisement, and in this instance I believe it to have been overstepped. For after the almost hysterical interest concentrated on these two essays in blood and horror the rest of the repertory must have seemed to very many of the public both insignificant and commonplace. They became so accustomed to the sensational "puff preliminary" that any opera produced without it naturally failed to attract. And so it came about that Strauss enjoyed what must be called a *succès de scandale*, while other composers deprived of the assistance of the heckelphone, of real sheep and goats, or even of the censor of plays, suffered from a reaction none the less real because it was unconscious.

I do not believe, therefore, that Mr. Beecham's failure has decisively proved that there is no public for opera in this country, any more than Miss Brema's great success with *Orpheus* at the Savoy, or Mr. Manners' improving prospects at the Lyric proved the contrary. All we know is that there does not exist a public sufficiently large or enthusiastic to support any interesting operatic venture whatever its defects, that there does exist a public for a really good performance of a deservedly popular opera ; that there is beginning to exist a public for performances of standard operas at low prices. We have no right to generalise further ; indeed, we have hardly the right to generalise at all.

I have purposely omitted any mention of the Covent Garden Grand Opera season, because that stands and always will stand quite apart. It is frankly exotic, a flower carefully nurtured to capture the fancy of a few rich people. Without wishing to echo the conventional and rather foolish sneer at the subscribers who regard it mainly as a parade-ground for their best clothes and their most expensive jewels—which is and always has been one of the functions of an Opera House in a metropolis—it were idle to pretend that Covent Garden is primarily concerned with opera as an art. The audience demands first-rate singers, and cares very little what they sing; the Syndicate expects a profit and cares just as little how it is earned. Unlike many earnest people I can see nothing in these ambitions discreditable to either party. It is agreeable to make money, and it is even more agreeable to listen to Signor Caruso or to Madame Tetrazzini. There the matter ends.

But to a person of artistic ambitions, such a programme leaves something to be desired, and it is just this "something" that many of us would like to see cultivated in England. Perhaps the only possible definition of it is "æsthetic morality," which sounds both priggish and inadequate; but as, in art, definitions matter very little except to those who can never profit by them, an explanation may be considered adequate to our needs.

To begin with, then, it implies a certain catholicity of taste, a tolerance born not of indifference but of discrimination, which refuses to recognise anything that is not good, but which does not judge the good by one standard alone. Secondly, it demands in any production not merely facile brilliance, but style. Lastly, it insists invariably not only on the perfection or the attempted perfection of the part, but also of the whole. In a word, it postulates as an ideal not only a "star-cast" but a "star-performance."

Now this is, of course, a counsel of perfection, but the principle underlying it may be applied under any circumstances, from a performance at Covent Garden to one given by a company of amateurs ; and for an English opera to be really worthy the name, it must be conducted on this principle. That is not to say that an English opera must only concern itself with the very best operas, for such idealism would, I believe, ruin the project at the start. After all, the first business of any undertaking is to succeed, and for opera in England the first condition of success is the establishment of itself as a regular institution. For instance, to play *Ariane et Barbe-Bleue* to empty houses might be magnificent, but would certainly not be sound policy. Had London, like Paris, the advantage of a public thoroughly accustomed to Opera, to say nothing of a State subsidy, the case would of course be quite different. As it is, our first care should and must be to make such a public, provide as good a repertory as we possibly can consistently with that object, and in course of time deserve and perhaps obtain a subsidy that will enable us to enjoy the most ambitious experiments in lyrical drama. For operatically speaking, London—I mean London, not Mayfair—is a mere babe, and to give it champagne and oysters instead of milk is not only to waste your money but to kill your infant.

Now, as I hinted above, it is impossible from a mere consideration of recent failures or successes to tell what form of operatic enterprise is likely to succeed, for the evidence seems to some extent contradictory. But from a general survey of what may be broadly defined as English dramatic music, it is not only possible but necessary to arrive at a very definite conclusion. So that I may, perhaps, be pardoned for asking the reader to bear with me while I trace the most marked features of this phase of our musical history, for even the most rabid modernist need not fear to admit some interest in the past in as far as it serves to elucidate any problem in the present.

English dramatic music was born in the Elizabethan age under the most unpretentious circumstances, being subservient or rather merely incidental to the drama. It consisted of singing ballets and dances such as Pavanes, Galliards, and jigs, which were performed in the interludes of the plays and sometimes during the plays themselves. But though, theoretically, the music ranked far below the play, practically it seems to have been hardly less important. For these dances, ballets, etc., became immensely popular, not only in England but on the

Continent, where English composers such as Brade and Simpson were held in great esteem.

Indeed, the English were considered at that time preeminent, both in music and the drama, as may be gathered by the following contemporary comment on a performance by the actors and musicians of Lord Spencer's retinue at a State banquet in Stuttgart: "For England produces many excellent musicians, comedians, and tragedians most skilful in the histrionic art, certain companies of whom, quitting their own abodes for a time, are in the habit of visiting foreign countries at particular seasons . . . A few years ago some English musicians, coming over to our Germany, remained for some time at the courts of great princes; their skill both in music and in the histrionic art having procured them such favour that they returned home liberally rewarded and loaded with gold and silver."

But these travelling companies, whose influence on the German stage was incalculable, did not by any means confine their attentions to the "courts of great princes." They gave performances in the market-places of Köln, Nürnberg, Frankfurt, and even penetrated as far as Vienna. They seem to have presented a great variety of plays, from Shakespeare to the broadest farces, for in their licences to perform we nearly always find imposed, as a condition, that there shall be nothing scandalous in the productions.

Now all these plays seem to have had incidental music—many of the actors were instrumentalists also—and as Cohn aptly remarks in his admirable book—"Shakespeare in Germany"—"English jigs with singing and dancing must have come quite naturally, as they furnished the best opportunity of amusing the public, in spite of their (the players') foreign idiom."

Indeed, it is clear that the music made as much impression on the audience as the plays. There is scarcely ever mention of one without the other. For instance, in the archives of Köln, we read that in 1603 one company "gab Comoedien und Tragoedien zusampt mit einer herrlichen und lieblichen Musica." And, again, in 1610: "Der Englischen Musicanten ist zugelassen worden negst kunftigen Sonntag ohne rhuren der Trommel zu spielen und zu musicieren."

I have dwelt at some length on these travelling companies and their music partly because of the intrinsic interest of the subject, partly because the only infallible way to convince the English public of the importance of any English music is to prove the estimation in which it is held in other countries. So that we must all be greatly satisfied to know that the first English dramatic music was highly appreciated not only at home, but in Germany.

As a matter of fact, during the latter part of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, despite her liking for the art, and more markedly in the reign of James I., very little aristocratic encouragement was given to professional musicians in England. Even the popular Dr. John Bull chose to leave the country and settle in the Netherlands, while John Dowland complained that he was more esteemed abroad than at home. Perhaps this fact explains the development of the Masque, which, as Dr. Walker truly points out, possesses a great attraction for amateurs ; but, in any case, we may be thankful for a form which gave scope to the talents of Campion, Henry Lawes, Christopher Gibbons, and Locke, who began to build the bridge between Masque and Opera afterwards completed by Purcell; for it has been justly observed that as Italian Opera sprang from Greek Tragedy and French Opera from Ballet, so English Opera was the natural development of the Masque. Where Purcell differed from any of his predecessors was that he definitely introduced drama into music instead of limiting it to the spoken word. But the musical taste of the time was not cultivated enough to encourage him in his ambitious experiment, and the opera *Dido and Æneas*, written for a girl's school, remains an unique and wonderful proof of what he might have accomplished. As a matter of fact he was always more at home in incidental music to plays or masques—as, for instance, the magnificent masque in *Diocletian*—and many people consider that his airs and his dances are actually the best examples of his genius. Be that as it may, there can be no doubt that they were always the most popular, and but for the Hanoverian and Handelian succession might have had a far-reaching influence on the future of English music. As it was Italian operas scotched not only Purcell's popularity but the popularity of all English dramatic music till the triumph of the Ballad operas in the early part of the eighteenth century.

From the very first this extraordinary form of entertainment won the most enormous popularity, for the success of the famous *Beggar's Opera* produced in 1728 seems to have been directly responsible for the failure of Handel's operatic season and his consequent bankruptcy. According to no less an authority than Mr. Dent tunes from it penetrated as far as Italy, and German historians acknowledge it as the direct ancestor of the

German Singspiele, a form of opera which may be said to have reached its apotheosis in Mozart's *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*. For my part I can find nothing in the Ballad operas to distinguish them from modern musical comedy except that the music is not by one or two composers but, as in a French revue, is culled from the most popular tunes of the day. Folk-songs, Purcell, even Handel were laid under contribution, and the "plot" of the "Opera" is merely an excuse for the appearance of the singers. But undoubtedly these Ballad operas performed a useful function in awakening a kind of national musical consciousness. This indeed seems to have been their aim, for we read in the miserable doggerel taken from the epilogue to "Love in a Riddle":

Poor English mouths for twentv years
Have been shut up from music.
But, thank our stars, outlandish airs
At last have made all you sick.

However, the Ballad operas, perhaps because they failed to develop in any way, came to an end as a regular institution with the production of *Love in a Village*, in 1762, though the most popular of them, notably *The Beggar's Opera*, were revived occasionally till comparatively recent times.

In the same year was produced *Artaxerxes* by Dr. Arne, who wished to found a school of English Opera on the Italian model. This bombastic work enjoyed considerable popularity, but the composer of it is more interesting to us in his failure than in his success, being an early martyr to that pedantic prejudice against English recitative which still lingers among those to whom foreign languages remain very foreign.

Indeed from the creative point of view the outlook became progressively drearier, though mention must be made of Kelly who flourished about 1800, of Bishop who wrote some charming songs and some almost incredibly bad operas, of Balfe, of Wallace, and of Macfarren. The fact is that the best composers, such as Greene (though he is responsible for a dramatic pastoral, *Phœbe*, much praised by Dr. Walker), the two Wesleys, and Sterndale Bennett, never wrote for the stage at all; and the most interesting operatic phenomenon of the early and mid-nineteenth century is not a man, nor yet an opera, but a management.

In 1857, Mr. William Harrison and Miss Louisa Pyne started a season of opera in English at the Lyceum Theatre with the avowed object of eventually establishing a National Opera. I cannot discover many details of their venture, which developed into a great success, largely, as it seems, owing to excellent business management. They subsequently moved to Drury Lane where "Her Majesty and the Prince Consort constantly encouraged the Pyne and Harrison Operas by their presence, occasionally visiting the theatre twice a week." There they still continued to be very successful, and it will surprise many to learn that "the Prince Consort had informed Miss Pyne that if the performances should be continued a certain time, influence should be used to bring the matter before Parliament in order to obtain a subsidy for National Opera from the Government." But during the very season this promise was made the Prince died, and presently the enterprise languished amid the general desolation that settled on London.

I am glad to dwell on the career of the Harrison and Pyne management, not only because it proves that the question of a subsidy has at least on one occasion been seriously considered in this country, but because it shows the sterling merits of a Prince whose artistic reputation has always suffered, in life from the insularity and prejudice of his contemporaries, in death from the monument erected to his memory.

The repertory of a management which so nearly solved the problem of English Opera must be of interest to us. It consisted of nine operas by Balfe, two or three Ballad operas, many Comic operas of various schools, and a few Grand operas by Meyerbeer and other fashionable composers. Of these the Balfe operas were the most successful; indeed a rather partial witness in the person of Balfe's biographer, Barrett, states most emphatically that the foreign works were a failure, and that the takings at the box-office increased only when Balfe started to write operas in English. However that may be, there can be no doubt that this, the most successful of any operatic management that has ever appeared in London, throve mainly on works of the lighter order.

Without treating recent phenomena such as the brilliant accomplishments of Gilbert and Sullivan at the Savoy Theatre, or the devastating successes of musical comedy everywhere, I would ask any unbiassed reader whether, from the brief historical sketch I have given, it is possible to draw any inference other than that the gayer forms of dramatic music are peculiarly suited to the English people. I do not say that I am glad it is so, or that it must always be so exclusively; but I do say that it always has been so and that it is so now, and that any attempt to build up a National Opera will fail unless we recognise the fact.

Further, there are many advantages in confining our attention, for the present at least, to what we may define broadly as Opera Comique. To begin with, it is admirably adapted to English singers whose voices, beautiful as many of them may be, are not as a rule brilliant enough for Grand Opera or heavy enough for Music Drama. We are always at our best in expression that is definitely lyrical. And the same criticism applies to English composers, who cannot be said to be characterised by that facile effectiveness so necessary to the writers of Grand Opera. Suppose, for instance, that an Englishman, an Italian, and a Frenchman, all moderately-gifted, sat down to write an opera, the Englishman's work would probably be by far the least effective of the three, though the actual musical value of it would be at least equally great. This shortcoming can doubtless be explained to some extent by the English composer's enforced lack of theatrical experience, but I do not think there is inherent to the English that "sense of the stage" so natural to the Latins and to the romantic peoples of Southern Germany. Now the composer of Opera Comique, though, of course, he is the better for the possession of such a sense, does not find it absolutely indispensable as does the composer of Grand Opera, because he is able to rely more on other qualities which generally pass unnoticed in the more exacting form. No critic who witnessed Delius' *Village Romeo and Juliet* at Covent Garden can have failed to remark how ineffective the most lovely music can sound in a theatre, if it is essentially undramatic.

Moreover, at present our composers have absolutely no opportunity of experimenting in the light forms of dramatic music, because English Comic Opera has abdicated in favour of importations from Vienna. Not that we have much to complain of in this respect, for these Viennese operettas are undoubtedly superior to the musical comedies that they have also displaced, and a public which appreciates *The Chocolate Soldier* is not far removed from the appreciation of the more popular works which must be included in any representative repertory of Opera Comiques.

Finally, the establishment of such a repertory possesses the practical advantage of being comparatively inexpensive and, what is at least as important, totally unopposed to the interests of Covent Garden or Mr. Hammerstein. Indeed, as all operatic ventures in London react on each other to a greater or less extent, the success of any one which does not appeal to an actually identical public is likely to enhance rather than to prejudice the fortunes of another.

Of course it must not be imagined for one moment that such a season should necessarily be limited to absolutely frivolous operas. Not only Bizet, but Mozart and Rimsky-Korsakoff ought to be laid under contribution. Indeed a conscientious management should be continually feeling its way towards the improvement of the repertory in every possible way. But artistic ambitions are not always incompatible with common sense, and our admiration for *Snegorouchka* or *Cosi fan tutte* need not blind us to the merits both financial and artistic of *Fledermaus*, *Veronique*, or *Merrie England*. Only it is absolutely imperative that the performance of every opera, however insignificant, should be as nearly irreproachable as possible. Before Mr. Beecham's failure we might have been satisfied with the comparatively good; now we must insist on nothing less than the superlatively excellent. Nor is this excellence primarily a question of money—though a large sum of money would be required, sufficient not only to engage really good artists, but to provide for at least three annual seasons of three months each—but rather of intelligence and of hard work. Especially, for instance, should a great deal of care be bestowed on "production," which is a word almost unknown in English Opera, except as a synonym for flaunting scenery.

I have not thought it necessary to urge in so many words that the repertory cannot consist entirely or even mainly of operas by English composers, nor yet that every opera, whatever the nationality of it, must be sung in English. English operas are for the present about as plentiful as English daffodils in February; and, apart from the question of absolute necessity, those prejudiced against the use of English in opera may be asked to sit through an act of *Ivanhoe* and hear how English sounds when set to music by a man, who, whatever his other defects, certainly understood the rhythm and accent of our language. Furthermore, I cannot deny myself the satisfaction of pointing out that exactly the same prejudice was current in the sixteenth century as regards the substitution of English for Italian words in madrigals. After all, comparisons are not always odious.

I do feel, however, that many people may wonder why anyone should bother his head about a dramatic form of such small æsthetic pretensions as Opera Comique. For my part I admit to a great liking for it, nor am I in the least disturbed by the mixture of dialogue and music. All things said and done, it is a convention, neither more nor less silly than the conventions of Grand Opera or Music Drama. Frankly, both the *Ring* and *Tristan* to say nothing of *Faust* or *Tosca*, are full of situations hardly less ridiculous. Nor are Strauss's operas much better. There is only one music-drama which is in accordance with the correct æsthetic principles laid down by Wagner, and that is not by Wagner but by Debussy. But such a misfortune does not prevent these various works from containing music effective, delightful, beautiful or sublime, as the case may be. Does it really matter what form of æsthetic is used by a genius, as long as he uses it to the best advantage ?

From the strictly musical point of view, too, there can be no doubt that all Opera ranks after the symphony or even the quartet. It is neither as intellectual as the one nor as pure as the other. Why then, people have asked, trouble about it at all ? Should we not do better to strive to multiply orchestral concerts and revive the Monday " Pops " ?

The answer is that the strength of Opera lies in its æsthetic weakness. It is neither the best music nor the best drama, but it is the best introduction to both. It is, so to speak, the richly-wrought flamboyant door that leads into the garden of artistic perfection and attracts the notice of many who would otherwise overlook that rather prim little enclosure. Many, doubtless, never pass beyond the door, and spend their lives in contemplation of its rather meretricious beauties. But surely even this is better than that they should know nothing of beauty at all, judging the world by the standard of the dust or the mud of the road outside ?

If we consider the enormous sums spent in subsiding Opera-Houses all over Europe, the answer of the civilised world is certainly in the affirmative, and in this respect, of course, Opera Comique is scarcely inferior to Grand Opera. There is the same opportunity for the dancer, for the scene-painter, and almost the same opportunity for the singer and for the orchestra. But the chief merit of Opera Comique is its almost universal popularity. With the possible exception of Italians, people of all nationalities seem to go and hear it more readily than Grand Opera. And so it is just what we need in England, where the first and most important thing is to make people go regularly to the theatre ; for incidentally the fortunes of Opera are at least as closely allied to the fortunes of the Drama as to those of music pure and simple. Indeed, in England to-day the difficulties of both are identical. Potentially at least we have the composers as we have the dramatists; all we need is the audience. Whether or no the Drama can meet that difficulty must be left to more competent judges to decide. But Opera, I firmly believe, both can and will, if only we face the fact that we must begin at the beginning. In short, the essential thing is to popularise the name of Opera, to establish it firmly in the public favour, leaving the eventual solution of the problem to Time, or even to some future Government more enlightened than its predecessors. For the strength of our position lies in the fact that both *Meistersinger* and *The Daughter of the Regiment* are operas—and that to the Englishman habit is everything.

Play of the Month

"The War God"

NOT a good press. People said to me, "don't go." A very smart lady who took me to see *Quo Vadis* and talked to me all the time about where we "were all going" on the English Stage confirmed it. "More preaching," she said. "You know, anti-imperialism and that kind of thing," and that settled it. I went —— I was astounded.

Mr. Zangwill's play *The War God*, played at matinées at His Majesty's, is without question a thing of note and real intellectual distinction. I heard it was dull—on the contrary, it holds the audience from beginning to end: I was astonished, for example, at the absence of coughing, and I was at church last Sunday, too. I had read about "didactic platitudes," etc.: again how strangely wrong! The thing is absolutely undidactic. The language is lofty, distinguished, at times ringing with the true poetic note of tragedy, but always polished, fluent, graceful. Instead of a dull play—a dramatised version of Mr. Norman Angel's book *The Great Illusion*—I found myself absorbed in the contemplation of a work of robust intellect, admirably staged, admirably acted, a drama of life that made one think, that left one thinking, an artistic pleasure viewed scenically or theatrically—a drama, in short, that counts and should be seen if the English Theatre is to be credited with any intelligent interest at all beyond that of musical comedy and the mirth-provoking automatics of commercial comedy. The thing, in fact, is so subtle, so suggestive and so well written that I'm going again, and I think Mr. Zangwill will make a great mistake if he does not at once publish it in book form, so that people may read and learn for themselves what manner of play this really is and how badly it has been used.

Nor has Mr. Zangwill obtruded his own point of view in the least. Quite the reverse, from the dramatic standpoint. His Bismarck is as sympathetically handled as Tolstoi who proclaims the brutal truth of the modern world—"The God of war is the man of business." Every diplomatist and journalist knows that, but if those who still have a sneaking weakness for Mars will only go to see Mr. Zangwill's play, they will learn more about the fundamental truths and fallacies of diplomacy than from a year's absorption of able leading articles—twopenny, penny, or halfpenny—and the cartoons to boot. It is really quite an extraordinary picture of the forces of modern life—the frivolity of kings, the rising flow of revolution, militarism, autocracy, stratocracy, democracy, and through it all the man of the Bible, Tolstoi, preaching humanity, pity, the forgiveness of sins, love. The scene of Tolstoi's appeal to the people is intensely dramatic. Not even the autumn Drury Lane play presents a more spectacular thrilling moment than the shooting of Tolstoi. The bullets pass through him and leave him untouched—it is woman who kills him. In the end she turns on Bismarck and tries to kill him. But no. She alone (woman), can kill the Saint. When she tries to slay the man who turned civilisation into an armed camp, she cannot—in a scene of fine subtlety her hatred vanishes, she leans on his arm, and together they discuss the portrait of an ancestor.

And then the scenes between Bismarck and the scheming courtiers, between Bismarck and Tolstoi, these are dramatic and real. There are a number of exquisite incidents in the play and many memorable lines. The grief of Bismarck at the sight of his dead son—so far away, like the silence of millions of years—there are Maeterlinckian moments. People who care for something above the inanities of musical comedy should certainly see *The War God*, for they will find that rare thing—a play that will stimulate and interest them. Moreover, Mr. Bourchier never gave a truer piece of acting in his life. Nor has Sir Herbert ever spoken more eloquently, or played with a finer dignity. He deserves the support of all who care for the true interests of drama and literature.

S. O.

Books of the Month

ART

MABUSE'S "ADORATION OF THE MAGI." By M. W. BROCKWELL. The Athenæum Press. 10*s*. 6*d*.

The author has compiled a minutely descriptive monograph on this famous picture, including a chapter devoted solely to its pedigree and another to biographical details of Mabuse. Possibly the letterpress of the volume will prove too minute and detailed in character to interest any but art students and collectors; but the fine plates, representing the whole and portions of the picture, together with four plates of representative specimens of various schools of painting, render the book of permanent interest and worth to even the most casual admirer of pictorial art.

PORTRAITS OF DANTE. By RICHARD THAYER HOLBROOK. Philip Lee Warner, publisher to the Medici Society. £1. 1*s*.

The intensity of the Dante cult shows no signs of diminishing. The votaries are perhaps not very numerous, but those who have been consecrated leave no detail of knowledge about the great Florentine unexplored. One of the most ardent Dante students is Professor Holbrook, author of *Dante and the Animal Kingdom*. From that work of research he turned to investigating the authenticity of the countless portraits of Dante; in addition to those from Giotto to Raphael, the main theme of his five years' research, he has also compiled a Descriptive Catalogue of the modern portraits of Dante, such as Henry Holiday's popular picture: "Holiday's Dante is distinctly akin to Giotto's, with which he may have been acquainted by Rossetti."

Of course the modern fanciful portraits are not treated very seriously in such a work as this. His is the historical method; and his conclusion is that all, except the pen picture by Boccaccio and the fresco by Giotto, "are secondary, if they are not copies, and record not so much Dante's features as his fame."

The description by Boccaccio, who was in Ravenna some years after Dante's death, is well-known: "Our poet was of middle height, and in his later years he walked somewhat bent over, with a grave and gentle gait. . . . ." And everybody who has visited the Palazzo del Podesta, at Florence, has gazed at Giotto's Dante, and learnt the story how in 1840 the "Paradise," of which it forms part, was discovered under a coating of whitewash, and how the restorer-vandal, one Marini, painted in a new eye, but fortunately not before Kirkup had made a tracing and sketch of the original. Illustrations are given. Indeed the many illustrations add greatly to the interest of this industrious volume which in printing and format is another triumph for the Medici Society.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY

The Life of Ruskin. By E. T. Cook. George Allen & Co. Two vols. 21*s*. net.

The enormous amount and variety of Ruskin's writings, and the multiplicity of his undertakings, made it inevitable that a full and authoritative *Life* should be composed; and it was also as entirely right that the task should be entrusted to Mr. E. T. Cook, Ruskin's pupil, friend, interpreter, and Editor of the mighty "Library Edition" of his works in thirty-eight volumes, with illustrations, facsimiles, and masses of explanatory notes.

A hasty view might suggest that with the immense amount of autobiographic and biographic matter scattered through these thirty-eight volumes—to say nothing of the thousand and one *Lives*, estimates, criticisms, bibliographies, and illustrations of Ruskin, already before the world, there would be no place, and perhaps no demand, for any new *Life*. It is certainly not so. The fact that all this biographic material about one of the most brilliant writers in English literature—and certainly about an extraordinary genius in the Victorian age—was so large and dispersed over so many volumes, made it necessary to put it all into one book. The work had to be done—and no living man but Mr. Cook could fitly do it.

There is another quality which makes this book both new and indispensable. For the first time the biographer has had access to the Diaries and Letters to his family and friends which Ruskin left behind him. These no outside biographer or critic has ever seen. Now, Ruskin's *Diaries* are unlike any known diaries whatever. They contain some of the most magnificent passages of eloquent prose that he ever wrote. And, together with the unpublished *Autobiographic Notes* which he intended to use in future books, and in the heaps of intimate revelations of his spirit and his thoughts which he poured out in letters to his relatives and his friends, they bring us nearer to the real man than even the works in thirty-eight volumes. The *Diaries* indeed are almost unique in literature. Written for no eye but his own, without a thought of publication, it would seem mainly to disburden his soul of its troubles, its joys, or its hopes, they contain some of his most gorgeous descriptions of nature and art; and more than that, they put into burning words the yearnings of his heart, in a way that reminds us of the *Meditations* of Marcus Aurelius or the *Confessions* of Saint Augustine. Armed with these materials Mr. Cook has given us the complete and final *Life* of Ruskin.

Now that we have this standard portrait of Ruskin as writer, as thinker, and as man, the question arises, if it has in any way altered or enlarged our previous conception of his character and his influence. It has deepened and vivified our conception, but it has neither varied nor displaced it. The Ruskin of 1911 is the "Graduate" of 1843, of *Unto This Last* in 1860, of *Praeterita* in 1889. The twenty-two years of research and all the revelations in the new *Diaries*, *Notes* and *Letters* of to-day have not at all changed the Ruskin whom we knew. They only make our memory of him more vivid, more complete. The thoughtful reader of Mr. Cook's two volumes should now be able to understand the mind, the imaginings, the sorrows, the difficulties, the tempests, the passions, the magnanimity, the loving heart and heroic temper of John Ruskin in a way perhaps more intimate than of any other man of his crowded age.

This I make bold to say, being one of the few living men who knew him and his father in 1860 at Dulwich, and thenceforth down to his last years at Brantwood, having written his Life, and sundry Essays and Estimates, yet being wholly detached from the inner circle of his disciples. My own short book is an Estimate quite as much as a Life. Mr. Cook's is a true biography, and if it touches on any judgment, it is by way of explanation or defence. We who are not esoteric followers may wish that all this had been less evident; but it is really a quite minor element in the book, and much of it was clearly inevitable in a devoted pupil and friend.

In a fine chapter Mr. Cook at last sums up his conclusions as to the influence of Ruskin upon the English and the foreign world, as art-critic, as social reformer, and as moralist and prophet. I cannot agree with an eminent critic who holds that the biographer exaggerates and at times misconceives Ruskin's influence both literary and social. For my part, and I am indeed an impartial witness, seeing that Ruskin was an unsparing opponent to the school of thought in which I was bred, I find almost the whole of Mr. Cook's judgments to be just and instructive. He strikes the fundamental note of Ruskin's career when he tells us that it proves a close connexion between his æsthetic and his economic work. In a fine passage (ii., p. 579), Mr. Cook says that it has been "a main theme of his Biography to illustrate their intimate connexion, both in Ruskin's thought and in his deeds. It is this which gives consistency to his life, system to his thought, and the distinctive character to his writings. Art not for art's sake, but art in relation to life; art as the exponent of individual and of national character; life without industry as guilt, but industry without art as brutality; beauty in a world governed by social justice: these are ideas implied in all Ruskin's books."

There are a few points of a very intimate kind wherein the new Biography adds to our knowledge—at least it does so to me who knew Ruskin at home, was in touch with him for nearly forty years, and who has studied all he ever wrote. These points are his personal affections, his religious history, and his agonies of soul. We knew how Ruskin's parents misunderstood and hampered him. We now know that he felt it deeply himself, and even told his father just before his death, that they had "thwarted him in all the earnest fire of passion and life." We have now also disclosed the true story of Ruskin's only love. Allowing for the fact of a man of fifty loving and proposing marriage, under his conditions, to a beautiful girl of twenty, there is here the tale of a real love and crushing sorrow lasting over a large part of his life.

As to the course of his religious opinions, we knew generally that he had passed through three stages—early Puritan orthodoxy, vague scepticism, and back to sincere, but mystical, faith. We now have the precise colour of these transitions recorded in private diaries and intimate letters. They are personally interesting; exactly what might be expected from his entourage and the nature of his mind; but from a philosophical point of view, quite unimportant. One was aware of the "slough of despond" into which Ruskin fell at times—but the new letters and diaries reveal the intense agony he endured, even in seasons of health, active work and pleasant surroundings. He was thirty-three and enjoying Chamouni when he wrote—"It is so strange to me to feel happy that it frightens me." "I feel as if I were living in one great churchyard, with people all round me clinging feebly to the edges of open graves," he wrote at forty-eight. At fifty-seven, after the death of his beloved Rose, he is oppressed by "a quite terrible languor," to be soon followed as we know, by violent cerebral attacks. What else could be the issue with a man who had seven books in hand at once, and at fifty tells a friend of ten separate tasks on which he was working. "I have too many irons in the fire," he said. Alas! that was the tragedy of his life.

One of the chief things we wish to learn about a great writer is the way in which he worked; and the meticulous care of the biographer now makes it perfectly clear. We all knew that Ruskin was one of the most profuse writers recorded in literature; and it was natural to suppose that these perennial floods of grand and passionate appeal on everything in heaven or earth were improvised in haste and thrown to the world in that spontaneous form. I devoted a separate Essay to the study of Ruskin's mastery over the genius of prose and his wonderful ear for melody and cadence. Mr. Cook shows us from letters and autograph manuscripts that this perfection of form was the result of long and scrupulous study. It makes the story of his style still more amazing. What a lesson to some of us amateurs who tumble out what we want to say just as it comes, and hardly have the patience to correct a proof. The facsimile of Ruskin's "copy" (i., p. 362) shows elaborate revisions and erasures, and as to proofs, the printer told his father that the bill for "corrections" would absorb the profits. He revised *Modern Painters* as Virgil revised the *Æneid*, "licking the lines into form as a she-bear licks her cubs."

Even to those who know the thirty-eight volumes there will be found here many new things. At first he was "disgusted" with St Peter's, and apparently with Rome and the Sistine. At Abbeville he wrote—"I seem born to conceive what I cannot execute, recommend what I cannot obtain, and mourn over what I cannot save." He loves fish, "because they always swim with their heads against the stream." He was for a graduated income tax, and a super-tax. He had an "utter loathing" for Maudle's æsthetic movement. To be without hope of a future life "makes one braver and stronger" (1861). He is "no Misanthrope, only a disappointed philanthropist." His "religion is to be old Greek"—"it is entirely certain, which is an immense comfort." His religion, writes Mr. Cook (about 1874), "had become 'the religion of humanity.'" In 1887 (age 68), he was "a Christian Catholic in the wide and eternal sense." To that intensely sensitive, imaginative, humane spirit, all things spiritual and material were passing to and fro as in an ever-moving panorama. But I shall fill another book if I do not stop, and will only say "ditto to Mr. Cook."

FREDERIC HARRISON.

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK. A CRITICAL STUDY. By A. MARTIN FREEMAN. Martin Secker. *7s. 6d.* net.

THE LIFE OF THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK. By CARL VAN DOREN. J. M. Dent & Sons. *7s. 6d.* net.

Peacock is pre-eminently suited for cult-worship. Without a considerable tincture of humaner letters it is impossible to appreciate him; Peacock's own mind was academic, and it is to academic minds, the soil where cults best grow, that his novels appeal. Peacockian devotions are easy to imagine. They must be chiefly masculine, probably they succeed a few glasses of Madeira. Then the Peacockian mind is quickened to a memory of quotations, to subtle glosses, to comparisons of Flosky and Skionar, Gaster and Folliott. Little examination papers will be set—"What did the Reverend Doctor Opimian say of Palestine Soup?"—and so on. Nevertheless, whether the love of Peacock be or be not the outcome of a "temper as full of crotchets as Peacock's" (the words are Professor Van Doren's), it remains to the credit of the cult that Peacock is still read, and the two books noticed in this review have been published.

Mr. Freeman, at the opening of his critical study, very justly observes that the extreme scarcity of biographical material makes it impossible to give a full and satisfactory account of Peacock's life; yet Professor Van Doren calls his volume a "life." A comparison of the two books shows that very little is added by the biographer to the ascertainable facts of Peacock's life which are fully given by the critic. Professor Van Doren devotes a chapter, which is, indeed, interesting, to Peacock's work as an official of the East India House. But after all these facts are bare. What is worth writing and reading about Peacock is concerned with his works, and that is, in fact, the main task of both the authors with whom we are now dealing.

Both Mr. Freeman and Professor Van Doren adopt the critical point of view, though there is a certain difference of attitude. Both are sound critics, who set forth their judgments with distinction. In essentials they do not differ very widely, but Mr. Freeman's book will appeal more to the Peacockian; Professor Van Doren's to the general reader and student, who prefers an indication of Peacock's place in all English literature to an illumination of Peacock's niche itself. Both critics are just and severe to Peacock's early efforts in pseudo-classic verse, on which little time need be wasted except to notice Mr. Freeman's humorous description of the general attributes of that debased style. With *Headlong Hall*, published in 1816, the true Peacock begins. *Melincourt* and *Nightmare Abbey* followed rapidly in the next two years. *Maid Marian* appeared in 1822, *The Misfortunes of Elphin* in 1829, *Crotchet Castle* in 1831, and, after an interval of twenty-nine years, filled by official work and some occasional journalism, *Gryll Grange* in 1860. These are the works by which Peacock will be remembered, and it is to be hoped that there will never be wanting those who can appreciate his pith and wit, his boisterous humour, his songs, and his polished style. Nicely to adjust the respective merits of these novels is not easy. Some may prefer the violent contrasts and crudities of *Headlong Hall* and *Nightmare Abbey*, others the serenity of *Gryll Grange*, while Mr. Freeman finds Peacock's apogee in *The Misfortunes of Elphin*. Personally, we are inclined to couple *Nightmare Abbey* and *Gryll Grange* as Peacock's best, the one for its spirited plot and joviality, the other for the sake of Doctor Opimian, that reflection of Peacock's self in old age which Mr. Freeman so charmingly summarises in his conclusion. It was only to be expected that authors of books on Peacock would be at some pains to explain all the points of his satire, to discover the originals of his fantastic characters, to compare his different conceptions of Shelley, Coleridge and others, and to determine how far his own views are expressed in any one character. These are points of interest which a critic cannot omit, but we venture to think that they are comparatively unimportant. Mr. Freeman, with a greater knowledge than Professor Van Doren of early nineteenth century history, pushes his investigations in the matter to excess. He devotes much space, in particular to an analysis of the ideas in *Melincourt*, to comparing Foster with Forester, and to quoting conversations in which he substitutes real for fictitious names. We cannot help thinking that the time for this has gone by. It is by his satire of perennial, not of particular, folly that Peacock lives. Professor Van Doren makes a true remark when he says of *Nightmare Abbey*: "The tale is a brilliant achievement, bright, piercing, wholesome. As a work of art it deserves to be considered quite apart from any relation it may have to the person who happens to serve as model for its chief character." If Peacock's novels could not give as much pleasure without, as with, a commentary, his memory would not now be green. But Professor Van Doren says with truth: "He seems to belong to a class of literature which he exhausts, standing alone in laughter as Landor stands in wrath," while allowing that he is inferior to Lamb in personal charm and humour, in scope to Fielding, Thackeray, Meredith and (a pardonable piece of patriotism), Mark Twain. Readers of Professor Van Doren's book will finish it with a very just appreciation of Peacock's work in all its relations, and this is due to his independent standpoint and his admirable terseness. But this is said in no disparagement to Mr. Freeman's appreciation, which is most enjoyable reading, and shows more sympathy with that element of sunshine in Peacock's temperament which makes (if the remark may be pardoned) the element of moonshine so attractive.

THE LIFE OF WHISTLER. By E. R. and J. PENNELL. New and Revised Edition. Heinemann. 12*s*. 6*d*. net.

This fifth edition, as it is called (which is, we believe, strictly speaking, the second edition, after four impressions of the first), is important for two reasons. It has a considerable amount of new information; and it has the advantage, as some will hold, of being in one volume, uniform with that deathless volume of Whistler's literary work, *The Gentle Art of Making Enemies*. There has also been some permutation of the admirable illustrations. Of the new matter it is most interesting to turn to the page which disposes of the Greaves' legend very recently circulated: this is now of interest only as illustrating the fact that the flock of professional critics, after all Whistler's educative epigrams, is still ready to bolt in any direction, whenever some tradesman breaks a gap in the protective hedge of public opinion. The dog which frightened them this year was the cleverly trained rumour that Walter Greaves was not the pupil but the inspirer of Whistler—and they were nearly all incapable of judging his work on its merits. Mr. and Mrs. Pennell easily—that is, quietly—settle that affair. The only fault we have to find with their delightful book (which is, of course, not only authoritative as to facts, but also a *corpus* of such Whistlerian myths as were sufficiently amusing to be recorded), is that they are not, indeed, as vulgarly adulatory as most biographers, but just a little too anxious to prove or assume that whenever Whistler quarrelled with a friend or patron he was following the only possible and righteous course. Why not honour his memory this side idolatry and yet recognise his impossible temper? What does it matter, so long as he painted "La Princesse du Pays de la Porcelaine" and the Symphonies in White?

THE WOMEN OF THE CÆSARS. By GUGLIELMO FERRERO. Fisher Unwin. 8*s*. 6*d*. net.

Signor Ferrero is one of those brilliant historians who have not only the power of taking the wide view of history, but also of illuminating the past by means of the present and the present by means of the past. Quick to seize analogies without being blind to differences, he sees history as a human problem, the old and the new as correlative aspects of the world's life. His *Greatness and Decline of Rome* must always be interesting as the work of one who fertilised scholarship and research by inference and the brilliant piecing together of probabilities.

The new volume now translated for the English public involves for him no fresh research, but it is a valuable off-shoot from his central studies. It is in fact a critical examination of Roman patrician femininism, and it favourably contrasts with Mr. McCabe's *Empresses of Rome*, a superficial work based on no broad historical scholarship. For Signor Ferrero the feminine problem at the critical period of the early Empire seems to be doubly important by reason of the importance of the sex problem in the critical social period through which we are passing to-day.

The author's inferential mode of reaching conclusions takes him too far. He is wholly convincing when he shows how the break-up of the old Republican society with its traditions and its Puritanism, a break-up effected by the civil wars, by the influx of foreign luxury, and the rise of wealthy parvenus, naturally led to the decay of the antique morals of the patricians. The traditional feminine virtues which were preserved by Livia and Antonia take the air of a forlorn hope, and the egotistic freedom of the two Julias or of Messalina is characteristic of an age which had lost respect for patrician traditions, for ancestry, and the code peculiar to them. But Signor Ferrero, who is anxious to tilt against the modern tendency to make divorce easy, mentions the facility of divorce as a cause of immorality in Imperial Rome, without regarding the fact that the same facilities were afforded in the sternest Puritan days of the Roman Republic.

Signor Ferrero goes farther than most historians in imputing prejudice to Tacitus and in acquitting many members of the Imperial family of blame. We believe that he is right. The atmosphere was one of faction and of hostility to the powers that be. Every evil was attributed to the reigning house which held so anomalous a position. The author denies that the elder Julia was a monster of iniquity, though she was assuredly the impertinent rival of Livia and indiscreet in her affections. He extols the younger Agrippina, and he goes further than Professor Bury in his praise of the Emperor Tiberius. It is a book which pursues the inquiry in a critical and philosophical spirit. It is fascinating to read. It has the defect of its virtues—it is too brilliant and too ingenious.

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE

LAUGHTER. By HENRI BERGSON. Translated by CLOUDESLEY BRERETON and FRED ROTHWELL. Macmillan & Co. Ltd. 3*s*. 6*d*. net.

The philosophy of laughter has hitherto been summed up in the word "joy," which would seem logical and comprehensive enough—logical because it is the antipode to tears, comprehensive, because humanity is commonly supposed to laugh only when it is happy, when, therefore, there is joy in the soul. And since Hobbes, no Smellfungus has disturbed the definition. Bergson has carried the thing much further. He has shown what many in secret doubtless suspected, that laughter is by no means all joy but, as often as not, tragedy, that it is not an "emotional" but a mental act, that it is a corrective, a weapon, a "social gesture" whereby civilisation is knit together, as much a part of the social fabric as the village pump or policeman. Its law is what he calls "rigidity," both as regards form and gesture and movement; "the attitudes, gestures, and movements of the body are laughable in exact proportion as that body reminds us of a machine," in a word, automatism in contrast with free activity. Laughter is thus a kind of social "ragging"; hence, too, its equivocal nature, making it not quite art, not quite life, not exclusively æsthetic or altogether disinterested—which, by the way, leads the professor to indulge in a delightful dissertation upon art which the critics avow is the best thing in the book.

It is the function, not the law (which Bergson unquestionably reasons and demonstrates with rare subtlety and lucidity), that interests me, and especially what he says about the business of laughter, which is to "repress any separatist tendency" in society. Here, obviously, is a rock truth. By laughter, society avenges itself for the liberties taken with it. Its object is to humiliate—kindly. It would fail in that object if it bore the stamp of sympathy or kindness. It punishes certain failings (of rigidity), converting them into plasticity, rounding off our corners, so to speak. An average of justice may be claimed for it, though individually it is no doubt very unfair and cruel. It thus indicates a slight revolt on the surface of social life. Like froth, it sparkles. It is gaiety itself. "But the philosopher who gathers a handful to taste may find that the substance is scanty, and the after-taste bitter."

So ends the professor on the note of pessimism. That is why we like his book so. And who, listening to the inane giggles of a London theatre audience, can help feeling with Bergson that laughter is anything but unadulterated joy—happiness or pleasure; that civilised mankind laughs rather as the means to escape from the prison of life; that laughter is cruel—as when boys at school "rag" the little "swot"; that it is a corrective—as when fine folk in a drawing-room laugh at the shy man, the youth whose hair is not cut exactly as short as other men; that it is a weapon to punish eccentricity, the revolutionary, and all other lapses from the plasticity of society. And perhaps that is not all. Why do pretty women always laugh or smile on every conceivable occasion? Why is it that a man who does not easily laugh is subject to suspicion and even dislike? Why do people laugh at such absurdities and not at real wit, for instance. No, laughter is not joy. Bergson is unquestionably right. A man who has just made a £1,000 coup does not laugh. When a girl gets married she does not walk to the altar laughing. Yet why not, if that is the supreme moment of happiness in her life? Why don't children laugh at the Pantomime? Bergson has taught us some real truths. He has shown that laughter is as often as not unkind, being a corrective rather than an expression of happiness, as when we go to *Baby Mine* and roar at the mother in bed with her supposititious babies; that it is a leavening function, in reality hostile to genius and individuality. I once saw the late George Gissing at a smart party of the ordinary giggling type, and he sat in a corner the picture of dejection and sadness. I asked him why He said, "All these people are laughing vapidly to escape from themselves. Why should I laugh? I am happier than any of them really, because I can afford to be myself."

A. H.

MEMORIES AND STUDIES. By WILLIAM JAMES. Longmans, Green & Co. *6s. 6d.* net.

This volume of collected essays, mainly biographical studies and appreciations, is exactly what is wanted to round off William James's presentment of his view of life. Every genuine philosophic view, whether it includes a system or falls short of that academic dignity, has its convex and its concave side. On the convex side the philosophy fronts the world, armoured, bristling, a finished product. But on the concave side it consists of roots and queer whimsical human things, common affections, prejudices, instincts, all radiating from an inner centre of personality. It is on this concave personal side that we see William James in this volume of essays. Here it seems that we get at the personal roots from which his philosophy springs, and we venture to say that if his philosophy has proved valid and inspiring to unacademic minds it is precisely because though logical in method, its basis is not logic, but personality.

We see him then in a considerable number of these essays dealing with the personal, the particular, issues of life, loaded with the full savour of the personal and the particular, yet radiating the philosophical ideas which are characteristic of him. How simply and affectionately he sings the praises of Louis Agassiz, the naturalist, whom once he accompanied far up the Amazon! But in this simple appreciation of a man we come upon statements which belong to the articles of his philosophy. "If ever a person lived by faith, he did," says James, and for that he admired the man. But again: "The only man he really loved and had use for was the man who could bring him facts." *Facts*—Faith—are these not the two things for which the pragmatist philosopher clamours insistently?

His warmth of sympathy and his open-mindedness are everywhere apparent. He may not trust the reasoning power of the common man (he scarcely trusts his own), but he does trust the common man's evidence. He admits that mediumistic spiritualism has proved little, but he insists that it has afforded a case for inquiry. And when he notes throughout the world the recurrence of certain superstitiously interpreted phenomena, he does not interpret the results superstitiously, but he thinks there must be "something in" those phenomena, which remains either to be explained or to baffle us as a notable mystery.

We can see then from this refreshing and stimulating book just wherein the personality of a man like James is different from that of the academic philosopher, and why therefore his philosophy, if it is less complete, less synthetised, moves us more as an utterance of truth. William James came out into the light of day. He rejoiced in the lusty, virile, concrete things of life. If he had to be a specialist, he would be no mere specialist. He was always abreast of the most advanced and unconventional ideas about life, and he was not ashamed of reading even Chesterton and Shaw. (That is much in the case of a professed philosopher.) He took pleasure in his friends; he loved the open air; he could take the common view of life. And for these reasons he was able to make an uncommon philosophy.

THE FEAST OF ST. FRIEND. By ARNOLD BENNETT. Hodder and Stoughton. 2*s*. 6*d*. net.

One can hardly imagine Mr. Arnold Bennett writing well about Christmas; the mechanism of his mind is too precise and hard: his sense of fact is too strong. Such a subject requires emotional and imaginative rather than mental force, and the latter is Mr. Bennett's speciality. His outlook upon life is rational and business-like, and when he sets himself the task of writing up so irrational and unbusinesslike a thing as the Christmas spirit and tradition, he is in danger, in spite of his high motive, of making that subject a trifle sordid. As the apostle of St. Friend he preaches giving and goodwill, placing them on a sound commercial basis, that is to say as personally advantageous things. And he does this in the hope of reviving the Christmas spirit, when what is really wrong with Christmas is that it has actually degenerated into the sort of self-interested festival Mr. Arnold Bennett advocates. Goodwill and generosity, to be of any value, must be spontaneous, springing from the heart rather than the head, and any attempt to rationalise them, to give them a reasonable turn, is to destroy their value; for you cannot argue people into a spiritual condition, but you can argue people into a spurious Christmas sentiment in an age given over to shallow thought rather than deep feeling. Mr. Bennett's Christmas ideals are neither convincing nor pleasant, nor does he even convince us in this tract by the use of that exact sense of observation which he has taught us to expect from him in his novels. For instance, he alludes to the pantomime as "pre-eminently a diversion for children," when as a matter of fact that form of theatrical entertainment nowadays is as pre-eminently a diversion for adults as a musical comedy or a Vaudeville programme. Matters are not improved by his admission that children prefer the harlequinade, for that lively epilogue to the modern pantomime has been abolished in this country. Mr. Bennett's generalisations about children are always debateable. "They powerfully object to changes," he says; but any observer of children knows that they powerfully demand changes as well, and that, in respect to such matters, they are not very unlike their elders. "No child," he says, again, "could believe in anything as passionately as the modern millionaire believes in money," which makes us wonder whether Mr. Arnold Bennett has ever had anything to do with children, and their stubborn faiths and persistencies. But perhaps it is that children and Christmas are too much alike for the author of *The Feast of St. Friend*, and that is why he misses the point.

POETS AND POETRY: BEING ARTICLES REPRINTED FROM THE LITERARY SUPPLEMENT OF *The Times*. By JOHN BAILEY. Oxford University Press. 5*s*. net.

Among the twenty-two review-articles that constitute this book, articles that at odd times between the years 1903 and 1910 have adorned the front page of *The Times Literary Supplement*, there is one that defines Mr. Bailey's attitude towards Poetry with more than ordinary aptness. Its subject is Spenser, and its occasion on its first appearance was W. B. Yeats' selection, "with an introduction," for the *Golden Poets Series*. The situation is interesting because Mr. Bailey is very angry with Mr. Yeats, not only because of some of his judgments on Spenser, but also because of some of his passing comments on Shakespeare and Poetry in general. But Mr. Yeats was writing of Poetry as a Poet writes, knowing it intimately from within, and esteeming it highly in all things. This, however, Mr. Bailey cannot away with. His is the attitude of the newspaper critic, secure in his own authority, and not a little distrustful of

Poetry when it would lift him above custom and convention, and the common round of things.

Taking this as a touchstone, one can find the quality of these various articles with an almost whimsical infallibility. For instance, we turn to that other "poet of poets," Shelley, and we see that the occasion of that particular article was Mr. Clutton-Brock's book *Shelley: the Man and the Poet.* Now, in that book we had the interesting spectacle of Mr. Brock standing very securely on a "middle-age" earth, gazing up with obvious mystification (and a little irritation, moreover) at the beautiful creature whose joy it was to wing the immaculate blue. Knowing this, one could divine that Mr. Bailey would equally well be mystified by Shelley, and also that he would applaud Mr. Brock. Turning to the article we find that this is even so. Writing of Shelley's "sublime ecstasy," he says that, "good as that ecstasy is, we cannot live by it; rather we have to live by something soberer, something more like the Wordsworthian 'admiration, hope, and love.' Besides, we live on the solid earth, not in the wide spaces of the universe." Of Mr. Brock's book he says: "probably the best study of Shelley that has yet been written."

In his review of Professor Raleigh's book on Wordsworth he comes somewhat nearer recognising the essential and other-worldly splendour of Poetry; yet even then one would never realise that Wordsworth had written such a poem as "Yew-trees." But when we come to the homelier Chaucer, or to Crabbe, or to Scott, or to Edward Fitzgerald, then we feel at once that Mr. Bailey is far more at home; and that, despite the unfortunate restrictions of his style, he can blend delight with information. His style, certainly, is unfortunate. It is unfitted for a book simply because it is so well suited for the columns of a newspaper, that newspaper being possessed with no small sense of its own dignity. It is sometimes unbearably pedagogic without even being bracingly dogmatic and vigorous.

Yet, if Mr. Bailey has been oblivious of much he has also included much, even if some of this has smacked more of mundanity than sublimity; and if he has been shy of much he has given us an indication of what has caused him shyness, so that we might take second-hand note of it thus.

THE HUMOUR OF THE UNDERMAN. By FRANCIS GRIERSON. Stephen Swift & Co. Ltd. 2*s.* 6*d.* net.

Mr. Grierson is one of those rare writers nowadays who stimulate thought. He belongs to the old régime, writing with meticulous care and precision, a true essayist, one who writes for brevity as the soul of wit with the deliberation of the robust conscience. Among other things—and he has done many things—he is a musician; he is at his best in such essays as "The Wagnerian Riddle," the "Emotional Power of Genius," "Impressionism," "Mystery and Illusion"—the emotional side of life generally. He is a philosopher and a traveller; he has lived much in the big world and yet always preserved the sanctity of his own idea. He says somewhere the only potent, supernal, and insurmountable magic is that created by colour and form in art, melody and harmony in music, suggestion and rhythm in words. In that sentence lies the philosophy of his whole spiritual and critical attitude. Sometimes one is apt to find his dicta a little pedantic, there is a want of spontaneity perhaps. An over-deliberateness, a Baconian decision, creates at times a feeling of monotony, but against that there are colour and rhythm and a fine sincerity. One reads and rereads these little essays and always some new idea arises. Rarely does one discover so much thought in so small a volume, which has the aroma and charm of that delightful little work of his *The Celtic Temperament*, another edition of which, one rejoices to see, has just been issued.

THE MEMOIRS OF A FAILURE. By DANIEL WRIGHT KITTREDGE. W. P. James, Cincinatti, U.S.A.

This volume contains the study of the mind of a curiously morose and reclusive student at the University of Virginia, revealed chiefly by his posthumous papers, which are printed with an introduction. Dunlevy, the " Failure," was a mystery to his fellow-students ; he lived alone with an old negro retainer, and one day he was surprised, by his historian, at his rooms in the act of drinking " sangaree," an intoxicating posset, prepared by the old negro. Shortly afterwards Dunlevy disappears with his servant, leaving his papers with his visitor, to be published or otherwise at the latter's discretion, if their author does not reappear within six years. These papers form the bulk of the volume. They reveal one of those inward-living souls to whom a life of reflection is more than a life of action. This state has been encouraged by a fruitless love affair, and it is augmented by " sangaree." Each of Dunlevy's papers are brief records of the effects of that potion upon his brooding temperament, and they bespeak a mind somewhat akin to Edgar Allen Poe, without that poet's curiously fantastic *scenario*. *The Memoirs of a Failure* is the work of a writer of considerable imaginative and literary gifts.

A YEAR OF STRANGERS. By YOI PAWLOWSKA. Duckworth & Co. 5*s*.

Yoï Pawlowska's name is new to the literary world, but those who read her book will not forget it. These sketches are like the music of Debussy. The simple, unaffected literary style has that intangible, undefinable quality which is in the dancing of Anna Pavlova, with the same elusiveness, the same tender, half-sad, half-loving strains in it, the same vivid colour touches.

Written in an admirable English, some of the sentences have a queerly foreign twist, and this adds to, rather than detracts from the charm of the book, about which there is something infinitely pathetic, and, though there is no pathos in it, once more we realise that for every real bit of art there is, somewhere, a broken heart. Each sketch has in it a momentary lifting of the veil on the deep recesses of a soul washed white by tears ; each is the work of a dreamer with the heart of a child, who has been face to face with the evils of life, and has found beauty. There is in all this an atmosphere new to literature. Many have written of their travels, but no one has written quite like this before. Here and there we find terse bits of realism; true and little understood things about men and women, written by one who has proved perhaps the biggest of all truths—that there is very little difference in the feelings of the two sexes; that men, as well as women, are often irresponsible and unpractical, even hysterical; that women, as well as men, can be true to each other, have a sense of honour and can, if needs must, stand alone; if the common want of all creatures is a love which understands everything. We have only one critical bone to pick, and this is with the proof reader, who has left the printer to his own devices in the matter of punctuation.

THE WORKS OF FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE, edited by Dr. OSCAR LEVY. T. N. Foulis. Vol. II., Early Greek Philosophy and other Essays, translated by M. A. Mugge, Ph.D.; 2*s*. 6*d*. net. Vol. VII., Human, All-Too-Human. Vol. II., translated, with introduction, by Paul V. Cohn, B.A.; 5*s*. net. Vol. VIII., The Case of Wagner, etc., translated by A. M. Ludovici; 3*s*. 6*d*. net. Vol. IX., The Dawn of Day, translated with introduction by J. M. Kennedy; 5*s*. net. Vol. XVII., Ecce Homo, poetry, translated by A. M. Ludovici; 6*s*. net.

With this batch of five volumes, ranging from the early essays on Greek philosophy to the Ecce Homo, Nietzsche's posthumous *apologia pro vita sua* with its aggressively competitive title, Dr. Levy brings to a close his translation of the complete works of Nietzsche, if we except the volume of supplementary essays which we are promised in the spring.

By publishing "The Early Greek Philosophy and Other Essays," Dr. Levy proves the courage, and the conscientiousness with which he regards his editorial responsibilities. For the volume makes no popular appeal. The sensational allurements of Nietzsche's style are only exercised to a modified extent. None the less the essay on early Greek philosophy is of indisputable importance to those anxious to trace the true evolution of Nietzsche's philosophic mind. Of particular significance is the attention paid to Heraclitus. In that philosopher's doctrine of the perpetual flux and in his conception of the cosmos as engendered by perpetual war, we recognise the same militant restlessness and the same driving energy which were subsequently to animate the more mature philosophy of Nietzsche himself. The sympathetic stress, moreover, laid on the pride and loneliness of Heraclitus shows well the insistent consciousness on the part of Nietzsche himself of his own splendid isolation. Independently, however, of Nietzsche the essay serves as a brilliant if condensed text-book on the whole subject of Pre-Socratic philosophy, while the little treatise on Truth and Falsehood has many points of analogy with the more elaborate paradoxies of the Pragmatists, who would probably however not be unduly eager to acknowledge the relationship. "Human, All-Too-Human," Vol. II., and "The Dawn of Day," mark Nietzsche's transition from his Schopenhauerian phase to the mood of his own individual philosophy. The sharpness of the reaction has been intensified by the personal breach with Wagner, most of whose operas express in musical terminology the

Schopenhauerian Weltanschauung. Consequently, in the series of aphorisms on religion, metaphysics, morality, psychology, culture, and life in general, there is found a colder and more scientific touch, a more objective method than appears anywhere else in Nietzsche's writings. Yet there is an intensity, a seriousness, an as it were tragic grimness in the aphorisms of both these volumes which lifts them immeasurably above the level of mere dexterous epigrams. Take for instance such a piece of condensed autobiography as the following: "Incurable—An idealist is incurable: cast him out of heaven, he will make an ideal straight away out of hell; disillusion him, and behold—he will embrace his disillusionment no less ardently than he has previously embraced his illusion."

Side by side, moreover, with the negative sceptical element, run the more positive Nietzschean ideas which are given, particularly in the "Dawn of Day," an almost lyrical, if not indeed an almost fanatical expression. Even to Nietzsche there now spake the voice of a "Thou shalt," and it is in the name of his new religion that he proceeds to castigate the old.

The "Case of Wagner" is a violent attack on Wagner and the modern artist *par excellence*, the Cagliostro of Modernity, who "flatters every nihilistic (and Buddhistic) instinct and togs it out in music." The logic, though questionable, is simple. Wagner's music embodies the Christian ideal of renunciation and self-negation. This clashes irreconcilably with the Nietzschean ideal of victory and self-affirmation and is consequently perverse and vicious. Consequently the music which expresses it is perverse and vicious. Yet whatever criticism may be directed against a theory which judges music not so much by its intrinsic æsthetic qualities as by its ethical message, a theory forsooth which would ensure the unanimous damnation of the music of Strauss's *Salome* by every single person who disapproved of *Lustmord*, "The Case of Wagner," with its verve and its venom, its angry swiftness, its packed forcefulness of diction remains a superb piece of prose and one of the most effective polemics that ever flowed from the highly-barbed pen of this most militant of prophets.

Most interesting of all, however, is "Ecce Homo," the posthumous autobiography, the titles of whose chapters, "Why I am so Wise," "Why I am so clever," "Why I Write such Excellent Books," "Why I am a Fatality," betray only too clearly the psychological inflation by which they were inspired. The book indeed is not so much an ordinary autobiography, as an official version of the author's psychology and the author's mental evolution. Yet the impending shadow of Nietzsche's intellectual death looms heavy over this his last work. He depicts an ideal self seen in the highly coloured mirror of his own kaleidoscopic imagination and magnified to an illusory size by the vastness of his own megalomania. Typical is a passage such as the following—"It seems to me that to take up one of my books is one of the rarest honours that a man can pay himself—even supposing that he put his shoes from off his feet beforehand, not to mention boots."

If, however, the pathological standpoint is discarded for the purely literary, the work possesses a tragic dignity and a tragic seriousness which are authentically impressive. To "Ecce Homo" are appended a selected anthology of Nietzsche's poems, of which "Melancholy," admirably rendered by Mr. Scheffauer, strikes the deep note of genuine tragedy.

Prefaces are prefixed to all the volumes. The most animated if not the most able are those of Mr. Ludovici, who exhibits, however, rather the blind enthusiasm of the acolyte than the sceptical scrutiny of the critic.

The translations are not merely efficient, but succeed in representing in English the whole swing and spirit of an abnormally difficult original.

FICTION

ZULEIKA DOBSON, OR AN OXFORD LOVE STORY. By MAX BEERBOHM. Heinemann. *6s.*

Few books which have come in my way of late years have been opened by me with anything like the interest and curiosity with which I opened this. It had always been my wish, expressed publicly when occasion served, and with all the vehemence at my command, that Mr. Max Beerbohm should write a novel of character, or if not a novel, then anything he chose—I would not be pedantic about the form—which gave him scope for the study of character such as he saw about him. On his public form it needed no special sagacity to form this opinion. His caricatures have shown an insight nearly always acute, sometimes uncannily, sometimes devilishly piercing into character, and his essays have shown a mastery of language equal to the expression of anything. The wish was as natural as it was strong, and at last I thought it was to be gratified. Well, it has not been. Some other time, I hope and believe, Mr. Beerbohm may give me what I ask; he has not given it me now. Most of the reviews I have read of his book have been so entirely wanting in any attempt at criticism or estimation that I am sure they must have irritated (for all give eulogy), so fastidious and fearless a critic as he is himself, and he will be obliged to me for partly supplying the omission. In any case *magis amica* . . . I will clear my criticism honestly out of the way before I come to the honest praises.

One perceives pretty soon that this "love story" is to be an extravaganza, an imagining of impossible events. Again I won't be pedantic about form: I will say only that an extravaganza which is to hold me for 350 pages must be more than a mere extravaganza; there must be some bottom of reality in it; it must be an exaggeration, however wild, of something and somebody; let it be satire or caricature run mad, but of possible people. Now in minor characters and incidents Mr. Beerbohm conforms to this requirement—indeed he has given us some which are hardly exaggerations but faithful studies of types and incidents. But his two chief persons, Zuleika and the Duke, whose words and thoughts and actions occupy the greater part of the book, are nobody at all. They are entirely in the air, imagined out of nothing. Both in different ways might be said to be wild caricatures of abstract vanity, but they are in no point, in spite of elaborate description, concretely human. And the chief event to which everything leads up is not only impossible, as of course it has a right to be, but essentially not comic. Suicide for unrequited love may be nearly always unbalanced and foolish, once or twice in the history of the sexes it may have been beautiful, but comic it is not, and I cannot see that it becomes comic by mere multiplication. Is this dreadfully heavy of me? My fault that I cannot see the humour of the idea? Well, I have discharged my confounded duty.

Of individual passages, of minor characters, the power and humour and sometimes the beauty are incomparable, and if anyone should be put off from enjoying them by what I have written above he will be a fool. Mr. Cover the American Rhodes scholar; Katie Batch; Pedley's grace, the Junta club; Oxford by night—things to cherish. With little touches of knowledge, such as the lover's fury with the world, while his beloved is exhibiting her art incompetently, please one continually with the pride of recognition. But above all, to me, is the feeling for Oxford precious, the real understanding of its spirit, expressed—as indeed is all the book—with an exquisite charm of style. I want all such beauties in another and more wholly satisfying book, but wherever they come one should be grateful for them.

G. S. S.

BROKEN ARCS. By DARRELL FIGGIS. Dent. 6*s*.

In a first novel one expects to find only a careful attention to detail masking some lack of experience or imagination. And if one finds exactly the reverse, as in this case, one knows that it is a work of considerable import. Thus it would be easy to condemn *Broken Arcs* superficially: to begin with, in its central theme of suffering beauty and purity issuing from sordid bucolics, in the walkings of agonised mortals under the stars, to mention nothing more, it invites comparison with the greatest English novel of our time, *Tess of the D' Urbevilles*: few indeed can keep us breathing comfortably if they go out of their way to remind us of those magic uplands of Wessex.

Secondly, Mr. Figgis writes a preposterous style, and we have no hesitation in abusing him for it because it is obviously artificial: sometimes he is carried away by his own emotion and writes pages of clear and beautiful description: sometimes his imagination tires, he forgets to cover the gap with grammatical gymnastics, and falls into banality. Banality and the *cliché* are the result of a lazy or tired imagination which prefers to take its details ready-made. Now a good style is a natural function of the mind; yet we find Mr. Figgis occasionally spoiling with his worst extravagance scenes which are clearly conceived and deeply felt: we conclude therefore that he adopts it deliberately.

Yet in spite of these drawbacks, Mr. Figgis has written a novel remarkable as a whole for architectonic dignity, and embodying some force of fearless and clear thought about the complex of experience.

A LIKELY STORY. By WILLIAM DE MORGAN. Heinemann. 6*s*.

Once upon a time, or about four centuries ago, there was a beautiful young Italian lady who was married to a wicked old Duke. She was beloved by the artist who painted her portrait, and long after her death the portrait remembered all about her. Not only had the lady on the canvas the memory of the long deceased Duchess, but she retained the faculty of receiving impressions from what went on around her. Thus the portrait remembered how she came to London, which she called L'Ombra, and she remembered all about how she came into the hands of that vulgar little Chelsea artist, Mr. Aiken, and about how he quarrelled needlessly with his wife concerning the slatternly servant, Sairah (known to the portrait as La Sera). It was fortunate for Mr. Aiken that the picture remembered all about it, for his wife refused to believe him, ran off to her Aunt Priscilla, and the ex-Duchess was the only witness.

The Duchess made the facts known to that scholarly and kindly gentleman, Mr. Pelly, who was sleeping after his port wine. A photograph of the Duchess made the same facts known to Mrs. Aiken, who was still in high dudgeon at the house of that prudish and mischievous lady, Aunt Priscilla. And further, the portrait seems to have found a reincarnation in the daughter of its owner, the lovely Madeline, whose unacknowledged fiançé, Captain Calverley, a reincarnation of the artist, has not really died in the South African War. This blessed portrait, in fact, brings happiness ever after to everyone.

A very ingenious story. But Mr. De Morgan has not treated it with his usual skill. The book is for him short, but none the less his method is tiresomely long-winded. Never before has he so ceaselessly buttonholed the reader and talked at him without any apparent respect for his intelligence. The quarrel about Sairah, so far from being "likely," as the title satirically hints, is impossible. Mr. and Mrs. Aiken are not only vulgar, as they are meant to be; they are inconsistent and uninteresting in their sordid silliness. Aunt Priscilla is better, though overdone. Mr. Pelly is admirable. But Madeline and Captain Calverley are as unreal as Mr. and Mrs. Aiken. Mr. De Morgan has failed to make the most of his ingenious plot, and this mainly because he seems to think that any sort of tattle is good enough for a subservient public.

THE BRACKNELS. By FORREST REID. Arnold. 6*s*.

In a day when lavish praise is given unreservedly to a literature that is chiefly photographic in its method, that has discarded creation in favour of compilation, it is a very real pleasure to read a book like this. Of one of his characters Mr. Reid writes: "He had lost faith in appearances, in matter as he had hitherto conceived of it. The solid ground he trod upon might dissolve at any moment, the whole aspect change, but spirit was eternal." It is a considerable tribute to say of this book—or of any book—that its primary occupation is with this spirit which is eternal. The whole family of the Bracknels interest us, not because they are people such as we meet everyday, but because they bring something new into our minds, enriching them. And yet they are amazingly true to the inner facts of existence. There are many Amy Bracknels about, only they are not content to be themselves, and dare custom, as Amy was content. There are more Denis Bracknels about than perhaps even Mr Reid would divine, only they do not all become themselves as Denis did. The pagan is in each of us, ineradicable. As, under Mr. Reid's guidance, we watch the very lovable Denis go to his enchantments of moon-worship, memories of similar impulsions are stirred in us, and we recover our primal awe thereby. We do not altogether follow Mr. Reid when he shows Denis in mortal terror, in the latter half of his book, of the things he exulted in during the former half. Similarly we disagree emphatically with his conclusion, that is no conclusion. But as we watch this Irish home of the Bracknels (very obviously Belfast from the characterisation), first from Mr. Reid's standpoint of acceptance, and then from Hubert Rusk's, the English tutor's, foreign standpoint, we are bound to agree that this is no ordinary book.

EARTH. By MURIEL HINE. John Lane. *6s.*

That a Major should fall in love with a flapper is quite conceivable, for who could help falling in love with the Diana that Miss Hine has drawn so skilfully ? But that the spirited Diana should fall in love with the commonplace soldier, "who had the old-fashioned notion that women are open to gentle bribery," is hardly likely. However, a kiss piratically stolen under a warm Southern moon may account for a great deal. The first half of the book contains some refreshingly natural dialogue. Then the note of comedy is marred by an interpolation of the death of the late King, and with it a descent into bathos. We are afraid the men of Miss Hine's world of idlers are rather woodeny figures, and one can hardly blame the Italian singer for being so quickly bored with her English husband—the impeccable " Jack " of fiction. We should like to have seen more of Milly and of Ericson—but especially of Milly, with her views on a school for the married state. Perhaps we shall in a later novel. At any rate, next time, we hope Miss Hine will attempt to depict a world where folk do condescend to earn their daily bread.

POETRY

THE COLLECTED POEMS OF EDMUND GOSSE. Heinemann. 5*s.* net.

In a delightful and whimsical, though somewhat plaintive, Preface to these Collected Poems Mr. Gosse says that they " belong in essence to a period which has ceased to exist, to an age which is as dead as the dodo." He proceeds to add that " there is nothing in which fashion alters so rapidly as it does in poetry ; " and in that he voices a sentiment that has in it the elements of a very healthy contention. It might be said that the distinction between Poetry and Verse is just the essential difference between permanence and a shifting fashion, each deriving severally from the eternal deeps of life and the passing ostents of custom; and some of the poems in this very volume might be advanced as arguments wherewith to rebut his too, too modest claim. But when he goes on to say: "I shall know myself to be old indeed when I can no longer vibrate to the music of the latest poets of our race, and I have not yet found that I am unable to respond to this challenge,"—why, then we strike something so large and so courageous (and so unusual withal), that we feel that the writer of such words must have something in his poetry that we shall not lightly esteem.

To read through this volume is to find that this is so. No great gusty passion shakes the pages; nor are we thrilled with any vivid perception that reveals to us, with the suddenness and whiteness of lightning, things within us that we knew not of. Such moments, truly, are the great things of life: but there are pleasures besides. There are the apple-orchard, the dappled sunshine, flowers, and the fluting blackbird as he flies. These things bring ease and a deep contentment; and it is these things, and the memory of these things, that come to us reading these poems. Life's great scarlets and golds have been laid by; deliberately laid by, and not even attempted; while the poet has robed himself and dressed his songs in russet and silver, with a result that, if it is not exalted, is at least beneficent.

Take, for example, the sequence of Sonnets and Roundels entitled "Fortunate Love." The subject is obviously one that would have been handled far otherwise by other poets (that would be handled far otherwise now), but Mr. Gosse handles it with intent to awake simple joy and pure contentment. He succeeds. The sequence is as fresh a joy now as when first it was written. He succeeds by invoking the aid of weather delights and things that soothe the senses.

Like birds, like flowers, oh! let us live To-day,
  And leave To-morrow to the Fates' old fingers,
And waste no weeping over Yesterday!

So it is with all the book, happily entitied "On Viol and Flute," that forms the first section of this volume. It is even so with the long poem "Firdausi in Exile," where sorrow, when it appears, is made like an unreal undertone. In the latter portions of this volume the first poignancies enter, for many of the poems are in memory of the great dead, too quickly dead.

It is this that gives such a strange value to the "Epilogue" Mr. Gosse has given this volume. It closes with the same note as the volume opens; and there are many of the younger poets, those who are yet singing for a hearing, who will thank Mr. Gosse very genuinely for this "Epilogue." It is a magnificent note to close on.

SONGS AND LYRICS OF ROBERT BURNS. Edited by WILLIAM MACDONALD. Twelve illustrations by W. R. and R. P. FLINT. Lee Warner. 10*s.* net.

A beautiful production of typographical and illustrative art. The illustrations of W. R. and R. P. Flint possess a beauty which in these days of bizarre production it is a pleasure to behold. The peculiar charm attaching to Burns' Songs and Lyrics has been skilfully conveyed. The reproduction of such illustrations is worthy of the high standard attaching to the Medici Society's work. Mr. William Macdonald contributes a lucid and studied introduction. All that is truly lyrical and vital in Burns' work has been embodied in his selection.

SOCIOLOGY

UNEMPLOYMENT: A SOCIAL STUDY. By B. SEEBOHM ROWNTREE and BRUNO LASKER. Macmillan & Co. 10*s*. net.

This excellent monograph, giving a detailed account of the state of unemployment in the City of York on the 7th of June, 1910, deserves a hearty welcome from all students of our social conditions. Not only is the mass of carefully checked material which it furnishes most instructive in itself, but it is calculated to act as a much-needed incentive to other centres of labour to make similar complete surveys of the state of unemployment within their own limits. When the joint systems of Labour Exchanges and Unemployment Insurance are in full going order it is to be hoped that there will be here, as on the Continent, periodic conferences of the officials entrusted with their administration and of persons interested in their working. As already pointed out in the ENGLISH REVIEW, in articles by Dr. Otto Most and the present writer, one of the greatest difficulties in the study of this problem is precisely the lack of such detailed information as is given in the inquiry initiated by Mr. Seebohm Rowntree. If other great employers of labour would, in conjunction with the two bodies already mentioned, follow Mr. Rowntree's example in selected districts representing the different types of industrial employment throughout the United Kingdom, we might in a few years find ourselves in possession of extensive and trustworthy data such as at present, unfortunately, exist in no country in the world. Such data might well form a preparation for the inclusion in the decennial census of inquiries on this highly important subject. Of course the selection of industrial centres and the method to be employed in the proposed local inquiries would be a matter for consideration by the future Conferences on Unemployment in consultation with the Government Departments concerned, which would doubtless participate in the task. The success of private initiative, however, as shown in this volume, indicates the desirability of securing the active cooperation of employers, who have an interest, second only to that of the working classes themselves, in the solution of the problem.

In addition to their utility from a practical standpoint, in which they are indeed indispensable, such inquiries have the encouraging result of dispelling the too frequent tendency to despair of the possibility of finding an effective remedy for a crushing evil. The writers of this work are, we believe, justified in their anticipation that the analysis of the problem into its constituent parts will render their readers more hopeful of its solution than when it presented itself to them as " one vast confused and entangled whole." Even for those who have followed the subject closely, this investigation throws new light on many points left far too vague in such inquiries as have already been made in various quarters. It usefully emphasises the great diversity of the causes of unemployment, both immediate and direct, classifying the different categories affected, and indicating remedies appropriate to each. It is a noteworthy circumstance to find the following statement made on the authority of a great employer of labour:—

> "Our figures show very clearly that it is quite a mistake to regard the unemployed problem as primarily one of the character and efficiency of the workers. On the contrary, improved morale and increased technical ability, important as they are, can never solve that problem unless they are associated with wide industrial and economic reforms. Moreover, the defects by which some of the unemployed are handicapped are very frequently the direct outcome of unemployment in the past."

It is impossible in a short space to indicate the results of this first local inquiry in England from which, of course, no general conclusions as to the condition of the whole country can be drawn, particularly as at York itself the state of business at the time is described as "about halfway between normal trade and acute depression."

The remedies advocated are given under six heads: (1) more effective compulsory training of youth and a larger measure of oversight for all lads, say, up to the age of nineteen; (2) the regulation of the work given out by public bodies so as largely to neutralise the effects of cyclical and seasonal fluctuations in the demand for labour; (3) afforestation; (4) decasualisation of labour with the assistance of the Labour Exchanges; (5) insurance; and (6) decentralisation of town populations by the grant of facilities for town workers to live in the country and cultivate a plot of land which would provide them with an alternative to industrial employment when the latter fails.

ALFRED MOND.

THE VILLAGE LABOURER, 1760—1832: A STUDY IN THE GOVERNMENT OF ENGLAND BEFORE THE REFORM BILL. By J. L. HAMMOND and BARBARA HAMMOND. Longmans, Green & Co. 9*s*. net.

Mr. Maurice Hewlett in criticising a portentous history of England in the pages of this review, made an appeal for a Hodgiad. This is not exactly a Hodgiad, for the authors are no more of Hodges' class than was Mr. "Bobby" Spencer, the author of a memorable declaration, but it is perhaps the nearest thing to it that we shall ever get from the pen of the highly educated. It is biased it is true, but have we not long since found out the so-called impartial historian? Even the "just" historian is unconsciously biased by the traditions of his class. Now a new note is struck in the poignant pages of this history, and new and startling facts are revealed to us for the first time from the hitherto hidden records of the Home Office. Those "impartial" reports in the Journals of the House of Commons do not give us the truth of the Enclosure Acts as do the significant, frank letters of Selwyn (Chairman of Enclosure Committees) to

Lord Carlisle, which for instance show us clearly how "Bully" Bolingbroke's sudden passion for draining and enclosing 18,000 acres of Sedgemoor was born of the need to pay off his debts. Indeed, the writings of Cobbett and of an obscure country parson, the Rev. David Davies, who wrote the "Case of the Labourers and Husbandry," tell us more about the English people than all printed debates of the Houses of Parliament.

In *The Village Labourer* we have stripped of all glamour the human pageantry of rural England in those lean and dark years when the country was governed by its Magistracy and the House of Commons echoed from a distance its voice. The country poor—robbed of their land by Enclosure Acts (which for bare-faced brigandage outdo in boldness the schemes of the wildest Socialists of to-day); barred from escape from their parish by the Law of Settlement; subject to imprisonment for collective bargaining for higher wages by the repressive Combination Laws, and to transportation for life for entering a wood in search of food or fuel; demoralised by a system of rate-aided wages which made of nearly every labourer a pauper, were starved at last into the revolt of 1830, when large gangs driven to desperation marched about the Southern counties smashing threshing machines and demanding a minimum wage of two shillings a day—a wage which is still the reward of those who labour in Wilts and Hants and Norfolk. We get a vivid picture of bands of ragged and half-starved peasants seeking work or maintenance as Roundsmen. We are reminded, too, of a forgotten page of history when in 1795 the labourers' wives broke into open revolt and, like the women of France, commandeered the contents of mills and butchers' shops, not stealing, but selling food at fair prices, and giving back to the owners the sums realised. We see, too, how side by side with rising prices, with the leap into grandeur of the large farmers with their liveried servants, and with the erection of the princely palaces of the landowners enriched by Enclosure Acts and high rents, quickly rose those Bastilles of the poor—the workhouses, one or two of which were levelled to the ground in 1830. Silhouetted against the blazing ricks beside the figures of a starving peasantry flit the figures of great statesmen: Pitt, Bolingbroke, Ellenborough, Wellington, Peel, Melbourne and even Grey stand out with ugly emphasis. The amiable Melbourne emerges the most brutal Home Secretary that England has ever known when judged by his own records at the Home Office. Evidently in the opinion of the authors the French peasant before the Revolution was better off than the English peasant of this period. One M.P. remarked that if the poor had lost the means of obtaining their fuel they should keep themselves warm by sleeping in the stables with the cattle. Pitt, the great Pitt, gave up any attempt to frame a Poor Law Bill in 1797 by stating that he was "inexperienced himself in country affairs and in the condition of the poor." Cobbett had to fight the battle of the village labourer almost alone. He, mounted on horseback on his rural rides, was the English St. George going forth to slay the dragon which had its lair in the great wen. Thelwall declared at this time that a friend said to him, "We steal the goose and give back the giblets." "No," came the retort, "giblets are much too dainty for the common herd, we give them only the pen feathers." Surely it is with these pen feathers that the peasant in the near future will write the laws by which England will be governed.

This book is a noble contribution to English History, written with restrained passion and with flashes of caustic wit. Tragedy, though, lies in the fact that even in these pages the voice of the labourer is rarely heard.

SPORT

THE CONQUEST OF THE AIR. By ALPHONSE BERGET. Heinemann. 6*s*. net.

"Aviation is the most burning mechanical problem appealing to mankind to-day. Its solution is achieved. To-morrow it will be commercial; in a few years it will commence to transform the world." This is the prophecy of Paul Painlevé, Sorbonne Professor and member of the Académie des Sciences. How this prophecy is rapidly becoming fact, is shown in Monsieur Berget's book, which has attained its second English edition. It contains facts that are particularly needed to wake up England at this present time. It is clearly written, and not dry. All the theories and problems are illustrated and explained with such care that they are easily comprehensible to all. It goes just far enough into the technical side of the question to make it interesting to the ordinary reader, which is also far enough to excite the amateur to greater efforts, if he has opened it with a desire to pursue research. It is admirably divided. The opening deals with the principles which must be mastered before you can enjoy the rest. It introduces you to the Alphabet of the Air, then teaches you just enough grammar to read without looking your words out in the dictionary, properly in its place at the end of the book.

You read of the most thrilling adventures and experiments, many of the stories contain the outlines of a novel, none of the heroes die in their beds; the cruelty of nature runs through the early and modern history of Aeronautics, equally with man's courage and determination.

The singular impartiality with which he treats the future of Balloons and Aeroplanes is refreshing, as nearly all who study the air and its laws have a *parti-pris* for one or the other. He distinctly gives the speed to the Aeroplane, the comfort and power of hovering to the Balloon, so demonstrating that each has its use. Each craft has to do much to attain perfection; the Balloon must give up its rigidity and must increase its speed to sixty kilometres per hour. The Aeroplane, to become of universal use, must reduce the dangers of landing, must "rise from the spot," and acquire automatic stability.

There is only a page on kites and Mr. Berget hardly gives them their due in what they have taught the student of air currents, or in the forms they have given the Biplane; one passage, however, is of great interest, and one question which he puts is still awaiting its answer from America. He says, "of course there must be a wind to lift the kite. Now there are some days when the wind is a negligible quantity. What is to be done then ?" He goes on to say that the kite-flyer creates his wind by running. We are waiting to hear how the Wrights intend to create their wind ?

He gives a word to the Aeroplane and Gyroscope mixed, the idea being excellent in theory. He thinks the turbine the motor of the future, and is greatly in favour of two motors being fitted on Aeroplanes, so lessening the number of accidents from engine trouble.

He concludes by a chapter, the most stimulating of all, on the future of aerial navigation, dividing it into military and civil applications. This is not a wild imagining of bare possibilities, but a calm calculation of what at the rate of progress shown by his book, we may reasonably contemplate in the near future. Yet the reading of it is astounding, and the steps that have already been taken to make International laws of the air show that Europe recognises that the Conquest of the Air has already begun the transformation of the world.

H. M. Hewlett.

L'Escrime. Par J. Joseph-Renand (Sports Bibliothéque). Paris. Pierre Lafitte et Cie.

The advent of a book on fencing, which adds anything new to the stock of ideas on the subject, is a phenomenon. Yet such a book is the manual of the *Epée de Combat* with chapters on the sabre and the duel, which M. J. Joseph-Renand has just published. In the preface, M. Marcel Prévost, whose competence is so well-known, calls it the "gospel of the schism," which the reiteration of a true method of small-sword fencing appeared to be when it was first placed in contrast with the method of the foil. Conventions which ignored many of the real incidents of the sword fight had, till near the end of the last century, rendered the foil-teaching of the fencing schools a most imperfect introduction to the use of the real sword in the duel. It was as if men were taught rifle-shooting solely with the bow and arrow. At last a few professors, like Jacob and Baudry, began to recognise this, and to teach the use of the sword with the weapon itself, in a manner which recognised the necessity for defence of the whole body. But it needed a keener intellect, gifted with the power of literary expression, fully to discuss and lay down the laws of the right method. And in the person of M. Joseph-Renand these qualifications were joined with remarkable athletic aptitude. M. Marcel Prévost calls him the "great heresiarch of the schism," and he adds that this innovator had not only been champion of the foil, but has won all the championships of the *epée* in which he has taken part, and is at the same time a literary man of high distinction. Without disparaging the often excellent work of his predecessors, it is evident that no one so well equipped has ever before set out to write a classic work on fencing.

The book under review is not M. Joseph-Renand's first serious work on the subject, for a few years ago he published privately his *Méthode d'Escrime à l'Epée*, which was issued only to subscribers, and was written with the object of advising each reader, by correspondence, or by example where possible, as to the precise method of attack and defence most suited to his own individuality. This advice was confidential, and in several cases resulted in extraordinary improvement of the disciple's powers.

In the present work the author felt bound to describe *all* the movements which he has found possible with comparative safety, at the *epée*, when performed by fencers possessing special aptitude for them. But he takes pains to indicate that many of them are dangerous when attempted by those not qualified to use them to advantage. And therein lies one of the particular recommendations of his work. Any attempt at a summary of the contents must reach the proportions of an essay. I must confine myself to recommending all fencers to acquire and study *L'Escrime* from the first page to the last.

CHARLES NEWTON-ROBINSON.

TRAVEL

IN NORTHERN MISTS. By FRIDTJOF NANSEN. Translated by ARTHUR G. CHATER. Heinemann. Two. vols. 30*s*. net.

From a simple promise made by Dr. Nansen some years ago to give Dr. J. Scott Keltie a volume of Arctic voyages for his series of books on Geographical Exploration, has come this magnificent epitome and analysis of all our knowledge and records of the Northern corners of the earth from the earliest times of history. It could hardly be supposed that Dr. Nansen should content himself with a brief compilation drawn from other men's narratives of excursions into the frozen seas. Out of the acorn must come the oak. No sooner had he applied himself to his task than he perceived that "the natural foundation for a history of the Arctic voyages was in the first place to make clear the main features in the development of knowledge of the North in early times. . . . But as I went deeper into the subject I became aware that the task was far greater than I supposed. . . ." His authorities could not always be trusted implicitly, often they were merely copying each other, and with embellishments that had no foundation except in fertile and naïve imagination. Accordingly, "what had to be done was to confine oneself to the actual sources, and as far as possible to build up independently the best possible structure from the very foundation. But the more extensive my studies became, the more riddles I perceived—riddle after riddle led to new riddles, and this drew me on farther and farther."

Dr. Nansen has shirked none of these riddles. He has taken infinite pains to solve the bewildering problems of his subject, to find where old writers copied each other, where they simply embroidered an ancient theme, where perhaps a few invaluable additions to precious knowledge might be discovered in a mass of myth and legend. From old maps, books and manuscripts, from hints and glimpses, from names, from folklore, from history and from fable, little by little he has sifted out and tested what can be accepted as fact, and in two notable volumes he has given us the result, a truly monumental piece of work, and a permanent history of the discovery and expansion of the countries of the extreme north. His great personal achievement, his vast knowledge and long experience combine to make him the ideal man to carry out the task he set himself, and give the narrative the fullest authority.

Dr. Nansen's expositions and discussions upon the tangled ideas of the ancients and the early middle ages are interesting, but it is not until we come to the voyages of the Scandinavians that we find much solid, dependable fact to go upon. The Celts and the Irish monks settled in Iceland and the Faröe Islands, but their light and fragile boats were not adapted to long voyages in the open sea, to say nothing of keeping up regular communications. According to Dr. Nansen it was the Norwegians that first "definitely abandoned the coast-sailing universally practised before their time . . . first they crossed the North Sea and sailed constantly to Shetland, the Orkneys, North Britain and Ireland;" and he believes that their first crossing of the North Sea was probably "before the time of Pytheas and much earlier than usually supposed . . . At last they steered straight across the Atlantic itself, and thereby discovered America." This discovery of Greenland and of America—the most interesting part of the book—is described and examined exhaustively. He gives an admirable analysis of the saga of Eric the Red describing the voyaging that brought the ship to Wineland the Good. He declares, and I think he has definitely proved, that certain Norsemen actually discovered and landed on the mainland of America somewhere about the end of the tenth century. Among the interesting things embodied in the analysis of the saga must be noted the very great importance of Ireland and Irish ideas in this affair.

Dr. Nansen continues his history down through the time of the decay of the Greenland Settlements, when our information is becoming fuller and more trustworthy generation by generation, when we realise the lives and customs of the Norsemen clearly, and see how strong was their hold upon the North of Europe, and how their influence touched the South and East through the Russian trade route.

So vast is the subject as Dr. Nansen has treated it, that he only brings it down to the voyages of John Cabot and the Portugese Corte-Real. It is to be hoped that he will not fail to continue the magnificent work so well begun. A book from Dr. Nansen recounting the tale of Arctic exploration since the sixteenth century would be the last word, even as the present work can never cease to be an invaluable storehouse of history as well as a noble contribution to literature. To write such a book, three things were essential: knowledge, experience, and keen critical judgment. All these Dr. Nansen possesses in the highest measure, and besides these he has the priceless gift of vision, of imagination.

This is a wonderful story, the story of adventurous Greek and Phœnician turning into unknown terrifying seas, finding peril and awe as well as the merchandise he went to seek. Then of the hardy Norsemen and the holy-minded Irish priests finding their way from island to island across the drear and forbidding ocean, settling in bleakest places, indomitable, enduring, resolute to take their needs in spite of every adverse condition.

With what joy does Dr. Nansen picture the bold sea wanderer turning his ship to the west, leaving the guiding coast, and every night taking his course by swinging his prow to the setting sun under the arch of the big square sail drawing him to the happy land of Vinland. Whatever there may be of the controversial in his conclusions may safely be left to his fellow students, they and all of us can only be supremely grateful for the best book of its kind that has ever been produced.

You must read this story slowly; you must have an atlas at your elbow while you read, for though full of reproductions of quaint cartography, there is no modern map that can be referred to. That is the only hint of a fault that I can find with these two handsome volumes, admirable in typography and in their abundant illustration. There is a complete index, and a bibliography that is in itself an admirable possession. A word of praise must go to the translator: the book reads as though it had been originally written in his English, and Dr. Nansen's style is excellently reproduced; simple, lucid, eloquent, and dignified.

E. H. SHACKLETON.

MAN AND BEAST IN EASTERN ETHIOPIA. By J. BLAND-SUTTON, F.R.C.S. Macmillan & Co. 12*s*. net.

The author has, to misquote Kipling, "taken tea with the giddy Masai," who, according to this book, have lost many of their old and wicked habits, and settled down to peaceful immorality. Some other tribes of Eastern Ethiopia, notably the Wa-Kikuyu and the Ndorobi, are apparently in a similar state of decadence, and one may gather that many of the localities which Mr. Bland-Sutton visited are in possession of most of the vices of civilisation, though they are still backward in useful arts. A comparison between the ornaments of a woman of fashion and those worn by an Eastern Ethiopian, however, gives a lead to the lady both in numbers and uselessness, and the author has taken care to specify the superstitions attaching to each trinket. Here, also, civilisation is ahead of savagery in the number and variety of its unfounded beliefs.

The book is lucidly and simply—almost too simply—written, but it is, nevertheless, exhaustive in character. Of much interest are the chapters devoted to animal and bird life, while the parts which treat of native life and customs bear witness to close investigation and patient study. The writer has verified and amplified his own work by numerous references to other authors, and in matters of zoology and ornithology, his book should rank among standard works on the districts of which he treats; it deserves a prominent place, too, on the shelves of all medical men working among tropical diseases or in touch with African patients.

LIFE IN THE LEGION. By FREDERICK MARTYN. Everett & Co. 7*s*. 6*d*. net.

We have it on the authority of the author that life in the French Foreign Legion is not nearly as black as has been painted, that the treatment of recruits compares favourably with that accorded to British cavalrymen on joining, and that for his own part he spent a not unhappy five years in Oran, Tonkin and Dahomey as a unit of "the finest fighting force the world has ever seen." He admits, however, that his meagre pay was supplemented by a private allowance for the period of his service, and warns his readers that they may deduct a percentage for optimism from his statements. The allowance and the optimism, together with certain beginnings and ends of tragedies related in the book, lead one to suspect that even some hardened campaigners would find life in the Legion very uncomfortable at times.

There is a mass of dramatic incident in the book which gives an impression of condensation from the manner in which the story is told. As a story pure and simple it is very good, and full of human interests from beginning to end. There are no dull pages.

THE RUSSIAN PEOPLE. By MAURICE BARING. Methuen & Co. Ltd.

UNDISCOVERED RUSSIA. By STEPHEN GRAHAM. John Lane.

The right thing to say about these two books is that anyone who knows nothing, or only a little and, *per contra*, a very great deal, about Russia and the Russians, cannot do better than get them and read them, for though they are quite distinctive and personal, they yet complement and suggest one another. Mr. Baring has set out to instruct the ignorant; Mr. Graham has explored the ignorant of Russia. The one book is a manual, a guide to the general knowledge of the Russian; the other is a study of a part of the country practically unknown to Europe, and is a really valuable contribution to our knowledge of native peasant life. It is curious how any man who has lived much in Russia gets affected by the Russian spirit. Mr. Baring is redolent with it, and so is Mr. Graham. They are both natural artists—artists in point of sympathy as well as expression. Both of them know Russia well, speak Russian, read Russian. In many ways this is the best thing Mr. Baring has done. It is quite the best work Mr. Graham has produced.

Mr. Graham tramped some thousands of versts to and from Archangel, by the Tundras and Great Forests, living as a pilgrim and accepting a pilgrim's lot all the way back to Moscow. He saw parts no Englishman has ever seen, and his book is a vignette gallery of impressions delightfully told, which give a picture of the primitive lives of the Russian peasant, the exiled revolutionary, the bureaucracy, the priest, the savage men of the Tundras, that will stand as a classic. It is really interesting. Like Mr. Baring, Mr. Graham is a Tolstoyan: both believe in the soil and the peasant. The negative spirit of Russia has gripped them both, so that their sympathies are not very firmly with the revolutionaries, as little as in practice were Tolstoy's, that incomprehensible soul to the Western mind. But what they teach of their day is valuable and intelligent. Neither of them have perhaps the statesman's mind. Their views on the revolution must not be taken too seriously. They went and saw as artists. Mr. Baring on Peter the Great is truly admirable; it is one of the best sketches of that stupendous democrat ruler we have seen. Mr.

Graham is at his best in such descriptions as the forest of Audanga, and the strange adventures on the road. Human books both of them, books of impressionism.

EDINBURGH REVISITED. By JAMES BONE. Drawings by HANSLIP FLETCHER. Sidgwick & Jackson Ltd. 21*s*. net.

Edinburgh—"this dream in masonry and living rock." The city of churches and abrupt manners, softened only in the Milliner's Mile by the necessity of effecting sales to the ever-present tourist from China or Chiswick. This work should be read if only for the illuminating side-lights on the "Modern Athenian," side-lights on the character peculiar to this fascinating city, interspersed with touches of unconscious humour. The set frowning look on the faces of so many Edinburgh men is attributed not to the influence of Edinburgh Sundays, but simply to the effort of keeping on a tall hat in a strong wind. The author's attempt to express and analyse the beauty and charm of the New Town architecture is a worthy one. If at times one is annoyed by a certain looseness of style and failure to impart that indefinable atmosphere that is the peculiar charm of the city on the hill tops there remains the spirit of appreciation so essential to a work dealing with a city crammed with romantic association. The illustrations are effective in their simplicity.

Although every precaution is taken, the proprietor will not be responsible for the loss of, or damage or any other accidents that may occur to, the manuscripts that may be sent in for consideration.